THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Weekly
Foun Beni Fr lin

FEB. 5, 1916 5c. THE COPY

In This Number

WILD ORANGES—By Joseph Hergesheimer SHALL WE GIVE UP THE SHIP—By Herbert Quick
LEAVE IT TO JEEVES—By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse THE DAY OF THE DOG—By Peter B. Kyne

His Recommendation

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY
TRUCKS

MEETING OF DEPARTMENT HEADS
Reasons why I favor G. M. C. Trucks
① They are high grade and the prices are right.
② The G.M.C. people operate the largest exclusive Truck Factory.
③ They have a reputation for A No.1 business methods.
④ They can furnish us with whatever size and kind we need.

"AS you know, gentlemen, the investigations I have conducted during the past year have proved beyond a doubt that we must motorize our haulage equipment if we expect to maintain our position in the trade.

"Furthermore we need our present stable room for additional warehouse space. And it looks as if the Board of Health will require us to move our stables in the spring anyway. I think we would be very unwise to build another horse barn.

"I've spent a lot of time digging into this matter, and the saving per ton mile on our haulage will alone put us to the good in less than a year—to say nothing of the better service to our customers and the ability to extend our field of operations.

"So far as I am concerned, the only question to settle is the kind of trucks that we ought to install. I've investigated several of the leading makes—all of them good, but this GMC line appeals most to me.

"I have talked with GMC owners and have looked into the line thoroughly both from a mechanical and service standpoint. From everything I can learn there are no better trucks built and the prices seem mighty reasonable for high-grade equipment.

"I am convinced that we are going to need a variety of sizes, and probably both gasoline and electric trucks. It will be far more satisfactory to buy from a concern that can supply us with whatever we need."

The superintendent's recommendation was approved and GMC trucks installed, including one electric for short hauls in the congested district.

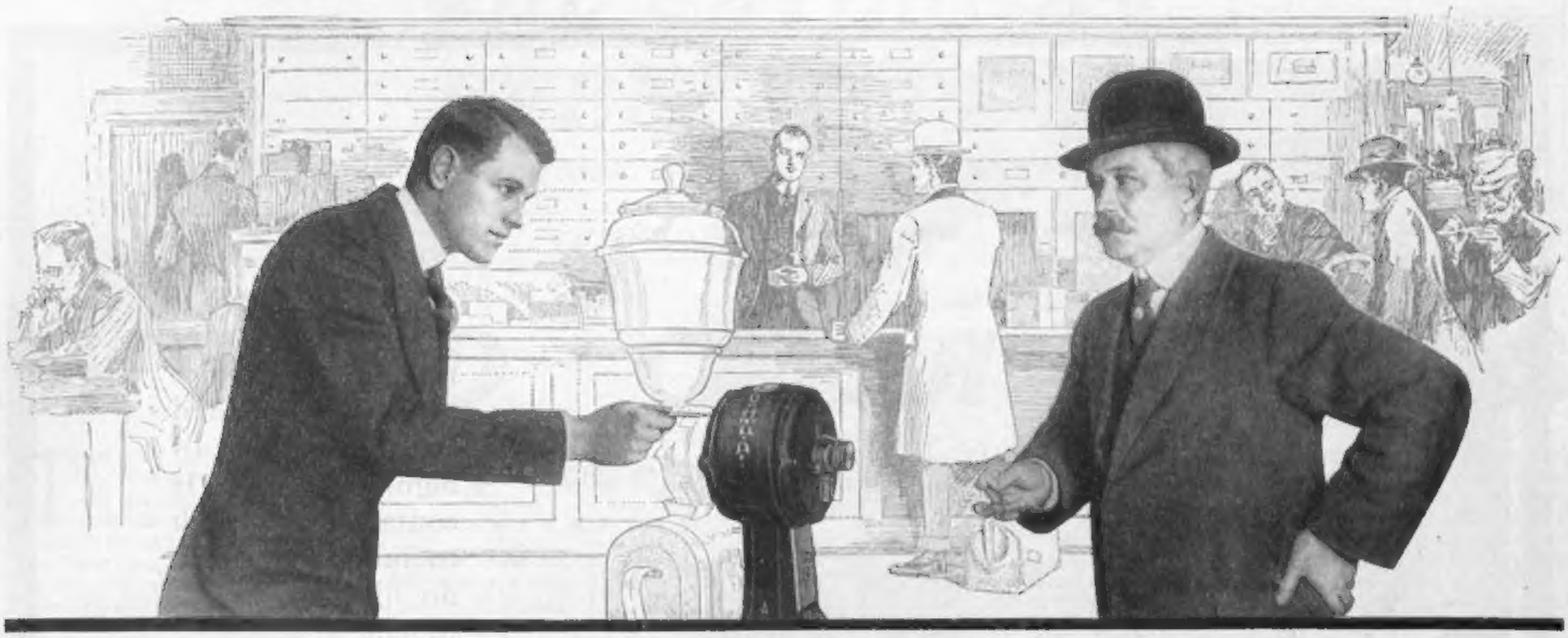
When you decide to buy motor trucks—either for the first time or to renew your equipment—give us an opportunity to present some interesting facts and figures.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of General Motors Company

Direct Factory Branches: *New York, Boston,* PONTIAC, MICH. *Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Kansas City* (55)

Come to
"Truck Headquarters" for
a Truck to Fit Your Business



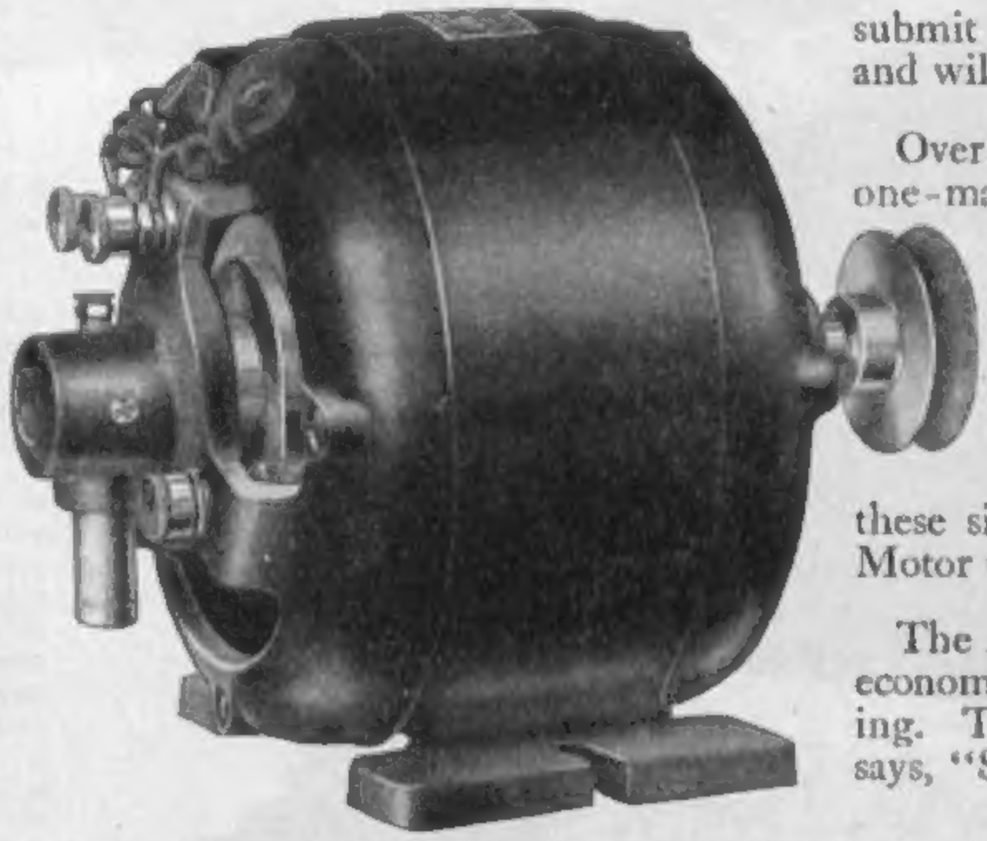
"—and It Has A Robbins & Myers Motor"

That statement has sold many a motor-driven machine and has insured efficient service *after* the sale was made—complete satisfaction on both sides of the counter.

Dealers in motor-driven equipment know that Robbins & Myers Motors set a *service* standard—that these motors are the result of over 20 years' expert motor experience—that when they say "Robbins & Myers" it *means* something.

Users of motors and motor-driven equipment specify "Robbins & Myers" when they want motors for exact, continuous service. They know that motors are not made better.

Makers of the best motor-driven equipment know that Robbins & Myers Motors give service that measures up to the quality of their own product. (Note: We will gladly submit sample motors to manufacturers, and will quote on quantity lots.)



Over fifty thousand power users—from one-man shops to giant plants—have adopted Robbins & Myers Motors because of their day-in-and-day-out dependability.

Robbins & Myers sizes range from 1-40 to 20 horsepower. Whatever the power need in these sizes, there is a Robbins & Myers Motor that anticipates and meets it.

The name itself guarantees service and economy. It is a safe guide in motor buying. There is a further guarantee which says, "Satisfaction or your money back."

For Electrical Dealers and Contractors

The Robbins & Myers line of motors gives double satisfaction—to you and to your customers. The guarantee protects you both.

And the advertising helps you sell. This year Robbins & Myers Motors will be advertised more extensively than ever. Sales are made through R & M dealers.

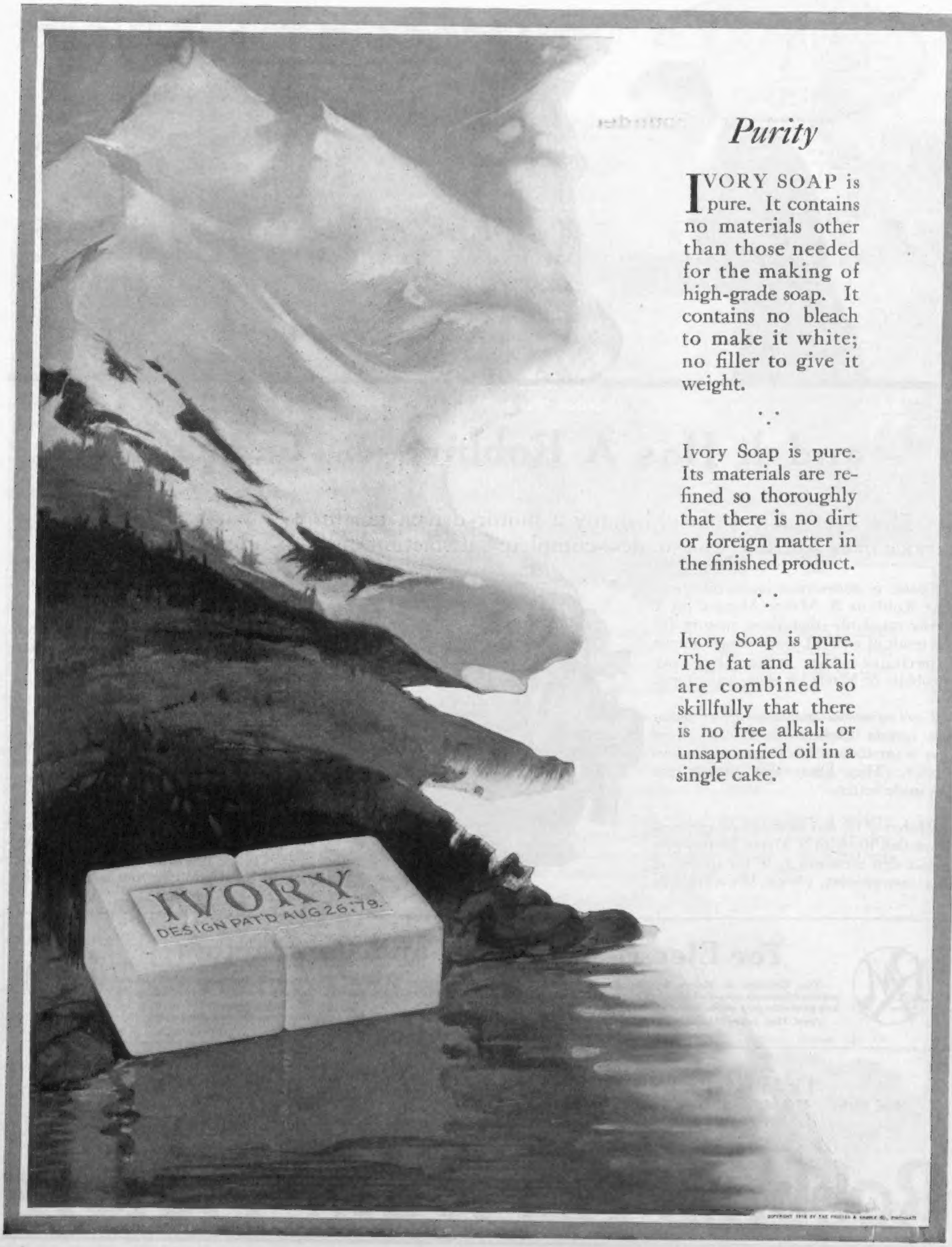
Write today for bulletins, prices and discounts.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

New York Philadelphia Boston Rochester Cleveland Cincinnati Chicago St. Louis San Francisco

The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Robbins & Myers Motors



Purity

IVORY SOAP is pure. It contains no materials other than those needed for the making of high-grade soap. It contains no bleach to make it white; no filler to give it weight.

. . .

Ivory Soap is pure. Its materials are refined so thoroughly that there is no dirt or foreign matter in the finished product.

. . .

Ivory Soap is pure. The fat and alkali are combined so skillfully that there is no free alkali or unsaponified oil in a single cake.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1916
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 188 *PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1916* *Number 32*

WILD ORANGES

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THE ketch drifted into the serene inclosure of the bay as silently as the reflections moving over the mirrorlike surface of the water. Beyond a low arm of land that hid the sea the western sky was a single, clear yellow; farther on the left the pale, incalculably old limbs of cypress, their roots bare, were hung with gathering shadows as delicate as their own faint foliage. The stillness was emphasized by the ceaseless murmur of the waves breaking on the far, seaward bars.

John Woolfolk brought the ketch up where he intended to anchor and called to the stooping, white-clad figure in the bow: "Let go!" There was an answering splash, a sudden rasp of hawser, the booms swung idle, and the yacht imperceptibly settled into her berth. The wheel turned impotently; and, absent minded, John Woolfolk locked it. He dropped his long form on a near-by, carpet-covered folding chair. He was tired. His sailor, Poul Halvard, moved about with a noiseless and swift efficiency; he rolled and cased the jib, and then, with a handful of canvas stops, secured and covered the mainsail and proceeded aft to the jigger. Unlike Woolfolk, Halvard was short—a square figure with a smooth, deep-tanned countenance, dust-colored hair and steady, pale-blue eyes. His mouth closed so tightly that it appeared immovable, as if it had been carved from some obdurate material that opened for the necessities of neither speech nor sustenance.

Tall John Woolfolk was darkly tanned, too, and had a gray gaze, by turns sharply focused with bright black pupils and blankly introspective. He was garbed in white flannels, with bare ankles and sandals, and an old, collarless silk shirt, with sleeves rolled back on virile arms incongruously tattooed with gauzy green cicadas.

He stayed motionless while Halvard put the yacht in order for the night. The day's passage through twisting inland waterways, the hazard of the tides on shifting flats, the continual concentration on details at once trivial and highly necessary, had been more wearing than the cyclone the ketch had weathered off Barbuda the year before. They had been landbound since dawn; and all day John Woolfolk's instinct had revolted against the fields and wooded points, turning toward the open sea.

Halvard disappeared into the cabin; and, soon after, a faint, hot air, the smell of scorched metal, announced the lighting of the vapor stove, the preparations for supper. Not a breath stirred the surface of the bay. The water, as clear as, and hardly darker than, the darkening air, lay like a great amethyst clasped by its dim corals and the arm of the land. The glossy foliage that, with the exception of a small silver beach, choked the shore might have been stamped from metal. It was, John Woolfolk suddenly thought, amazingly still. The atmosphere, too, was peculiarly heavy, languorous. It was laden with the scents of exotic, flowering trees; he recognized the smooth, heady odor of oleanders and the clearer, higher breath of orange blossoms.

He was idly surprised at the latter; he had not known that orange groves had been planted, survived, in Georgia. Woolfolk gazed more attentively at the shore, and made out, back of the luxuriant tangle, the broad white façade of a dwelling. A pair of marine glasses lay on the deck at his hand; and, adjusting them, he surveyed the face of a distinguished ruin. The windows on the stained wall were broken in—they resembled the blank eyes of the dead; storms had battered loose the neglected roof, leaving a corner open to sun and rain; while he could see through the foliage lower down great columns fallen about a sweeping portico.

The house was deserted, he was certain of that—the melancholy wreckage of a vanished and resplendent time. Its small principality, flourishing when commerce and communication had gone by water, was one of the innumerable victims of progress and of the concentration of effort into huge impersonalities. He thought he could trace other even more complete ruins, but his interest waned. He laid the glasses back upon the deck. The choked bubble of boiling water sounded from the cabin, mingled with the irregular sputter of cooking fat and the clinking of plates and silver as Halvard set the table. Without, the light was fading swiftly; the wavering cry of an owl quivered from the cypress across the water, and the western sky changed from paler yellow to green. Woolfolk moved abruptly, and, securing a bucket to the handle of which a short rope had been spliced and finished with an ornamental Turk's-head, he swung it overboard and brought it up half full.

"A Hundred Yards," He Announced. "I'm Afraid It's a Shark"

In the darkness of the bucket the water shone with a faint phosphorescence. Then from a basin he lathered his hands with a thick, pinkish paste, washed his face, and started toward the cabin.

He was already in the companionway when, glancing across the still surface of the bay, he saw a swirl moving into view about a small point. He thought at first that it was a fish, but the next moment saw the white, graceful silhouette of an arm. It was a woman swimming. John Woolfolk could now plainly make out the free, solid mass of her hair, the round, smoothly turning shoulder. She was swimming with deliberate ease, with a long, single overarm stroke; and it was evident that she had not seen the ketch. Woolfolk stood, his gaze level with the cabin top, watching her assured progress. She turned again, moving out from the shore, when she suddenly stopped. Now, he realized, she saw him.

The swimmer hung motionless for a breath; then, with a strong, sinuous drive, she whirled about and made swiftly for the point of land. She was visible for a short space, low in the water, her hair wavering in the clear flood, and then disappeared abruptly behind the point, leaving behind—a last, vanishing trace of her silent passage—a smooth, subsiding wake on the surface of the bay.

John Woolfolk mechanically descended the three short steps to the cabin. There had been something extraordinary in the woman's brief appearance out of the odorous tangle of the shore with its ruined habitation. It had caught him unprepared, in a moment of half weary relaxation, and his imagination responded with a faint question to which it had been long unaccustomed. But Halvard, in crisp white, standing back of the steaming supper viands, brought his thoughts again to the day's familiar routine.

The cabin was divided through its forward half by the centerboard casing, and against it a swinging table had been elevated, an immaculate cover laid, and the yacht's china, marked in cobalt with the name "Gar," placed in a polished and formal order. Halvard's service from the stove to the table was as silent and skillful as his housing of the sails; he replaced the hot dishes with cold, and provided a glass bowl of translucent preserved figs.

Supper at an end, Woolfolk rolled a cigarette from tobacco that resembled coarse black tea and returned to the deck. Night had fallen on the shore, but the water still held a pale light; in the east the sky was filled with an increasing, cold radiance. It was the moon, rising swiftly above the flat land. The moonlight grew in intensity, casting inky shadows of the spars and cordage across the deck, making the light in the cabin a reddish blur by contrast. The icy flood swept over the land, bringing out with a new emphasis the close, glossy foliage and glimpsed broken façade—it appeared unreal, portentous. The odors of the flowers, of the orange blossoms, uncoiled in heavy, palpable waves across the water, accompanied by the owl's fluctuating cry. The sense of imminence increased, of a *genius loci*, unguessed and troublous, vaguely threatening in the perfumed dark.

II

JOHN WOOLFOLK had said nothing to Halvard of the woman he had seen swimming in the bay. He was conscious of no particular reason for remaining silent about her; but the thing had become invested with a glamour that, he felt, would be destroyed by commonplace discussion. He had no personal interest in the episode, he was careful to add. Interests of that sort, serving to connect him with the world, with society, with women, had totally disappeared from his life. He rolled and lit a fresh cigarette, and in the minute orange spurt of the match his mouth was set, forbidding, his gaze somber.

She Was Swimming With Deliberate Ease, and it Was Evident That She Had Not Seen the Ketch

The unexpected appearance on the glassy water had merely started into being a slight, fanciful curiosity. The women of that coast did not commonly swim at dusk in their bays; such simplicity obtained now only in the reaches of the highest cultivation. There were, he knew, no hunting camps here, and the local inhabitants were mere sodden squatters. A chart lay in its flat canvas case by the wheel; and, in the crystal flood of the moon, he easily reaffirmed from it his knowledge of the yacht's position. Nothing could be close by but scattered huts and such wreckage as that looming palely above the oleanders.

Yet a woman had unquestionably appeared swimming from behind the point of land off the bow of the Gar. The women native to the locality, and the men, too, were fanatical in the avoidance of any unnecessary exterior application of water. His thoughts moved in a monotonous circle, while the enveloping radiance constantly increased. It became as light as a species of unnatural day, where every leaf was clearly revealed but robbed of all color and familiar meaning.

He grew restless, and rose, making his way forward about the narrow deck-space outside the cabin. Halvard was seated on a coil of rope beside the windlass and stood erect as Woolfolk approached. The sailor was smoking a short pipe, and the bowl made a crimson spark in his thick, powerful hand. John Woolfolk fingered the wood surface of the windlass bitts and found it rough and gummy. Halvard said instinctively:

"I'd better start scraping the mahogany to-morrow, it's getting white."

Woolfolk nodded. Halvard was a good man. He had the valuable quality of commonly anticipating spoken desires. He was a Norwegian, out of the Lofoden Islands, where sailors are surpassingly schooled in the Arctic seas. Poul Halvard, so far as Woolfolk could discover, was impervious to cold, to fatigue, to the insidious whispering of mere flesh. He was a man without temptation, with an untroubled allegiance to a duty that involved an endless, exacting labor; and for those reasons he was austere, withdrawn from the community of more fragile and sympathetic natures. At times his inflexible integrity oppressed John Woolfolk. Halvard, he thought, was a difficult man to live up to.

He turned and absently surveyed the land. His restlessness increased. He felt a strong desire for a larger freedom of space than that offered by the Gar, and it occurred to him that he might go ashore in the tender. He moved aft with this idea growing to a determination. In the cabin, on the shelf above the berths built against the sides of the ketch, he found an old blue-flannel coat, with crossed squash rackets and a monogram embroidered in yellow on the breast-pocket. Slipping it on he dropped over the stern into the tender.

Halvard came instantly aft, but Woolfolk declined the mutely offered service. The oars made a silken swish in the still bay as he pulled away from the yacht. The latter's riding light, swung on the forestay, hung without a quiver, like a fixed yellow star. He looked once over his shoulder, and then the bow of the tender ran with a soft shock upon the beach. Woolfolk bedded the anchor in the sand and then stood gazing curiously before him.

On his right a thicket of oleanders drenched the air with the perfume of their heavy, poisonous flowering, and behind them a rough clearing of saw grass swept up to the débris of the fallen portico. To the left, beyond the black hole of a decaying well, rose the walls of a second brick building, smaller than the dwelling. A few shreds of rotten porch clung to its face, while the moonlight, pouring through a break above, fell in a livid bar across the obscurity of a high, single chamber.

Between the crumbling piles there was the faint trace of a footway, and Woolfolk advanced to where, inside a dilapidated, sheltering fence, he came upon a dark, compact mass of trees and smelled the increasing sweetness of orange blossoms. He struck the remains of a board path, and progressed with the cold, waxy leaves of the orange trees brushing his face. There were, he saw in the gray brightness, ripe fruit among the branches, and he mechanically picked an orange and then another. They were small but heavy, and had fine skins.

He tore one open and put a section in his mouth. It was at first surprisingly bitter, and he involuntarily flung away what remained in his hand. But after a moment he found that the oranges had a pungency and zestful flavor that he had tasted in no others. Then he saw, directly before him, a pale, rectangular light which he recognized as the opened door of a habitation.

III

HE ADVANCED more slowly, and a low, irregular house detached itself from the tangled growth pressing upon it from all sides. The doorway, dimly lighted by an invisible lamp from within, was now near by; and John Woolfolk saw a shape cross it so swiftly furtive that it had gone before he realized that a man had vanished into the hall. There was a second stir on the small, covered portico, and the slender, white-clad figure of a woman moved uncertainly forward. He stopped just at the moment in which a low, clear voice queried: "What do you want?"

The question was directly put, and yet the tone held an inexplicably acute apprehension. The woman's voice bore a delicate, bell-like shiver of fear.

"Nothing," he hastened to assure her. "When I came ashore I thought no one was living here."

"You're from the white boat that sailed in at sunset?"

"Yes," he replied, "and I am returning immediately."

"It was like magic!" she continued. "Suddenly, without a sound, you were in the bay, like a great gull." Even this quiet statement bore the shadowy alarm. John Woolfolk realized that it had not been caused by his abrupt appearance; the faint accent of dread was fixed in the illusive form before him.

"I have robbed you too," he continued in a lighter tone. "Your oranges are in my pocket."

"You won't like them," she returned indirectly; "they've run wild. We can't sell them."

"They have a distinct appeal of their own," he assured her. "I should be glad to have some on the Gar."

"All you want."

"My man will get them and pay you."

"Please don't——" She stopped abruptly, as if a sudden consideration had interrupted a liberal courtesy. When she spoke again the apprehension, Woolfolk thought, had increased to palpable fright. "We would charge you very little," she said finally. "Nicholas attends to that."

Silence fell upon them. She stood at the edge of the portico, her hand resting lightly against an upright support, coldly revealed by the moon. John Woolfolk saw that, although slight, her body was delicately full, and that her shoulders held a droop which somehow resembled the shadow on her voice. She bore an unmistakable refinement of being strange in that locality of meager humanity. Her speech totally lacked the half-intelligible, loose slurring of the natives.

"Won't you sit down," she at last broke the silence. "My father was here when you came up, but he went in. Strangers disturb him."

Woolfolk moved to the portico, elevated above the ground, where he found a momentary place. The woman sank back into a low chair. The stillness gathered about them once more, and he mechanically rolled a cigarette. Her white dress, although simply and rudely made, gained distinction from her free, graceful lines; her feet, in black, heelless slippers, were narrow and sharply cut. He saw that her countenance bore an even pallor on which her eyes made shadows like those on marble.

These details, unremarkable in themselves, were charged with a peculiar intensity. John Woolfolk, who long ago had put such considerations from his existence, was yet clearly conscious of the disturbing quality of her person. She possessed the indefinable property of charm. Such women, he knew, stirred life profoundly, reanimating it with extraordinary efforts and desires. Their mere passage, the pressure of their fingers, were more imperative than the life-service of others; the flutter of their breath could be more tyrannical than the most poignant memories and vows.

John Woolfolk thought these things in a manner absolutely detached. They touched him at no point. Nevertheless, the faint curiosity stirred within him remained. The house unexpectedly inhabited behind the ruined façade on the water, the magnetic woman with the echo of apprehension in her cultivated voice, the parent, so easily disturbed, even the mere name "Nicholas," all held a marked potentiality of emotion; they were set in an almost hysterical key.

He was suddenly conscious of the odorous pressure of the flowering trees, of the orange blossoms and the oleanders. It was stifling. He felt that he must escape at once, from all the cloying and insidious scents of the earth, to the open and sterile sea. The thick tangle in the colorless light of the moon, the dimmer portico with its enigmatic figure, were a cunning essence of the existence he had fled. Life's traps were set with just such treacheries—perfume and mystery and the veiled lure of sex.

He rose with an uncouth abruptness, a meager commonplace, and almost fled over the path to the beach, toward the refuge, the release, of the Gar.

IV

JOHN WOOLFOLK woke at dawn. A thin, bluish light filled the cabin; above, Halvard was washing the deck. The latter was vigorously swabbing the cockpit when Woolfolk appeared, but he paused.

"Perhaps," the sailor said, "you will stay here for a day or two. I'd like to unship the propeller, and there's the scraping. It's a good anchorage."

"We're moving on south," Woolfolk replied, voicing the determination with which he had retired. Then the full sense of Halvard's words penetrated his waking mind. The propeller, he knew, had not opened properly for the week gone; and the anchorage was undoubtedly good. This was the last place, before entering the Florida passes, for whatever minor adjustments were necessary.

The matted shore, flushed with the rising sun, was starred with white and deep pink blooms; a ray gilded the blank wall of the deserted mansion. The scent of the orange blossoms was not as insistent as it had been on the previous evening. The land appeared normal; it exhibited none of the disturbing influence of which he had been first conscious. Last night's mood appeared inflated.

"You are quite right," he altered his pronouncement; "we'll put the Gar in order here. People are living behind the grove, and there'll be water."

He had, for breakfast, oranges brought down the coast and he was surprised at their sudden insipidity. They were little better than faintly sweetened water. He turned and in the pocket of his flannel coat found one of those he had picked the night before. It was as keen as a knife; the peculiar aroma had, without doubt, robbed him of all desire for the cultivated oranges of commerce.

Halvard was in the tender, under the stern of the ketch, when it occurred to John Woolfolk that it would be wise to go ashore and establish his assertion of an adequate water supply. He explained this briefly to the sailor, who put him ashore on the small shingle of sand. There he turned to the right, moving idly in a direction opposite to that he had taken before.

He crossed the corner of the demolished abode, made his way through a press of sere cabbage palmettos and emerged suddenly on the blinding expanse of the sea. The limpid water lay in a bright rim over corrugated and pitted rock, where shallow ultramarine pools were gardens of sulphur-yellow and rose anemones. The land curved in upon the left; a ruined landing extended over the placid tide; and, seated there with her back toward him, a woman was fishing.

It was, he saw immediately, the woman of the portico. At the moment of recognition she turned, and after a brief inspection slowly waved her hand. He approached, crossing the openings in the precarious boarding of the landing, until he stood over her. She said:

"There's an old sheepshead under here I've been after for a year. If you will be very still you can see him."

She turned her face up to him, and he saw that her cheeks were without a trace of color. At the same time he reaffirmed all that he had felt before with regard to the potent quality of her being. She had a lustrous mass of warm brown hair twisted into a loose knot that had slid forward over a broad, low brow; a pointed chin; and pale,

disturbing lips. But her eyes were her most notable feature—they were widely opened and extraordinary in color; the only similitude that occurred to John Woolfolk was the gray greenness of olive leaves. In them he felt the same boding that had shadowed her voice. The fleet passage of her gaze left an indelible impression of an expectancy that was at once a dread and a strangely youthful candor. She was, he thought, about thirty.

She wore now a russet skirt of thin, coarse texture that, like the dress of the evening, took a slim grace from her fine body, and a white waist, frayed from many washings, open upon her smooth, round throat.

"He's usually by this post," she continued, pointing down through the clear gloom of the water.

Woolfolk lowered himself to a position at her side, his gaze following her direction. There, after a moment, he distinguished the black-and-white-barred sheepshead wavering about the piling. His companion was fishing with a short, heavy rod from which time had dissolved the varnish, a crazy brass reel that complained shrilly whenever the lead was raised or lowered, and a thick, freely knotted line.

"You should have a leader," he told her. "The old gentleman can see your line too plainly."

There was a sharp pull, she rapidly turned the handle of the protesting reel, and drew up a gasping, bony fish with extended red wings.

"Another robin!" she cried tragically. "This is getting serious. Dinner," she informed him, "and not sport, is my object."

He looked out to where a channel made a deep blue stain through the paler cerulean of the sea. The tide, he saw from the piling, was low.

"There should be a rockfish in the pass," he pronounced.

"What good if there is?" she returned. "I couldn't possibly throw out there. And if I could, why disturb a rock with this?" She shook the short, awkward rod, the knotted line.

He privately acknowledged the palpable truth of her objections, and rose.

"I've some fishing things on the ketch," he said, moving away. He blew shrilly on a whistle from the beach, and Halvard dropped over the Gar's side into the tender.

He was soon back on the wharf, stripping the canvas cover from the long cane tip of a fishing rod brilliantly wound with green and vermilion, and fitting it into a dark, silver-capped butt. He locked a capacious reel into place, and, drawing a thin line through agate guides, attached a glistening steel leader and chained hook. Then, adding a freely swinging lead, he picked up the small mullet that lay by his companion.

"Does that have to go?" she demanded. "It's such a slim chance and it is my only mullet."

He ruthlessly sliced a piece from the silvery side; and, rising and switching his reel's gear, he cast. The lead swung far out across the water and fell on the farther side of the channel.

"But that's dazzling!" she exclaimed. "As though you had shot it out of a gun."

He tightened the line, and sat with the rod resting in a leather socket fastened to his belt.

"Now," she stated, "we will watch at the vain sacrifice of an only mullet."

The day was superb, the sky sparkled like a great blue sun; schools of young mangrove snappers swept through the pellucid water. The woman said:

"Where did you come from and where are you going?"

"Cape Cod," he replied; "and I am going to the Guianas."

"Isn't that South America?" she queried. "I've traveled far—on maps. Guiana," she repeated the name softly. For a moment the faint dread in her voice changed to longing. "I think I know all the beautiful names of places on the earth," she continued: "Tarragona and Seriphos and Cambodia."

"Some of them you have seen?"

"None," she answered simply. "I was born here, in the house you know, and I have never been fifty miles away."

This, he told himself, was incredible. The mystery that surrounded her deepened, stirring more strongly his impersonal curiosity.

"You are surprised," she added; "it's mad, but true. There—there is a reason." She stopped abruptly; and, neglecting her fishing rod, sat with her hands clasped about slim knees. She gazed at him slowly, and he was impressed once more by the remarkable quality of her eyes, gray green like olive leaves and strangely young. The momentary interest created in her by romantic and far names faded, gave place to the familiar trace of fear. In the long past he would have responded immediately to the appeal of her pale, magnetic countenance. . . . He had broken all connection with society, with ——

There was a sudden, impressive jerk at his line, the rod instantly assumed the shape of a bent bow, and, as he rose, the reel handle was lost in a gray blur and the line streaked out through the dipping tip. His companion hung breathless at his shoulder.

"He'll take all your line," she lamented as the fish continued his straight, outward course, while Woolfolk kept an even pressure on the rod.

"A hundred yards," he announced as he felt a threaded mark wheel from under his thumb. Then: "A hundred and fifty. I'm afraid it's a shark." As he spoke the fish leaped clear of the water, a spot of molten silver, and fell back in a sparkling blue spray. "It's a rock," he added.

He stopped the run momentarily; the rod bent perilously double, but the fish halted. Woolfolk reeled in smoothly, but another rush followed as strong as the first. A long, equal struggle ensued, the thin line was drawn as rigid as metal, the rod quivered and arched. Once the rockfish was close enough to be clearly distinguishable—strongly built, heavy-shouldered, with black stripes drawn from gills to tail. But he was off again, with a short, blundering rush.

"If you will hold the rod," Woolfolk directed his companion, "I'll gaff him." She took the rod while he bent over the wharf's side. The fish, on the surface of the water, half turned; and, striking the gaff through the jaw, Woolfolk swung him up on the boarding.

"There," he pronounced, "are several dinners. I'll carry him to your kitchen."

"Nicholas would do it, but he's away," she told him; "and my father is not strong enough. That's a leviathan."

John Woolfolk placed a handle through the rockfish's gills, and, carrying it with an obvious effort, he followed her over a narrow, tramped path through the rasped palmettos. They approached the dwelling from behind the orange grove; and, coming suddenly to the porch, surprised an incredibly thin, gray man in the act of lighting a small stone pipe with a reed stem. The latter was sitting, but when he saw Woolfolk he started sharply to his feet, and the pipe fell, shattering the bowl.

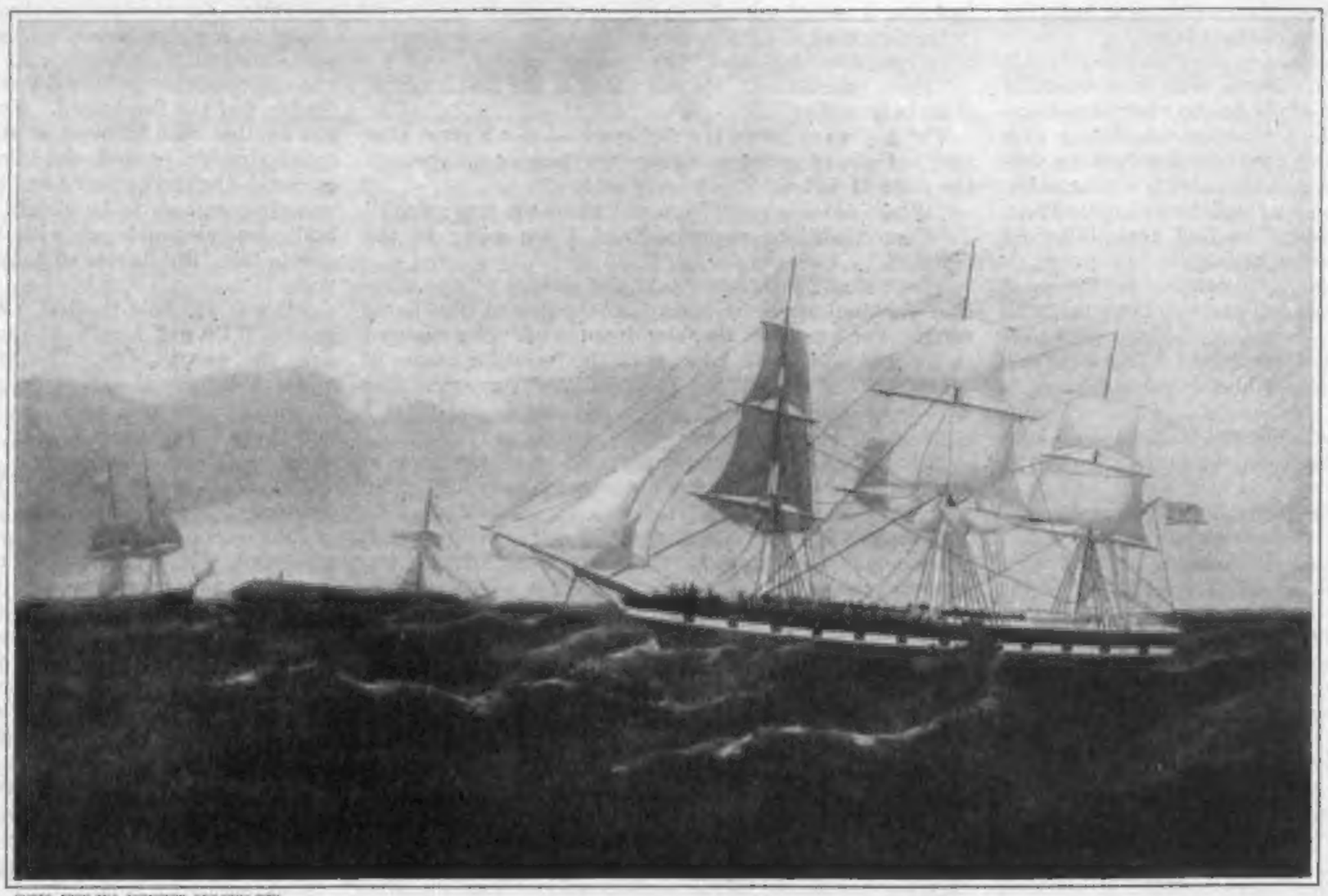
"My father," the woman pronounced: "Lichfield Stope."

"Millie," he stuttered painfully, "you know—I—strangers ——" *(Continued on Page 48)*

He Followed Her Over the Path to Where the Remains of the Wharf Projected Into a Sea as Black, and as Solid Apparently, as Ebony

SHALL WE GIVE UP THE SHIP?

How the Administration Proposes to Build Up a Merchant Marine—By Herbert Quick



PHOTO, FROM PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Packet Daniel Webster. Photographed From a Painting in the Collection of J. P. Morgan

WHEN the barons were wresting Magna Charta from King John there was doubtless a shocking apathy on the part of those hewers of wood and drawers of water who subsequently developed into the electorate.

'Twas ever thus. 'Tis thus now. We sleep while the enemies of the people dig mines under us. We play pinochle or crokinole while the champions of our rights are in the trenches hurling back our foes. It is safe to say that the reader has slept peacefully o' nights ever since there was introduced in Congress "A Bill to Establish a United States Shipping Board, for the Purpose of Encouraging and Creating a Naval Auxiliary and Merchant Marine to Meet the Requirements of the Commerce of the United States With Foreign Countries, and With its Territories and Possessions, and for Other Purposes." It is with the hope that the reader may be awakened that these lines are typed; for in all seriousness the Shipping Bill is a mighty important bit of legislation.

Far better would it be for our mental processes if we could lightly wave the matter aside by saying "It is a condition, and not a theory, that confronts us." We are confronted by at least four conditions and three theories.

The first of these conditions relates to the navy. There seems to be no doubt that Congress will authorize the building of a lot of warships. Just how many is not the important matter here. Whether we shall proceed, according to the advice of the Navy Board, to build a navy not only as large and powerful as that which the British Empire or any other empire will possess by the year 1925, or shall content ourselves with one second only to that of Great Britain, seems to be about the only question actually remaining unsettled in our navy-building program.

We are going to build, and build extensively. And now comes Secretary McAdoo and calls attention to the pertinent fact that when we have this navy built we shall have the barrel and lock of a weapon without any stock; a fine grindstone without any crank; a good automobile without any gasoline; an excellent steam plant with no coal; a fine expeditionary force without any wagon train; a good trail outfit with no pack horses. In other words, to quote the Secretary: "A merchant marine naval auxiliary is just as essential to the effectiveness of the navy, considered as a complete fighting machine, as the guns upon the decks of our battleships and the seamen upon whose skill and valor the effectiveness of those guns depends."

A Thunderbolt Without a Handle

THIS is so because of the fundamental fact that fighting vessels cannot carry sufficient supplies for either offensive or defensive operations in war. If the Secretary of the Treasury is correct, we not only have no navy which we can use if a foreign war should break out to-day, but until we have the supply vessels necessary to accompany the navy on its cruises we never can have any navy, no matter how many warships we build. Rather an interesting situation, one makes bold to say.

"I wish to heaven," said an Iowa farmer into whose cornfield the neighbors' cattle had found their way for the fourth time—"I wish to heaven I had a lump of thunder with a handle on it! I bet these here cattle wouldn't come back." The navy is the lump of thunder; the merchant marine is the wished-for handle on it.

The Administration proposes to supply that half of the navy which consists of ships of the merchant type by building them itself. In view of the fact that these auxiliary vessels are not needed except under conditions of war the Administration proposes to have them used in time of peace in the actual carrying of freight and passengers on a commercial basis. This is the gist of the Shipping Bill, though it has other and very important provisions.

Reduced to its lowest terms, however, it is a proposal for the Government to build that half of the navy which in Great Britain, Germany and Japan is built and maintained by private shipowners, but which our citizens have hitherto failed to construct. The boats themselves constitute a naval necessity, not to mention the commercial desirability of having our own vessels carry on a portion at least of our own foreign trade.

The unsophisticated navy expansionist heaves a sigh. One can hear the soughing of these sighs emanating from the body politic as it realizes that we must abandon the fond thought that when we build a navy we'll have a navy—but it might have been expected. We build a house, and then we have to have light, heat and sewerage. We buy a car, and then it's a garage. We build a navy, and it calls for a merchant marine. We might have expected it if we had only remembered the fact that fleets and merchant marines have in history gone together. Since Hiram voyaged for King Solomon's building materials; since the Phœnicians made the Mediterranean their own and passed the Pillars of Hercules to get tin from Cornwall; since Athens made the same sea a Grecian lake, only to yield supremacy to Carthage, and see it pass in turn to Rome, to Venice, to Spain and finally to England, navies have been the progeny of merchant marines. And it is so still.

The revolutionary thing in the bill is found by Mr. Root and others in the evident purpose of the Government to make these boats earn money in time of peace by putting them in commission as actual merchant vessels. The supporters of the bill do not claim that they certainly will, at first at least, earn profits. Some of them may do so. The Government owns all the stock in the Panama Railroad Company, for instance, a corporation which operates ships between the Canal Zone and the ports on the Atlantic Coast. These Government-owned ships have done a profitable business, but no claim is made that the Government-owned ship-building corporation, which will probably be formed if the Shipping Bill passes, will be able to put into service five hundred thousand gross tonnage of merchant vessels with any assurance that they will earn dividends. "The direct earnings," says the Secretary, "may show a handsome return on the investment. Even if a loss is incurred, it will be a small price to pay for preparedness and the national safety." The opponents of the bill, however, point out certain alleged dangers to our national life through the intrusion of the Government into private business, which, unless they are mistaken, will constitute a price for "preparedness and the national safety" greater than any possible loss in dollars and cents, and which could not be compensated for by any possible return on the investment in merchant vessels.

On this point Senator Gallinger quotes with approbation a letter from Mr. James McLoughlin, of New York. "If we do these things," writes Mr. McLoughlin, "socialism and paternalism will have set a new limit, and private property will be driven from the high seas so far as the American flag is concerned." And this states the viewpoint of most of the opponents of the bill.

Naval Junk at War Prices

IF WE should unfortunately be involved in war with a naval power to-morrow, I do not know whether our navy would be of much use or not. When the Spanish War broke out we had no naval auxiliaries and the army had no transports. That was the golden day for owners of marine junk. A study of the ridiculous things which the Government was forced to do for naval auxiliaries and transports leads us to suspect that the owners of Kipling's Bolivar multiplied her by a hundred and sold her to the Government:

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar.

Perhaps the Bolivar had changed her name. Possibly she had been registered under the name Zafiro, which was bought as a naval auxiliary for $87,597, and sold after the war to the Chicago Junk Company for $3300. The navy bought 102 vessels, so called, for this crisis. It had to buy them because there was no American merchant marine the ships of which could be commandeered for the navy. It paid for these vessels $18,000,000. Seven of them—bought because they had to be bought, bought without reference to their real value, except that anything that could float had enormous temporary war value—cost the Government $1,736,922. After the war they were sold for $353,785.04. The loss was eighty per cent. But if war were to come upon us to-day we should be in vastly worse case. The ocean has been stripped of available merchant vessels by the present war. Even the Bolivars and Zafiros are either marooned in ports by hostile warships, commandeered by the nations to which the sea remains open, or are making their value on every voyage, so long as they float, as freighters.

We have an excellent navy, I think, but I am at a loss to know how we should proceed to prove it if Austria, for instance, should unfortunately make a *casus belli* of the Ancona case, and break through the cordon of the British, French and Italian navies. The fact that the British, French and Italian navies are holding back a possible foe, and the additional fact that the possibility of such a conflict is fortunately remote, are doubtless comforting to those to whom they are comforting. We are forced to rely upon an

accidental conjunction of world politics instead of our own equipment. We have the lump of thunder, but it has no handle on it; and the cattle are kept out of our corn, not by our own fences but by the fact that they are busily engaged in eating other people's crops.

The navy is rather an expensive thing. It costs us real money. Since we have learned that the foreigner not only does not pay our taxes, but never did, the building of such a navy as we are now engaged in constructing becomes a matter of importance to everyone who eats or drinks or wears clothing or lives in a house or owns property or does business—almost everybody, in fact. If we need a navy at all we need one that will function. On this point there will be no disagreement among advocates of preparedness in either House or Senate. All will agree that to build a navy and to omit the matter of auxiliary vessels is quite as idiotic as to construct a grist mill and leave out of consideration the power with which to run it. When it comes to the question of ways and means for creating this merchant marine, then all agreement will cease; then Senate and House will forget common sense and begin talking politics; then our silver-haired sages will fix their eyes on the election of 1916 and forget all about the navy, and the probabilities are that in the closing days of the session we shall once more see aged men carried into the Senate on cots from beds of sickness, while those statesmen whose lungs most nearly approach leather will talk against time, seeking to surpass the record of Senator Carmack when he filibustered to death the last Republican ship-subsidy bill, and of Senator Burton, who occupied the floor for thirteen hours to prevent from coming to a vote the Democratic ship-purchase bill of the last Congress. In these two bills the reader finds the things between which he must choose—a Government-built merchant marine or one privately built through ship subsidies. These are two of the three theories by which we are confronted, and the only ones with reference to which the nation has any real choice.

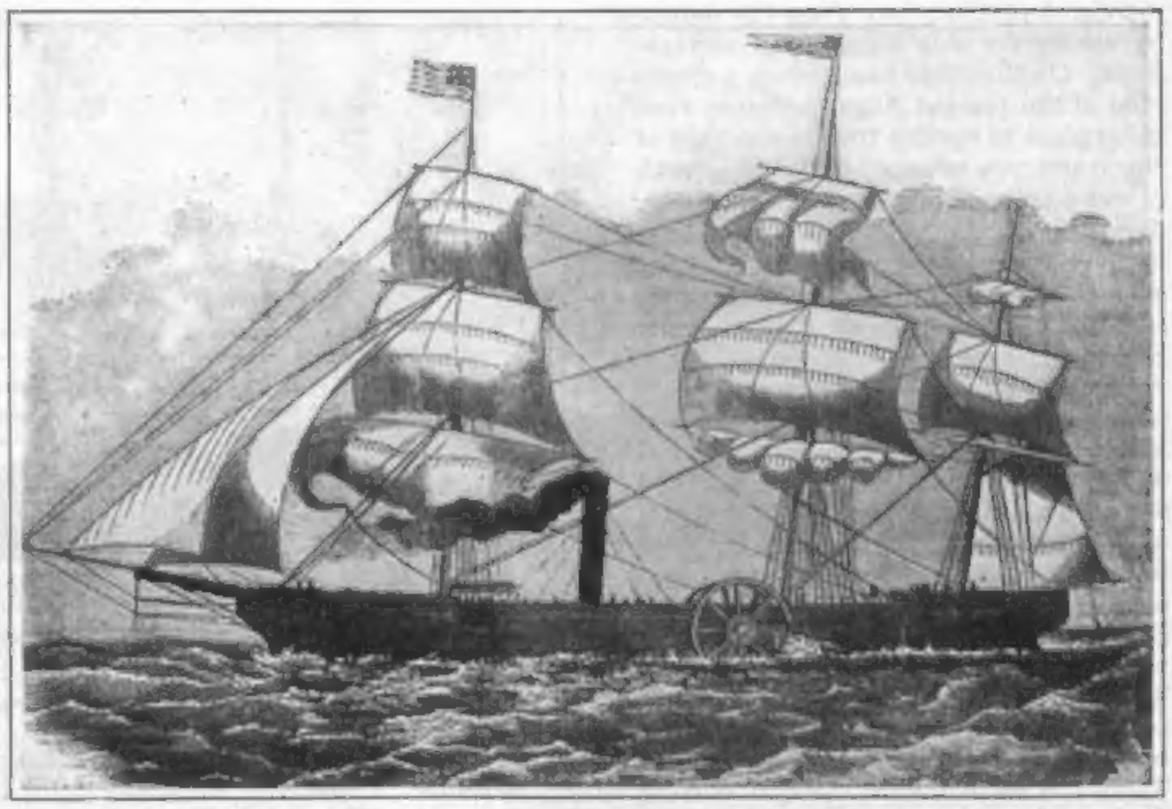
Fifty Years of Fancy Promising

THE Administration says: "Let us authorize the building of naval auxiliary vessels by the Government." The Republicans say—most of them, but not all by any means: "Put us in power and we will by means of subsidies stimulate the building of merchant vessels which will serve as naval auxiliaries."

On this question we have had a deadlock for fifty years, during which time every national platform, so far as the writer is informed, has contained a plank pledging undying devotion to the upbuilding of an American merchant marine. During all these fifty long years one or the other of the parties adopting these planks has been in power. The American merchant marine has been so splendidly built up that at the outbreak of the present war there were just six American-owned vessels in the transatlantic trade. These six vessels combined possessed about two-thirds of the tonnage of the largest two vessels in the German merchant marine, and the company owning the two German vessels possessed a fleet of nearly five hundred, under one management. Verily, brethren, there is little nutriment in platform promises, and we must try something else or give up.

The ship-purchase project has many sides. The side just discussed is a part of the general problem of preparedness. People who are against preparedness will, of course, oppose the building of merchant vessels as auxiliaries to the navy. In their minds the naval auxiliary will be lost on the point of order that we do not need any navy. It is safe to say that this is a minority opinion, in Congress and out of Congress. Most people are now rather strongly in favor of a strong navy. If they are logical they will also be in favor of a naval auxiliary, of ships of the merchantman type. The Administration has a plan for providing it, and that rather soon.

Opponents of the Government program will doubtless come forward with an equally definite plan for giving the lump of thunder that handle which it must have equally within a reasonable time. Otherwise they are put at a logical disadvantage—if there is such a thing as a logical disadvantage in politics.



The American Steamer Savannah, the First Ocean Steamship

This is the simplest phase of the Shipping Bill problem. Anybody who thinks about the matter at all can comprehend and see clearly the naval-auxiliary problem. He may not be able to see the solution, but he can grasp the question before the House. He can also see that if the Government is to proceed to acquire or build the vessels which the navy needs, something must be done with them in time of peace. Shall they be kept in idleness? If so, they will rot and rust out, and when war breaks out they will have no crews and we shall have no trained body of men to manage them. To the average mind there would seem to be very little sense in building or buying merchant vessels to swing idly at anchor year after peaceful year; and, in a world where keels are wanted to bear freight and passengers between sundered lands, to bear nothing but barnacles on their hulls. It would seem perfectly certain that if the Government is going to build or buy ships as auxiliaries for the navy in time of war, it will be forced to use them in commerce in time of peace.

That is the inevitable logic of the situation. That is why Root, Gallinger and Smoot are perfectly correct in opposing the whole scheme, if, as they believe, it would be a ruinous innovation for the Government to own ships engaged in the carrying trade, or, worse still, to own and operate such ships.

The fact that the Government operation of merchantmen would raise socialism and paternalism to the limit is, according to Senator Lodge, not the most searching objection to it. He sees worse troubles than the Lusitania and the Ancona cases arising in the future from such a policy. Government-owned ships in trade, Mr. Lodge thinks, would create "a very new condition." Government ships have certain privileges as to port dues, clearances, liability for damages for collisions, and the like. A merchant ship must be subject to all the burdens and liabilities of marine law, and must bow to them. It is subject to stoppage, search and visitation at sea in time of war by the warships of belligerents. A Government ship is not. Could we have kept the peace with the world for the past two years if our commerce had been carried in Government-owned ships? Would the nations not have insisted upon stopping, searching and seizing them as prizes just as if they had been private vessels? And would not that have meant serious trouble? On December 28, 1915, for instance, the British merchantman Shadmore was fined $5000 for entering the port of Baltimore without a bill of health. Would a Government ship submit to such impositions?

The Administration spokesmen reply that the extremest step proposed is that the Government shall own the stock in a corporation operating merchant vessels. The bill provides that these vessels "shall when and while employed solely as merchant vessels, be in all respects subject to all laws, regulations and liabilities governing merchant vessels, whether the United States be interested therein as owner, in whole or in part, or shall have or hold any mortgage, lien or other security thereon." In other words, they urge, the proposed vessels shall have the same status as the vessels of the Panama Railroad Company. The Government will divest itself of all the touch-me-not privileges and hands-off immunities.

The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ——

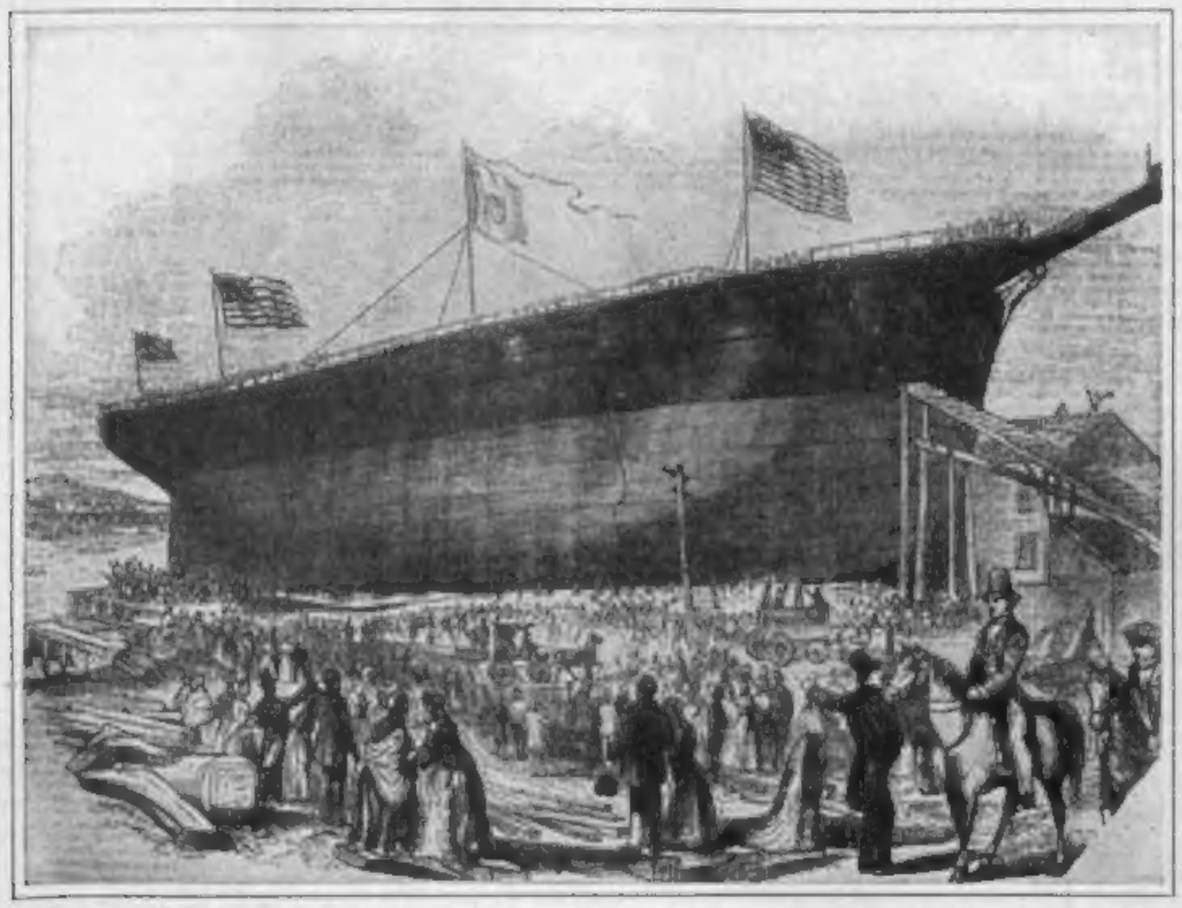
and warships. It will let its ships be sued, just as it consents itself to be sued in the Courts of Claims, just as it lets the Panama ships be sued or libeled or fined or otherwise manhandled by courts and belligerents. It is suspected that the Alaska Railway the Government is building will be liable for lost-freight damage claims and the like, even though owned by the Government. Whether or not this legal disclaimer of special privileges will meet the objection of Senator Lodge is still in the lap of the gods.

Do We Want a Merchant Marine?

AND this brings us to another point which will be fiercely debated during this Congress—the badness or goodness of the Administration measure as a means of building up foreign commerce. Do we want a merchant marine? The ayes seem to have it. The ayes have it. It is a vote. But, gentlemen of the convention, did you do any thinking on the question before you voted? Everybody seems to be in favor of a merchant marine; everybody seems to think if we had ships plying hither and yon, from Dan to Beersheba and from pillar to post, we should assuredly have a vast and profitable trade in all those interesting localities. Only here and there do we find one of those perverse and wrong-headed individuals who doubt this. Only on rare occasions do we run across the man who believes that Germany, for instance, used to have a large trade in Argentina because of German investments and loans and the fact that many German business men are domiciled there. These heretics do not get a hearing. Most of us take it for granted that we do need a merchant marine, and that if we had the ships in commission trade would follow the flag.

That is why we have been promised a merchant marine for fifty years by all political parties. That is why Senator Gallinger years ago said: "To deny adequate consideration to the merchant marine is to cheat the Western and Southern farmer of one of the surest hopes of increased market for the products of his industry. It is to cheat the merchant and manufacturer of an indispensable ally in our fight for trade with our powerful European competitors." That is why Senator Fletcher, of Florida, in advocating the Ship Purchase Bill in the last Congress, quoted Senator Gallinger's just-mentioned utterance. That is why Senator Gallinger eagerly welcomed Senator Fletcher to the fold as an advocate of a merchant marine. That is why Senator Smoot sat and actually pinched himself for half an hour—he himself hath said it—to find out whether he was asleep and dreaming as a Democrat, the learned and eloquent senator from Florida, so splendidly voiced the true relations of the development of the merchant marine to the Greatness of America.

If there is any one thing upon which the voters of the United States are agreed with their representatives in Congress it is in their views on the beneficence of a merchant marine. But please note this fact: Whenever gentlemen of one side are found in the forum pleading for our



Launch of the Great Republic, at That Time the Largest Merchant Ship in the World

merchant marine, they close the debate by asking for ship subsidies or subventions. On the other hand, when a champion of the present Administration rises in his place to remark that the welfare of this country is wrapped up in the growth of our merchant marine, he winds up by demanding votes for either direct or indirect Government ownership and operation of merchant ships. That is the real issue—Government Ships versus Subsidized Ships.

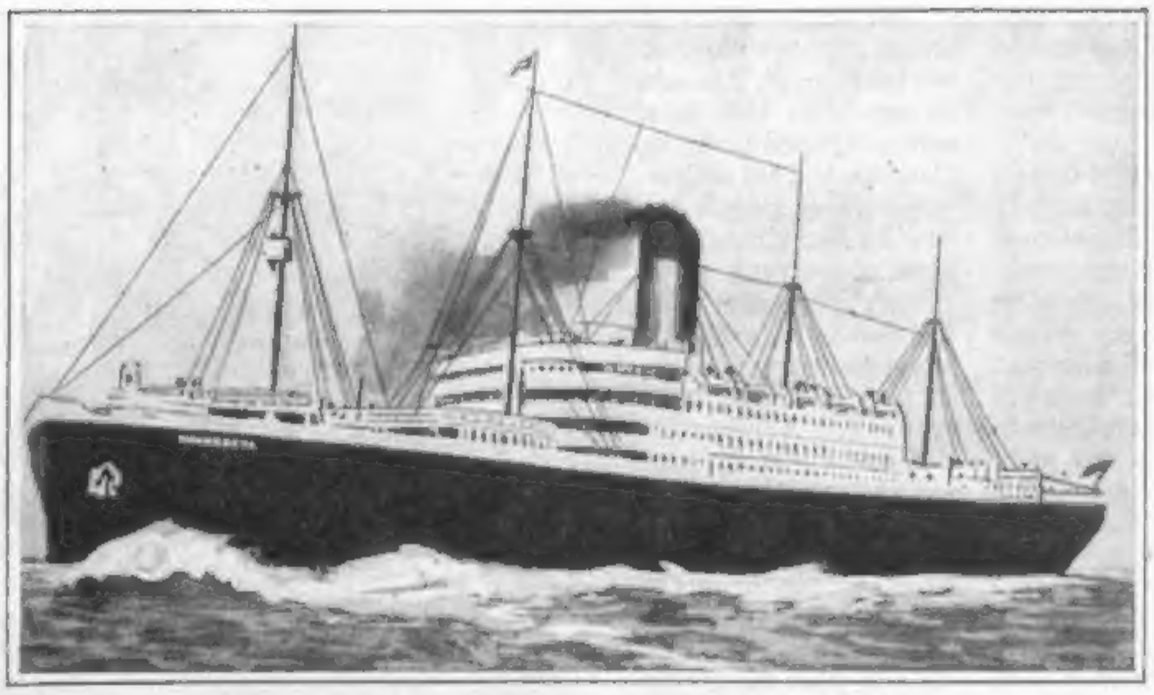
On the whole it is pretty hard to meet the arguments of those who say we are in need of a merchant marine for industrial and commercial purposes. Whether or not ships plying to Australia, South America or South Africa would at once find cargoes is one question, but ships certainly do find cargoes to and from ports of the United States. The tracks of the New York Central as far west as Corning, some three hundred miles, are at this writing reported to be congested with freight in cars which cannot be unloaded at New York because of a lack of ships. There are embargoes on freight moving, or which would like to be moving, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and various other ports. Some of this congestion is owing to railway troubles. The probabilities seem to be that the railways of the United States are not now, and have not been for fifteen years, equipped to carry the tonnage of the country in a time of business prosperity. On the marine other hand it is also certain that if the railways were to deliver all the goods promptly at wharves amply equipped to handle them, there are not ships enough to do the job.

Where are the ships? They are transporting troops from the ends of the earth to the lines of battle. They are in government service carrying coal and ammunition. They are equipped as scouts and auxiliary cruisers. They are tied up in a thousand ways in the war; they are carrying very little except those things the transport of which is dictated by military necessity. If we had an adequate merchant marine this would not be altogether so.

When Trade Follows Foreign Flags

EVEN a small war hurts the United States dreadfully. At the opening of the Boer War, for instance, Great Britain withdrew two hundred and fifty merchant ships for military purposes. This resulted in more of a shock to American business than most people realized. We are a great business people. We have more goods to deliver to the world than any other nation on the globe. Oddly enough we have no equipment for delivering them. Uncle Sam is a storekeeper who has no delivery wagons. He hires others to do his cartage. The draymen who are waxing fat on his business suddenly turn out to be owned by his competitors.

Do American business men get a fair deal in foreign trade as to freights and service from the merchant marines of Germany and Great Britain, on which they very largely are forced to rely? Are lines of boats owned and financed in Germany likely to favor German commerce rather than American commerce in South America, for instance? Can the commerce of the United States be assured of the same quality of service and the same rates between our Pacific Coast and Australasia, for instance, as are accorded to Canadian commerce?



The Minnesota, the Largest Vessel Flying the American Flag

There are people who insist that blood is no thicker than water, and that nationality in these things does not count. These people may be right or they may be merely innocent. It may be that in time of peace the Kaiser's Government, or that of King George, exerts no pressure on the national marine to favor the national commerce. It may be that the business relations between a manufacturer in Munich and the Hamburg-American merchant fleet are no closer than those between a manufacturer in Springfield, Ohio, and the Hamburg-American, and that Smith & Johnson, making hosiery in Janesville, Wisconsin, are as near to the Cunard rate-makers and voyage-planners as are Johnson & Smith, knitters, of Manchester, England. I don't know; but there are a great many American merchants and manufacturers who think they know, and they say that though commerce does not always follow our flag it certainly encounters hard lines when it tries to follow the other fellow's. And all this in time of peace. In time of war the merchant marine of any country becomes a part of its military organization, and if it is a great maritime nation like the British Empire or Germany, the whole business of the delivery of goods from the great department store of Uncle Sam is shot to rags the day of the declaration of war.

In August, 1914, all the warring nations laid military hands on their merchant shipping and it ceased to be private property. It was commandeered for military purposes. It ceased to have any concern with American shipments, except as those shipments were necessary for equipping and maintaining armies in the field and feeding the soldiers and the population. Everybody knows what happened. For months American commerce was struck numb and paralyzed. Our competitors had withdrawn the delivery wagons in which they had been delivering our goods and receiving therefor from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year in freights. Business has now been resumed, but the delivery wagons are not in service at the old rates nor for all purposes. Freights are so high that trade in some lines, as lumber and timber, for instance, is still impossible. A few sample changes from former rates will show the burden which American industry in these boom times is bearing. The rate on apples was, several months ago, $1.10 a box from New York to South America, but only 72 cents a box at the same time from Montreal to South Africa—two British ports. The freight on cotton rose from $1.75 a bale to $15 a bale. Freights have increased from a hundred per cent to a thousand per cent over normal.

The reader who is curious as to the bearing of this phenomenon on his own location, no matter where he may live, will probably find an article in which he is interested, directly or indirectly, on a single sheet of notes, containing complaints of business men, which I have before me—turpentine, lumber and timber, apples and other fruits, oranges, commission goods, shovel handles, tobacco leaf, coal, coke, iron, steel, ores, dried fruits, cement, flour, cotton, wheat, meats, lubricating oil, wool, leather. It is probably hard to find any article of commerce the price of which is not affected by this rise in freights. In ordinary times grain has been carried from New York to Liverpool for 4 cents a bushel. Since the war it has cost at times as much as 40 cents a bushel. In view of the fact that the expense of ocean shipment is deducted from the price received by the North Dakota wheat grower on his farm, it is safe to say that if the old freight rate had been adhered to during the war the North Dakota man would have received about 36 cents a bushel more for his grain.

If Uncle Sam Turns Shipbuilder

BUSINESS is booming in this country in spite of these things. It was paralyzed in 1914 and a large part of 1915 because of them. Once during Cleveland's administration we seemed to be on the verge of a war with Great Britain. Such a conflict would demonstrate in a catastrophe the fact of our absolute reliance on Great Britain's merchant marine for the carriage of our goods. The British merchant marine is the greatest business interest in that country. It has been built up by contributions from merchants and manufacturers to such an extent that almost every British family is financially interested in shipping. The suggestion that the United States Government is likely to go into the business of building and operating merchant ships even to the extent of providing our navy with its needed auxiliaries is rather startling to the British, who have looked upon the American trade as their choicest feeding ground.

This does not necessarily mean that such a policy on the part of the Government would be a good thing, all things considered, for the United States. It might possibly be bad for both the British shipping interests and the American manufacturing and producing interests. It is hard to believe, however, that it is anything except an evil for the business of the United States to be so absolutely dependent on the merchant marines of Great Britain, Germany and some lesser nations. The Shipping Bill calls attention to this ancient evil, and offers its own cure for it. It seems

(Continued on Page 32)

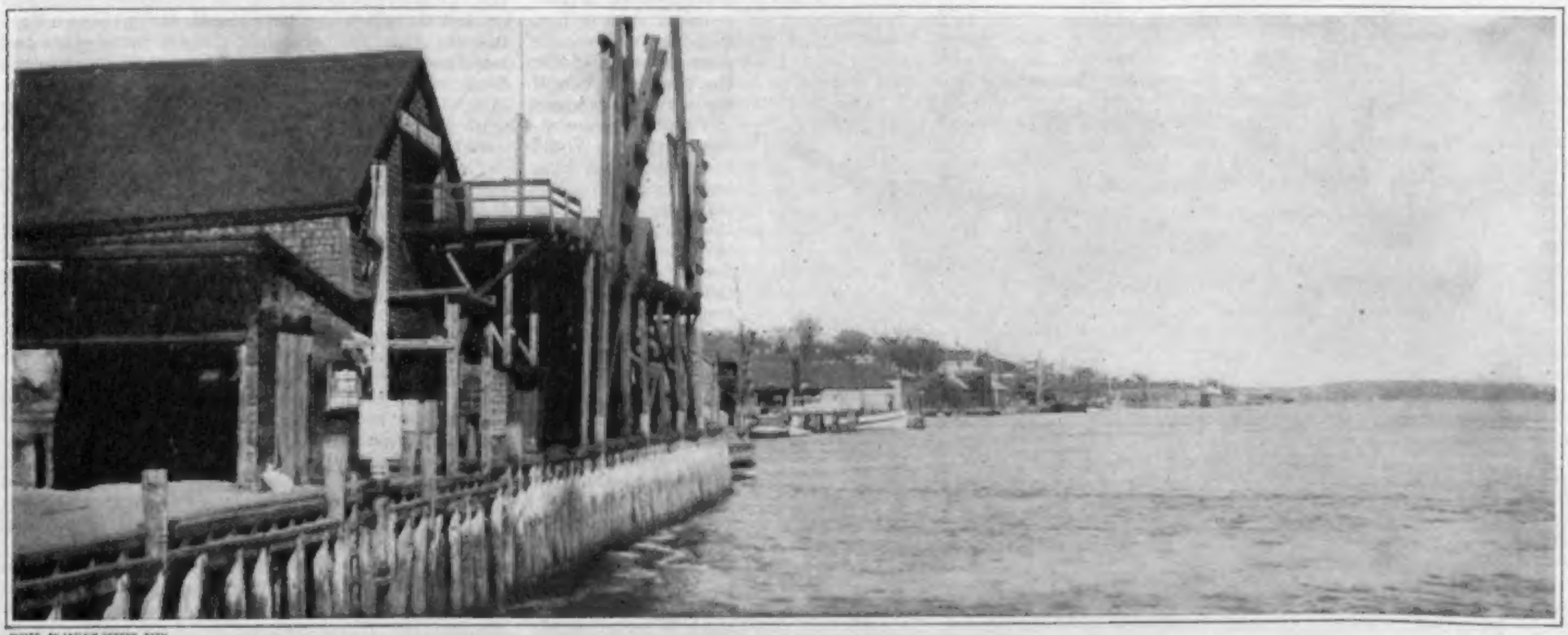


PHOTO. BY ARTHUR PEPPER, BATH

Bath as it Looks To-Day

THE DAY OF THE DOG

Wherein Cappy Ricks Proves He's Crazy—Like a Fox—By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE first news Cappy Ricks had of it was contained in the newspapers, the story having come to San Francisco aboard the S. S. Timaru, from Sydney, Australia, via Tahiti. There it was, as big as a church—a paragraph of it, tucked away in a column-and-a-half story of the bombardment of Papeete by the German Pacific fleet early in September of 1914.

An incident of the bombardment was the sinking of the German freight steamer Valkyrie by shells from the German fleet. The vessel had been captured by the French gunboat Zeile some weeks previous and was at anchor in the harbor, under the guns of the Zeile, when the German squadron appeared off the entrance. The gunboat immediately was made the target for the German guns, and sunk. During the attack, however, a wild shell missed the Zeile and struck the Valkyrie, tearing a great hole in her hull and causing her to sink in ten fathoms at her anchorage.

Ten fathoms! Sixty feet! Why, at that depth Cappy should have known that her masts and funnel would be above water; that in all probability she carried war-risk insurance; that she was so far from anywhere the underwriters would have abandoned her, even had she not been a prize of war, since there are no appliances in Papeete for salving a vessel of her size; that she could be raised if one cared to spend a little money on doing it; that one projectile probably had not ruined her beyond repair; that she was a menace to navigation in Papeete Harbor and hence would have to be gotten out of the way, either by dynamite or auction; that—well, any number of thats should have occurred to Cappy Ricks to suggest the advisability of keeping tab on the wreck of the Valkyrie. However, for some mysterious reason—his resentment against the German cause probably—the golden prospect never appealed to him, for when he had finished reading the article he merely said:

"Well, what do you know about that? Skinner, it's a mighty lucky thing for that German admiral that I'm not the Kaiser, for I'd certainly make him hard to catch. The idea of sinking that fine steamer—and a German steamer at that! Here was that little old French gunboat, about as invulnerable as a red-cedar shingle; and instead of moving into proper position and raking her with their light guns—instead of calling upon her to surrender—these Germans have to go to work in a hurry and inaugurate a campaign of frightfulness. The minute they're off the harbor—Zowie! Blooey! Bam! It's all over but the cheering, and they've chucked an eight-inch projectile through a ship that was worth four of the gunboat.

"Skinner, that's what I call spilling the beans. Why they didn't take their time, recapture that freighter and give her skipper a chance to hustle across to San Francisco or Honolulu and intern, is a mystery to me. The idea! Why, for that German fleet to waste ammunition on that Jim-Crow town and a hand-me-down gunboat was equivalent to John L. Sullivan whittling out a handle on a piece of two-by-four common in order to attack a cockroach!"

Cappy was so incensed that he growled about the Germans for an hour. Then he forgot the Valkyrie, notwithstanding the fact that the press jogged his memory again when the German fleet, deciding that prudence was the better part of valor, fled from the Pacific to escape the Japanese, only to be destroyed by the British fleet off the Falkland Islands. A résumé of the operations of the German squadron in the Pacific brought forth mention of the destruction of the Zeile and the Valkyrie. However, Cappy's mind was not in Tahiti now but off the Falkland Islands, for he was very much pro-Ally and devoted more thought to military and naval strategy than he did to the lumber and shipping business.

However, the climax of Cappy's indignation over the disaster to the Valkyrie was not attained until a few months later when, in conversation on the floor of the Merchants' Exchange with the skipper of the schooner Taurus, who happened to be in Papeete at the time of the bombardment, he learned he had done the martyred German admiral a grave injustice. He came back to his office, boiling, declaring the French were a crazy nation, and that, after all, he could recall meeting one or two fine Germans during the course of a fairly busy career. He summoned Mr. Skinner and Matt Peasley to hear the sordid tale.

"Remember that steamer Valkyrie the Germans were supposed to have sunk by accident in the harbor of Papeete during the bombardment last September?" he queried.

"I believe I read something about it in the papers at the time," Mr. Skinner replied.

"What about her?" Matt Peasley demanded.

"Why, the Germans didn't sink her at all, Matt! The Frenchmen did it," Cappy shrilled. "The crazy, frog-eating jumping jacks of Frenchmen! The tramp wasn't flying the German flag—naturally the Frenchmen hauled it down; so the Germans didn't investigate her. Besides, they were in a hurry—you'll remember the Japs were on their trail at the time; so they just devoted forty minutes to shooting up the town, and beat it. I don't suppose they ever knew they hit the Valkyrie; maybe they figured that, having sunk the gunboat, the Valkyrie could up hook and away at her leisure, since there was nothing left to prevent her.

"Huh! Makes me sick to talk about it; but the skipper of the Taurus was there at the time and he tells me that, though the Valkyrie was pretty well down by the stern, her bulkheads were holding and she wouldn't have sunk if those blamed Frenchmen, fearful that the German fleet was coming back after her, hadn't gone aboard and opened her sea cocks! Yes, sir. Rather than risk having her recaptured, they opened her sea cocks and sunk her! And, at that, they didn't have sense enough to run her out to deep water. No! They had to do the trick as she lay at anchor; and there she lies still, a menace to navigation and a perennial reminder to those Papeete Frenchmen that he who acts in haste will repent at leisure."

To this outburst Mr. Skinner made some perfunctory remark, attributing the situation to a lack of efficiency, while Matt Peasley went back to his office and grieved as he reflected on the corrosive action of salt water on those fine, seven-year-old engines.

Time passed. Mr. Skinner developed a pallor and irritability that bespoke all too truly an attack of nerves, from overwork, and sore against his will was hustled off to Honolulu for six months while Cappy Ricks had the audacity to take charge of the lumber business. Whereupon Mr. J. Augustus Redell, of the West Coast Trading Company, as has been related elsewhere, discovered the unprotected condition of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company and promptly, in sheer wanton deviltry, proceeded to sew Cappy Ricks up on an order for a million grape stakes.

"Your Wireless Handed Him. Would Hesitate Repeat His Language"

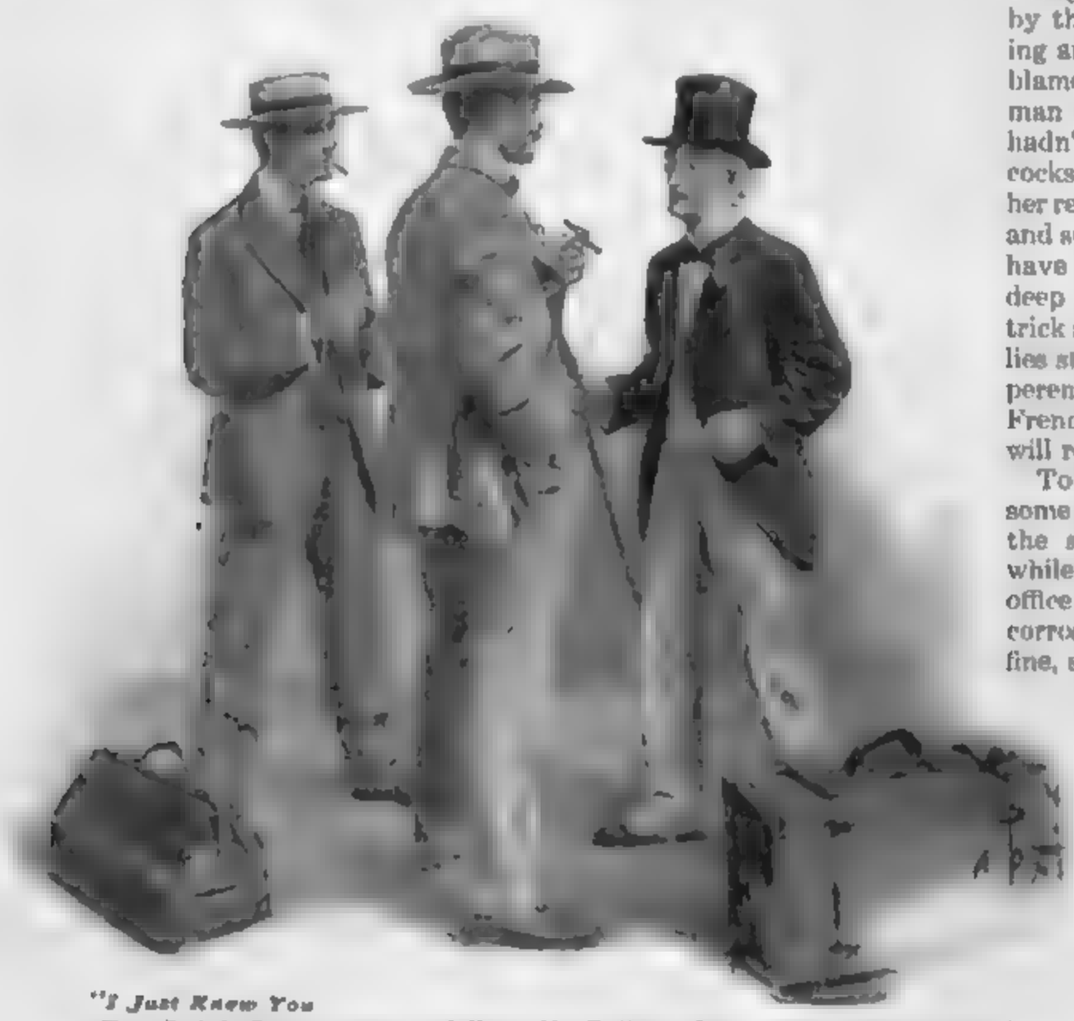
With Machiavellian adroitness he convinced Cappy of the ease with which the grape-stake market could be cornered, although well he knew the utter inability of any human being, save himself, to corner it. When the awakening came Cappy discovered to his horror that Redell had made a star-spangled monkey of him; for the first time in his career as a lumber and shipping king the sly old dog realized he had been outthought, outplayed, outgamed and manhandled by a mere pup. And, though he had taken his beating like the rare old sport that he was, nevertheless the leaves of memory had a horrible habit of making a most melancholy rustling; and for two weeks, following his ignominious rout at the hands of J. Augustus Redell, Cappy's days and nights were entirely devoted to scheming ways and means of vengeance. Curiously enough, it was the West Coast Trading Company that accorded him the opportunity he craved.

Having massacred Cappy in the grape-stake deal and established an unlimited credit thereby, the West Coast Lumber Company, per Señor Felipe Luiz Almeida, alias Live Wire Luiz, decided to purchase a little jag of spruce from the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company. Cappy Ricks looked at the proffered order, saw that it called for number one clear spruce, and promptly accepted it at a dollar under the market. He was to bring the spruce in to San Francisco on one of his own steam schooners, lay her alongside the City of Panama and discharge it into her, for delivery at Salina Cruz, Mexico.

Cappy knew, of course, that Live Wire Luiz handled exclusively the West Coast Trading Company's Mexican, Central and South American business. He knew, also, that there were many points about the lumber business that the explosive little Peruvian had still to learn; so he decided to stab the West Coast Trading Company, through the innocent and trusting Señor Almeida, with a weapon he would not have dreamed of employing had J. Augustus Redell placed the order. Live Wire Luiz knew the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company always sold its output on mill tally and inspection; that Cappy Ricks' grading rules were much fairer to his customers than those of his competitors; that when he contracted to deliver number one clear spruce he would deliver exactly that and challenge anybody to pick a number two board out of the lot. But what Live Wire Luiz did not know was that there are two kinds of number one spruce on the Pacific Coast. One grows in California and the other in Oregon and Washington—and Cappy Ricks had both kinds for sale.

"Aha!" Cappy murmured as he glanced over Live Wire Luiz's order after the latter had gone. "Number one clear spruce, eh? All right, sir! Away down in my wicked heart I know you want some nice number one stock from our Washington mill, at Port Hadlock; but unfortunately you have failed to stipulate it—so we'll slip you a little of the California product and teach you something you ought to know."

Whereupon Cappy sent the order to his mill on Humboldt Bay, California. Though this plant manufactured



"I Just Knew You Two Didn't Dast to Stay and Hear Me Tell the Boys About That Spruce"

"They Opened Her Sea Cocks and Sunk Her! And There She Lies Still"

redwood lumber almost exclusively, whenever the woods boss came across a nice spruce or bull-pine tree among the redwood he was wont to send it down to the mill, where it was sawed and set aside for trusting individuals like Live Wire Luiz. When seasoned this spruce was very good stock. Unfortunately, however, experts differ in their diagnosis of California spruce. There are those who will tell you it is not spruce, but a bastard fir; while others will tell you it is not fir, but a bastard spruce. Cappy Ricks had no definite ideas on the subject, for he didn't own enough of that kind of stumpage to grieve him. All he knew or cared was that when such outlawed stock was billed as spruce no judge or jury in the land could say it was fir; also, that in its green state it possessed an abominable odor!

The lumber was delivered to the City of Panama in due course and, as Cappy had suspected, Live Wire Luiz failed to come down to her dock and take a smell. This was a privilege left intact for the consignee at Salina Cruz; and he, according to Mexican custom, which only demands a ghost of an excuse to seek a rebate, promptly wired a protest and declared himself swindled to the extent of five dollars a thousand feet, gold.

Also, having been similarly outraged once before, he demanded to know why he had been sent California spruce; whereupon Live Wire Luiz called up Cappy Ricks, abused him roundly and sent him a bill for six dollars a thousand, rebate! Unfortunately for the West Coast Trading Company, however, it had already discounted Cappy's invoice; so the latter could afford to stand pat—which he did.

Shortly after noon on the day of his small triumph over the West Coast Trading Company, Cappy Ricks bustled up California Street, bound for luncheon at the Bilgewater Club, a side degree of the Commercial Club and a name given a coterie of a dozen individuals of the younger generation of lumber and shipping men, who always lunched at the large round table within the Commercial Club grill. All the members were on the sunny side of thirty, with the exception of Live Wire Luiz, who was past forty, and Cappy Ricks, who would never see seventy again.

Cappy was the Honorary President of the Bilgewater gang, and it was not permissible to sit down to luncheon until he arrived or had telephoned that he would not be present.

On this day, of all days, Cappy would not have missed luncheon with the Bilgewater Club for a farm. As he breezed along there was a smile on his ruddy old face and a lilt in his kind old heart, for he was rehearsing his announcement to his youthful friends of how he had but recently tanned the hide of a brother! He almost laughed aloud as he pictured himself solemnly relating, in the presence of J. Augustus Redell and Live Wire Luiz, the tale of the ill-favored spruce, excusing his own mendacity the while on the ground that he wasn't a mind reader; that if the West Coast Lumber Company desired northern spruce they should have stipulated northern spruce; that, as alleged business men, it was high time they were made aware of the ancient principle of *caveat emptor*, which means, as every schoolboy knows, that the buyer must protect himself in the clinches and breakaways. And lastly he planned to claim it the solemn duty of the aged to instruct the young and ignorant in the hard school of experience.

Judge, therefore, of his disappointment when, on entering the lobby of the Merchants' Exchange Building, on the two top floors of which the Commercial Club is situated, he encountered Redell and Live Wire Luiz leaving the elevator.

The West Coast Trading Company had offices in the same building and, as Redell carried a plethoric suit case, while Live Wire Luiz followed with a small hand bag, Cappy realized they were bound for parts unknown. In consequence of which he realized he had rehearsed to no purpose his exposé of the pair before the Bilgewater Club. He halted the partners and secured a firm grip on the lapel of each.

"Cowards!" he sneered. "Running out on me, eh? By Judas Priest, I just knew you two didn't dast to stay and hear me tell the boys about that spruce. Drat you! The next time you'll know the difference between attar of roses and California spruce!"

Redell put down his suit case, pulled out his watch, glanced at it and then at his partner.

"Shall I tell him, Luiz?" he queried.

Live Wire Luiz thereupon consulted his watch, scratched his ear and said:

"Friend of my heart, do you theenk eet ees safe?"

"Oh, yes. He isn't a bit dangerous, Luiz. He's lost all his teeth and all he can do now is sit and bay at the moon."

Live Wire Luiz shrugged.

"I theenk maybe so you are right, *amigo mío*. The steamer she will go to depart in half an hour, an' that ees not time for thees ol' highbinder to do somet'ing. Eet ees what you call one stiff li'l' order. I admit thees spruce bandit' ees pretty smart, but"—again Live Wire Luiz shrugged his expressive shoulders—"he ees pretty ol', no? I theenk to myself he have lose—what you call heem? ah, yes, he have lose hees punch!"

"I fear he has, Luiz; so I guess I'll tell him. At least the knowledge will gravel him and take all the joy out of that stinking little spruce swindle of his."

"'Twon't, neither!" Cappy challenged. "I stung you there—drat your picture!—and I'm glad I did it. I rejoice in my wickedness. Cost you five hundred dollars for making a monkey out of the old man in that grape-stake deal, Gus."

"Why," said Redell wonderingly, "I thought you'd forgiven me that, Cappy."

"So I have; but I haven't forgotten. Expect me to lose my self-respect and forget about it? No, sir! When I go into a deal and emerge in the red, I take a look at my loss-and-gain account and forget it; but when I'm ravished of my self-respect—wow! Look out below and get out from under! In-fer-nal young scoundrel! If I don't show you two before I die that I haven't lost my punch I'll come back from the grave to ha'nt you. Go on and spin your little tale, Augustus. You can't tell me anything that'll make me mad. What you got on your mind besides your hair, Gus? Out with it, boy; out with it! I'm listening."

And Cappy came close to Redell and inclined his head close to the young fellow's breast; whereupon Redell put his lips close to Cappy's ear and answered hoarsely:

"I'm going to Papeete to bid in that sunken German steamer, Valkyrie."

Cappy nodded.

"Huh!" he said. "Is that all? Well, when you return from Papeete you're going to take another journey right away."

"Where?"

"Into the bankruptcy court first, and then up to the Home for the Feeble-Minded. On the level, boy, you're overdue at the foolish farm."

"I'll take a chance, Cappy. All you old graybeards can do is sit on the fence and decry the efforts of the rising generation. You just croak and knock. Of course I admit that once on a time an opportunity couldn't fly by you so fast you wouldn't get some of the tail feathers; but that was a long time ago."

He paused and glanced at his partner. Sorrowfully Live Wire Luiz tapped his forehead with his brown, cigarette-stained forefinger.

"Senile decay!" Redell murmured.

"Sure; I bet you, Mike!" Live Wire Luiz answered.

He wagged his head lugubriously, turned aside and affected to wipe away a vagrant tear with his salmon-colored silk handkerchief.

"Look here!" Cappy rasped. "This thing is getting personal. Never mind about my years, you pup! If my back is bent a trifle it's from carrying a load of experience and other people's mistakes. And never mind about my noodle! It may have a few knots and shakes in it, but they're tight and sound, and it's free of pitch pockets, wane and rotten streaks; so this old head grades as merchantable timber still.

"As for your head, Gus, and that of this human firecracker with you, both have streaks of sap round the edges, and I'll prove it to you yet. No; on second thought I don't have to prove it. You've already done that yourself! You're going to Papeete to try to bid in the Valkyrie, and she's junk!"

"Partly," Redell admitted. "She's been under water a year and I suppose the teredo have digested her upper works by now; but they can be rebuilt quickly and without a great deal of expense."

"How about her boilers? You'll have to retube them."

"I don't think so. I was talking with Captain Hippard, of the Morrison-Hippard Line. They had the steamer Chinook under water six months in Norton Sound, but they raised her and brought her to San Francisco under her own steam. You know, Cappy, it's the combination of water and air that makes iron and steel rust. It seems that when a boiler is under water and not exposed to the air it rusts very slowly; also, the rust is like a soft film—it doesn't pit and scale off in great flakes. And a year under water will not do any appreciable damage to the Valkyrie's boilers. The Chinook is running yet, notwithstanding the fact that fifteen years ago she was submerged for six months."

"Huh!" Cappy grunted.

"The same condition, of course, holds true with regard to her hull, only more so," Redell continued. "The paint will protect the hull perfectly. Of course if, after getting her up, she is permitted to lie exposed to the air, the soft film of rust will promptly harden and scale off and she'll go to glory in a few months. However, nothing like that will happen, because the minute she's up she'll be thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed and painted. Of course the cover will have peeled off her boilers, but even at that I'll bring her to San Francisco under her own steam. She'll just be ungodly hot below decks and a hog for coal until the boilers are re-covered."

Cappy sighed. He was not prepared to combat this argument, for he had a sneaking impression Redell was right. However, he returned undaunted to the attack.

"She's shot full of holes," he declared.

"She has one hole through her, and when she's loaded light that hole is above the water line. The wrecking vessel that goes down to salve her will have steel plates, tools and mechanics aboard, and new plates can be put in temporarily. And if that cannot be done those holes can be patched with planking and cemented over."

"Well, all right. Grant that. But think of her engines, Gus. Think of those fine, smooth bearings and polished steel rods all corroded and pitted by salt water. The water may not have a disastrous effect on the boilers and hull, but an engine can't stand any rust at all and still remain one hundred per cent efficient. I tell you I know, Gus. I had my Amelia Ricks submerged on Duxbury Reef for a week; then I hauled her off and she lay on the tide flats in Mission Bay another three weeks until I could patch her up and float her into the dry dock. Do you know what it cost me to make her engines over again? Thirteen thousand dollars, young man—and, at that, they're nothing to brag of now."

"Quite right; but that's because you didn't employ a German engineer and tell him you were going to put the Amelia Ricks on Duxbury Reef. Are you familiar with the characteristics of German engineers, Cappy?"

Cappy threw up both hands.

"I'm neutral, Gus. Between them and the French it's a case of heads I win, tails you lose."

"No, no, Cappy. You're wrong. The Germans are a careful, thrifty, painstaking, systematic race, and the chief of the Valkyrie was the flower of the flock. When that little French gunboat captured her this chief engineer looked into the future and saw himself and the Valkyrie interned indefinitely—and he didn't like it. It just broke his heart to think of a stranger messing round among his engines; so the instant he got into Papeete and blew down his boilers he did a wise thing. He knew the war-risk insurance would probably cover the Valkyrie's loss as a war prize, but there was a chance that her German owners might send one of their hyphenated brethren down to Papeete to buy her in the prize court; and if that happened the chief wanted them to have a good ship. Perhaps, also, he figured on getting his old job back after the war. At any rate he got out a barrel of fine heavy grease and slobbered up his engines for fair."

It was too much. Cappy Ricks was too fine a sport not to acknowledge a beating; he was too generous not to rejoice in a competitor's gain.

"You lucky, lucky scoundrel!" he murmured in an awed voice. "Not enough salt water will get through that grease to hurt those engines. Gus, how did you find this all out?"

"Well, you can bet your whiskers, Cappy, I didn't depend on hearsay evidence and the water-front reporters to dig it up for me. The minute I heard her sea cocks had been opened and that her funnels and masts were sticking up out of the harbor I concluded I was interested; so I sent Bill Jinks, of our office, down to Papeete to get me some first-hand information. The chief of the Valkyrie is interned there, of course."

"May mad dogs bite me! Why in the name of all that's sweet and holy didn't I have sense enough to do that?" Cappy mourned.

"You have lose the punch!" chirped Live Wire Luiz, and Cappy glared at him.

"She's a single-screw steel boat, seven years old, about seven thousand tons dead weight capacity, and built at Sunderland," Redell continued. "She's an honest vessel, Cappy."

"An' what you s'pose she have in her?" Live Wire Luiz demanded. "Oh, notheeng very much, Señor Ricks. Just two t'ousand tons of phosphate."

"Worth ten or twelve dollars a ton, Cappy."

"An' t'irteen hundred tons of the good coal to bring her to San Francisco. *Ai*, Santa Maria!" Live Wire Luiz blew a kiss airily into space and added: "I die weeth dee-light!"

"You haven't got her yet," Cappy snapped viciously.

"No; but we'll get her all right," Redell declared confidently.

"How'll you get her?"

"We've only one real competitor to buck—an Australian steamship company. They're crazy to get her; and as there are no French bidders on this side of the world, naturally and in view of the present condition of world politics the French authorities in Papeete are pulling for the Britisher. Jinks is now in Papeete and I'm about to start for there at one o'clock. Two bids, Cappy; I'll be the dark horse and file my bid at the last minute, after I've sized up the lay of the land. But, before I do so, I'm going to take the representative of that Australian steamship company into my confidence and find out what he's going to bid. For instance, now, Cappy, if you were bidding against me, how high would you go?"

"She's a long way from nowhere," Cappy replied thoughtfully. "It means sending a wrecking steamer down there with a lot of expert wreckers, divers, mechanics and carpenters; it means lumber for a cofferdam and pontoons; it means donkey engines, cable, pumps, the stress of wind and wave ——"

"She lies in a protected cove, Cappy; the mean rise and fall of the tide, so close to the equator, is about eighteen inches, and the water is so clear you can always see what the divers are doing. Forget the stress of wind and wave."

"Forty thousand dollars would be my top figure if I were the Australian bidder," Cappy declared, and added to himself: "But, as Alden P. Ricks, seventy-five thousand might not stagger me in view of the present freight rates."

"Just what I figured," Redell answered. "She'll cost us two hundred thousand dollars before we get her in commission again. I figure the Australian people will not go over forty thousand dollars. They won't figure Jinks as a heavyweight. I told him to create the impression that he was a professional wrecker—a sort of fly-by-night junk dealer, who would buy the vessel if he could get her at a great bargain. Then I'll drop quietly into Papeete, and at the eleventh hour fifty-ninth minute I'll slip in a bid that will top the Australian's. If by any chance Jinks' bid should also top the Australian's I'll just forfeit the certified check for ten per cent of my bid, run out and leave the ship to Jinks, the next highest bidder. The chances are I'll make a few thousand dollars at that."

"He's a Holy Terror! He'd Pinch the Gold Out of Your Wisdom Teeth While You'd Be Laughing at Him"

"How do you purpose raising her—provided you are the successful bidder?"

"Well, she has four hatches and she lies on an even keel. I'll build a cofferdam on her deck round these four hatches and pump her out. If we have enough pumps we can pump her out faster than the water can leak in under the cofferdam. When I've lightened her somewhat I'll kick her into the shore, little by little, until she lies in shallow water with her bulwarks above the surface. Then I'll patch the holes in her, pump her out—and up she'll come, of course."

"You say that so glibly," Cappy growled, "one would almost think you could whistle it."

"Don't feel sore, Cappy. Do you know what a vessel of her age and class is worth nowadays? Well, I'll tell you. About sixty dollars a ton, dead weight capacity—and the Valkyrie can carry seven thousand tons; that's four hundred and twenty thousand dollars ——"

"If you can get her up," Cappy interrupted.

"If I bid her in I'll get her up. Don't worry."

"It'll clean you of your bank roll to do it."

"Of course. Luiz and I aren't millionaires like you; so we'll just form a corporation and call it the S. S. Valkyrie Company and sell stock in our venture. I have you down right now for a ten-thousand-dollar subscription, at the very least, though you can have more if you want it."

"Gus," Cappy pleaded, "if you bid that boat in for forty thousand dollars I'll give you ten thousand dollars for your bargain and reimburse you for all the expense you've been put to."

"Nothing doing, Cappy."

"I'll make it—let me see—I'll make it twenty thousand."

"You waste your breath. She'll pay for herself the first year she's in commission."

"I'll furnish the sinews of war, Gus, for a half interest in her. Let me add her to the Blue Star Fleet and you'll never regret it."

"Sorry, Cappy; but Luiz and I are ambitious. We want to get into the steamship business ourselves."

"Well, then, I've offered to do the fair thing by you two lunatics," Cappy declared with a great air of finality. "So now I'll deliver my ultimatum: I'm going to keep the Valkyrie and not give you two as much as one little piece of her. Yes, sir! I'm going to send a representative to Papeete and match you and that Australian chap for your shoestrings. Gus, you know me! If I ever go after a thing and don't get it, the man that takes it away from me will know he's been in a fight."

"Indeed, I know it, Cappy—which is why I kept this information carefully to myself. However, I guess you'll not get in on this good thing."

"Why?"

"You're too late to the banquet."

"Not one leetle hope ees left for you, Cappy Reeks," Señor Almeida asserted. "The Moana, on which my good partner have engaged passage to-day, ees the last steamer which shall arrive to Papeete before the bids shall be open. The next steamer, Capitan Reeks, ees arrive too late."

"Yes; and the Moana sails in just twenty-five minutes, Cappy. If you're thinking of sending a man down to bid against me you'll have to step lively."

Cappy Ricks was now beside himself; this gentle, good-natured heckling had made of him a venerable Fury.

"I'll cable my bid!" he shrilled.

"No, you won't, Cappy, for the reason that there is no cable to Tahiti."

"Then I'll wireless it!"

"Well, you can try that, Cappy. Unfortunately, however, the only wireless station in Tahiti is a little, old, one-cat-power set. It can receive your message, but it can't send one that will reach the nearest wireless station—and that's at Honolulu. And until the bank in Tahiti can confirm drafts by wireless I imagine it will not pay them on presentation."

Cappy surrendered. He couldn't stand any more.

"Good-by, Gus," he said. "Good luck to you! If you get that vessel you'll deserve her, and when you're forming the S. S. Valkyrie Company I'll head the list of stock subscribers with a healthy little chunk. You know me, Gus! I'm the old bell mare in shipping circles; a lot of others will follow where I lead."

"I forgive you the spruce deal, Cappy. You're an awful pirate; but, for all that, you're a grand piece of work. God bless you!" And Redell put his arm round the old man affectionately. "Good-by."

And, followed by Live Wire Luiz, who was going to the dock to see his partner aboard the Moana, Redell disappeared into California Street.

"Dammit!" Cappy soliloquized bitterly. "I can't eat lunch now. One bite would choke me."

And he turned toward the entrance to the Merchants' Exchange, being minded to enter a telephone booth and notify the Bilgewater Club he would not be present that day.

(Continued on Page 56)

Behind the Smoke of Battle

How Turkey is "Dispersing" a Nation

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

BEHIND the great curtain of battle across the entrance to the Dardanelles and on Gallipoli Peninsula terrible things have been happening in Turkey these months past. When that curtain lifts, and not before, the full details will be revealed of one of the most astounding scenes in history. The Committee of Union and Progress of the Young Turk Government, who are of the Company of the House of Faith, which is Islam, are engaged in the congenial task of dispersing two million Christian Ottoman subjects—the Armenians.

However the performance may be referred to in the outside world, that is what the Turks call it—"dispersing." Quietly, systematically, with a fixed intent, the work goes on; and already a million and a half of the hated tribe have been driven from their homes, with an incidental loss of life among them estimated at above eight hundred thousand. An exaggeration? We must wait until the curtain lifts. These were the figures whispered to me in Constantinople, always with an assurance that they minimized rather than overstated the facts.

From the beginning Christian protest has not been wanting. The Sublime Porte has been repeatedly besieged by appeals and approached with carefully guarded warnings of a future settlement; but the Sublime Porte has been arrogant and immovable. Indeed, the Sublime Porte is impatient of outside interference these days and has answered warnings with threats.

Enver Pasha, Minister of War

PHOTO. BY PHILIPS, CONSTANTINOPLE

Talat Bey, Minister of the Interior

In writing about this fearful thing one must, for obvious reasons, be cautious. Names and exact localities cannot be mentioned without fear of getting somebody into trouble. Everything that is written about Turkey and about Germany in Turkey gets back to Constantinople in some mysterious way almost as soon as it is published, and information bureaus are organized in minutest detail. Specific reference is not necessary anyhow; not yet. The scene of actual atrocities embraces all Asia Minor, and there is not a town with Armenians in it that has not long since felt the heavy hand of government.

The reports came into Constantinople slowly and by devious underground routes; and so overpresent and breathless was the fear of retaliatory massacre in the city itself that nobody would speak freely, nobody would tell all he knew, and written communications were concealed or destroyed as though the possession of them constituted the highest crime. I brought out with me, and had with me through five days' detention on the border of Turkey, a copy of the original order that was posted in Armenian towns and communities throughout Asia Minor some time in June.

A Copy of the Proclamation

I WAS told in London and am assured by Armenian societies here that mine is the first copy of this document to be brought out of Turkey. I find it difficult to believe this, but after making careful inquiry I have decided that it must be true. I do know that bringing it out was for me a dangerous venture. I mentioned it in my story of five days in a Turkish prison and have since had a number of inquiries as to how I managed to conceal it. One stranger friend in the West hazards the guess that I had it between the lining and the leather of my shoe. No, nothing so easily guessable. I had it copied on the innermost inner margins of a perfectly harmless-looking book which I was more or less ostentatiously reading when the Turkish examiner came aboard my train. He picked the book up, shook it, ran its pages with his thumb a few times, and subjected it to what he doubtless considered a careful scrutiny, but none of the hazardous pencilings revealed themselves and I was permitted to carry it off to prison with me, while the wholly uncompromising notes which were taken away from me went back to Constantinople to be passed on by the censor there.

I don't mind admitting that during my five days' suspense under the eyes of an armed guard that book became to me an object of curious dread. And with reason too. My keepers were ignorant Turks whose instructions were not to permit anybody to carry a written line across the border; I had outwitted them for the moment, a thing no Turk can stand in any case, and if by chance they had discovered my suspicious looking and so carefully hidden notes the word "perilous" would not have been too melodramatic to use in describing my situation. I think I should probably have figured as the party of the first part in a mysterious disappearance. The proclamation reads:

"Our fellow countrymen, the Armenians, who form one of the racial elements of the Ottoman Empire, having taken up, as a result of foreign instigation for many years past, with a lot of false ideas of a nature to disturb the public order; and because of the fact that they have brought about bloody happenings and have attempted to destroy the peace and security of the Ottoman state, the safety and interests of their fellow countrymen, as well as of themselves; and, moreover, as they have now dared to join themselves to the enemy of their existence"—Russia—"and to the enemies now at war with our state—our government is compelled to adopt extraordinary measures and sacrifices, both for the preservation of the order and security of the country and for the welfare and the continuation of the existence of the Armenian society. Therefore, as a measure to be applied until the conclusion of the war, the Armenians have to be sent away to places which have been prepared in the interior vilayets; and a literal obedience to the following orders, in a categorical manner, is accordingly enjoined on all Ottomans:

"First—All Armenians, with the exception of the sick, are obliged to leave within five days from the date of this proclamation, by villages or quarters, and under the escort of the gendarmerie.

"Second—Though they are free to carry with them on their journey the articles of their movable property which they desire, they are forbidden to sell their lands and their extra effects, or to leave the latter here and there with other people, because their exile is only temporary and their landed property and the effects they will be unable to take with them will be taken care of under the supervision of the government, and stored in closed and protected buildings. Any one who sells or attempts to take care of his movable effects or landed property in a manner contrary to this order shall be sent before the Court-Martial. They are free to sell to the government only the articles which may answer the needs of the army.

"Third—Contains a promise of safe conduct.

"Fourth—A threat against anyone attempting to molest them on the way.

"Fifth—Since the Armenians are obliged to submit to this decision of the government, if some of them attempt to use arms against the soldiers or gendarmes, arms shall be employed against them and they shall be taken dead or alive. In like manner those who, in opposition to the government's decision, refrain from leaving or seek to hide themselves, if they are sheltered or given food and assistance, the persons who thus shelter or aid them shall be sent before the Court-Martial for execution."

The Revolt at Van

IT IS not difficult to picture the reign of terror that ensued throughout Armenian Turkey and in all Armenian settlements on the posting of this proclamation. It struck down the hands of two million Christian people and left them in a state of helplessness beyond words to describe. It did not leave them even the refuge of friendship; and the promises of protection, both as to life and to property, were not to be taken seriously, as everybody knew. It was a literal order for banishment and confiscation, and the only way any Armenian could escape it was by turning Mohammedan.

It has always been the Turkish habit to make whole Christian communities within Ottoman borders pay for the offenses of individual citizens or of small rebellious groups; but this fact does not quite explain the present unprecedented movement.

At the beginning of the war some Armenians on the border between Turkey and Russia—Armenians who had felt the weight of Turkish oppression always, and many of whose people had been victims of the massacres of Abdul-Hamid—went over and joined the Russian Army; while an organized body of them placed themselves in armed opposition to the Turkish forces at Van. This was unfortunate; and, since it was open rebellion, it called for the usual punishment, which no nation would deny Turkey the right to inflict. But the rebels represented but a handful of the great Armenian population, and the wholesale retaliation which has been meted out and is being meted out by the government now is so far beyond the bounds of necessity or reasonable excuse that it can be regarded only as another exhibition of the characteristic national shortsightedness and stupidity which have made so many pages of Turkey's modern history amazing to an intelligent world.

How the Armenians got arms nobody knows. It is and has been for many years a capital offense for any of them to carry weapons; but because there were arms along the eastern border it became expedient to assume that they were scattered throughout the country, and the methods of torture practiced on the luckless people to get them to reveal the hiding places of their mythical stores of guns and ammunition are too horrible to write about.

One man, an American doing business in Turkey, tells of getting off a train at a station not far from Constantinople and of seeing a man behaving in a most extraordinary manner. He was dancing along on his toes and shrieking with what sounded like maniacal laughter. The American asked a bystander what the trouble was with him and was told that he had just been undergoing bastinado. The bystander was a Turk and he delivered this information with a laugh.

Another man, an Armenian, in writing about the scenes of torture, says with a sort of plaintive simplicity: "In the old days anywhere from twenty-five to fifty strokes were

considered enough, but now they don't stop under a hundred strokes and sometimes they give as many as two hundred. The calves of the legs swell and burst; the victim faints and is revived time and again, and many of them lose their reason under it."

Though the Armenian is a brave man if he has a fighting chance, aggressiveness in a political sense is conspicuously absent in the racial character. They are a people subdued by fear and desiring only to live in peace. If they had been capable of organized and general revolt against Turkish rule they would have risen long ago, if for no other purpose than to wreak vengeance on their age-long oppressors.

It is not fear of Armenian rebellion that is actuating the Young Turks now. It is the same jealousy, cupidity and fanatic racial hatred which, given free rein for longer than we know, has engendered in the very nature of the Turk a belief in his right to plunder and to persecute these people. The little rebellion on the far border of the country gave them a much-desired excuse for action at a time when all eyes are fixed on more far-reaching and important events; when great tragedies are dwarfed by greater tragedies and may be expected to strike soundlessly and resultless against the sensibilities of a tragedy-numbed world.

Everybody knows about the attempted launching of a Holy War when Turkey was drawn into this bewildering conflict. Throughout the Ottoman Empire the imams in the mosques read to the thronging, excited crowds the extraordinary declaration. It is a long and complicated address, but in every line it shrieks a fanatic hatred so far removed from what used to be twentieth-century concepts that it sounds like nothing but medieval madness.

"It is necessary to form secret and public unions in the land of Islam," it says. "It is necessary that the people should know from to-day that the Holy War has become a sacred duty, and that the blood of infidels in Islamic lands may be shed with impunity, except those to whom the Moslem power has given security and those who are confederate with it. . . .

"They must know that the killing of infidels has become a sacred duty, whether it be secretly or openly, as the great Koran declares in its word: 'Take them and kill them wherever you come across them, and we have given you a manifest power over them by revelation.' . . .

"To whoever kills one single infidel of those who rule over Islamic lands, either secretly or openly, there is a reward like a reward from all the living ones of the Islamic world. And let every individual of the Islamic world, in whatever place he may be, take upon him an oath to kill at least three or four of the infidel enemies of God and enemies of religion. He must take upon him this oath before God Most High, expecting his reward from God alone; and let the Moslem be confident, if there be to him no other good deed than this, nevertheless, he will prosper in the Day of Judgment."

This declaration of a Holy War had nothing to do with the Armenian horrors in Turkey; but it preceded those horrors just long enough to have roused Mohammedan fanaticism to a point where few Turks have any compunction in carrying out the hideous orders of the government.

The Turks knew and have openly declared that the proclamation calling for the removal of all Armenians to the interior was intended for nothing but to give a color of justice to the procedure and to cover secret instructions which were sent throughout the districts marked for immediate depopulation, instructions that withdrew from the Armenians all protection of law.

I have already said that a million and a half have been removed, with a reported mortality among them of more than eight hundred thousand. No details could add to the frightfulness of the picture these figures present, but details are not wanting. The process of removal is a simple one, since it involves no responsibility on the part of the government for the welfare of the exiles. Secret agents are sent into the towns and villages, with powers that give them command over all local authorities; they post the proclamation and, with the aid of carefully organized and well-rewarded espionage, see that it is literally obeyed.

The pitiless sentence, "All Armenians must leave," does not mean that the government undertakes to gather them up and transport them to the places of exile. It means that they must report to a headquarters, learn where they are to go, either their final destination or a concentration camp, and then proceed on their own responsibility and entirely at their own expense. They must abandon their business, their affairs of all kinds, their homes, and everything they possess that they cannot carry with them in their hands or on their backs; and they must submit without a murmur to any indignities that may be heaped on them.

It is said that when companies gather to start on the march, the Turks, their very neighbors, and especially Turkish women, crowd their trail like jackals and take

(Continued on Page 37)

LEAVE IT TO JEEVES

By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

JEEVES—my man, you know—is really a most extraordinary chap. So capable. Honestly, I shouldn't know what to do without him. On broader lines he's like those chappies who sit peering sadly over the marble battlements at the Pennsylvania Station in the place marked Inquiries. You know the Johnnies I mean. You go up to them and say: "When's the next train for Melonsquashville, Tennessee?" And they reply, without stopping to think: "Two-forty-three, track ten, change at San Francisco." And they're right every time. Well, Jeeves gives you just the same impression of omniscience.

As an instance of what I mean, I remember meeting Monty Byng in Bond Street one morning, looking the last word in a gray check suit, and I felt I should never be happy till I had one like it. I dug the address of the tailors out of him and had them working on the thing inside the hour.

"Jeeves," I said that evening, "I'm getting a check suit like that one of Mr. Byng's."

"Injudicious, sir," he said firmly. "It will not become you."

"What absolute rot! It's the soundest thing I've struck for years."

"Unsuitable for you, sir."

Well, the long and the short of it was that the damn' thing came home, and I put it on, and when I caught sight of myself in the glass I nearly swooned. Jeeves was perfectly right. I looked a cross between a music-hall comedian and a cheap bookie. Yet Monty had looked fine in absolutely the same stuff. These things are just Life's mysteries, and that's all there is to it.

But it isn't only that Jeeves' judgment about clothes is infallible. The man knows everything. There was the matter of that tip on the Lincolnshire. I forget now how I got it, but it had the aspect of being the real, red-hot tabasco.

"Jeeves," I said—for I'm fond of the man and like to do him a good turn when I can—"if you want to make a bit of money have something on Wonderchild for the Lincolnshire."

He shook his head. "I'd rather not, sir."

"But it's the straight goods. I'm going to put my shirt on him."

"I do not recommend it, sir. The animal is not intended to win. Second place is what the stable is after."

Perfect piffle, I thought, of course. How the deuce could Jeeves know anything about it? Still, you know what

It Was Some Book! I Opened a Copy at Random

happened. Wonderchild led till he was breathing on the wire, and then Banana Fritter came along and nosed him out. I went straight home and rang for Jeeves.

"After this," I said, "not another step for me without your advice. From now on consider yourself the brains of the establishment."

"Very good, sir. I shall endeavor to give satisfaction."

And he has, by Jove! I'm a bit short on brain myself: the old bean would appear to have been constructed more for ornament than for use, don't you know; but give me five minutes to talk the thing over with Jeeves and I'm game to advise anyone about anything. And that's why, when Bruce Corcoran came to me with his troubles, my first act was to ring the bell and put it up to Jeeves.

"Leave it to Jeeves," I said.

I first got to know Corky when I came to New York. He was a pal of my cousin Gussie, who was in with a lot of people who had studios down Washington Square way.

I don't know if I ever told you about it, but the reason I left England was because I was sent over by my Aunt Agatha to try to stop young Gussie's marrying a girl on the vaudeville stage, and I got the whole thing so balled up that I decided it would be a sound scheme for me to stop on in America for a bit instead of going back and having long, cozy chats about the thing with Aunt. So I sent Jeeves out to find a decent apartment and settled down for a bit of exile.

I'm bound to say that New York's a topping place to be exiled in. Everybody was awfully good to me, and there seemed to be plenty of things going on, and I'm a wealthy bird; so everything was fine. Chappies introduced me to other chappies, and so on and so forth, and it wasn't long before I knew squads of the right sort, some who rolled in the stuff in houses up by the Park and others who lived with the gas turned down mostly round Washington Square—artists and writers, and so forth. Brainy coves.

Corky was one of the artists. A portrait painter he called himself, but he hadn't painted any portraits. He was sitting on the side lines, with a blanket over his shoulders, waiting for a chance to get into the game. You see, the catch about portrait painting—I've looked into the thing a bit—is that you can't start painting portraits till people come along and ask you to, and they won't come and ask you to until you've painted a lot first. This makes it kind of difficult for a chappie.

Corky managed to get along by drawing an occasional picture for the comic papers—he had rather a gift for funny stuff when he got a good idea—and doing bedsteads and chairs and things for the advertisements.

His principal source of income, however, was derived from biting the ear of a rich uncle—one Alexander Worple, who was in the jute business. I'm a bit foggy as to what jute is, but it's apparently something the populace is pretty keen on, for Mr. Worple had made quite an indecently large stack out of it.

Now a great many fellows think that having a rich uncle is a pretty soft snap; but, according to Corky, such is not the case. Corky's uncle was a robust sort of cove who looked like living forever. He was fifty-one, and it seemed as if he might go to par. It was not this, however, that distressed poor old Corky, for he was not bigoted and had no

"I Have Thought of Something Already, Sir"

objection to the man's going on living. What Corky kicked at was the way the above Worple used to harry him.

Corky's uncle, you see, didn't want him to be an artist. He didn't think he had any talent in that direction. He was always urging him to chuck Art and go into the jute business, and start at the bottom and work his way up. Jute had apparently become a sort of obsession with him. He seemed to attach almost a spiritual importance to it. And what Corky said was that, while he didn't know what they did at the bottom of a jute business, instinct told him that it was something too beastly for words. Corky, moreover, believed in his future as an artist. Some day, he said, he was going to make a hit. Meanwhile, by using the utmost tact, he was inducing his uncle to cough up very grudgingly a small quarterly allowance.

He wouldn't have got this if his uncle hadn't had a hobby. Mr. Worple was peculiar in this respect. As a rule, from what I've observed, the American captain of industry doesn't do anything out of business hours. When he has put the cat out and locked up the office for the night he just relapses into a state of coma, from which he emerges only to start being a captain of industry again. But Mr. Worple in his spare time was what is known as an ornithologist. He had written a book called American Birds, and was writing another, to be called More American Birds. When he had finished that the presumption was he would begin a third, and keep on till the supply of American birds gave out.

Corky used to go to him about once every three months and let him talk about American birds. Apparently you could do what you liked with old Worple if you gave him his head first on his pet subject; so these little chats used to make Corky's allowance all right for the time being. But it was pretty rotten for the poor chap. There was the frightful suspense, you see; and, apart from that, birds, except when broiled and in the society of a cold bottle, bored him stiff.

To complete the character study of Mr. Worple, he was a man of extremely uncertain temper, and his general tendency was to think that Corky was a poor chump, and that whatever step he took in any direction on his own account was just another proof of his innate idiocy. I should imagine Jeeves feels very much the same about me.

So when Corky trickled into my apartment one afternoon, shooing a girl in front of him, and said, "Bertie, I want you to meet my fiancée, Miss Singer," the aspect of the matter that hit me first was precisely the one he had come to consult me about. The very first words I spoke were: "Corky, how about your uncle?"

The poor chap gave one of those mirthless laughs. He was looking anxious and worried, like a man who has done the murder all right, but can't think what the deuce to do with the body.

"We're so scared, Mr. Wooster," said the girl. "We were hoping that you might suggest a way of breaking it to him."

Muriel Singer was one of those small, quiet, appealing girls who have a way of looking at you with their big eyes as if they thought you were the greatest thing on earth and wondered that you hadn't got onto it yet yourself. She sat there in a sort of shrinking way, looking at me as if she were saying to herself: "Oh, I do hope this great, strong man isn't going to hurt me!" She gave a fellow a protective kind of feeling, made him want to stroke her hand and say, "There, there, little one!"—or words to that effect.

She made me feel that there was nothing I wouldn't do for her. She was rather like one of those innocent-tasting American drinks which creep imperceptibly into your system, so that, before you know what you're doing, you're starting out to reform the world by force if necessary, and pausing on your way to tell the large man in the corner that if he looks at you like that you will knock his head off. What I mean is, she made me feel alert and dashing, like a jolly old knight-errant, or something of that kind. I felt that I was with her in this thing to the limit.

"I don't see why your uncle shouldn't be most awfully bucked," I said to Corky. "He will think Miss Singer the ideal wife for you."

Corky declined to cheer up.

"You don't know him. Even if he did like Muriel, he wouldn't admit it. That's the sort of pig-headed guy he is. It would be a matter of principle with him to kick. All he would consider would be that I had gone and taken an important step without asking his advice, and he would raise Cain automatically. He's always done it."

I strained the old bean to meet this emergency.

"You want to work it so that he makes Miss Singer's acquaintance without knowing you know her. Then you come along ——"

"But how can I work it that way?"

I saw his point. That was the catch.

"There's only one thing to do," I said.

"What's that?"

"Leave it to Jeeves." And I rang the bell.

"Sir?" said Jeeves, kind of manifesting himself.

One of the rummy things about Jeeves is that, unless you watch out like a hawk, you very seldom see him come into a room. He's like one of those weird chappies in India who dissolve themselves into thin air and nip through space in a sort of disembodied way and assemble the parts again just where they want them. I've got a cousin who's what they call a theosophist, and he says he's often nearly worked the thing himself, but couldn't quite bring it off, probably owing to having fed in his boyhood on the flesh of animals slain in anger, and pie.

The moment I saw the man standing there, registering respectful attention, a weight seemed to roll off my mind. I felt like a lost child who spots his father in the offing. There was something about him that gave me absolute confidence.

Jeeves is a tallish man, with one of those dark, shrewd faces. His eye gleams with the light of pure intelligence.

"Jeeves, we want your advice."

"Very good, sir."

I boiled down Corky's painful case into a few well-chosen words.

"So you see what it amounts to, Jeeves. We want you to suggest some way by which Mr. Worple can make Miss Singer's acquaintance without getting onto the fact that Mr. Corcoran already knows her. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, try to think of something."

"I have thought of something already, sir."

"You have?"

"The scheme I would suggest cannot fail of success, but it has what may seem to you a drawback, sir, in that it requires a certain financial outlay."

"He means," I translated to Corky, "that he has got a pippin of an idea, but it's going to cost a bit."

Naturally the poor chap's face dropped, for this seemed to dish the whole thing. But I was still under the influence of the girl's melting gaze and I saw that this was where I started in as the knight-errant.

"You can count on me for all that sort of thing, Corky," I said. "Only too glad. Carry on, Jeeves."

"I would suggest, sir, that Mr. Corcoran take advantage of Mr. Worple's attachment to ornithology."

"How on earth did you know that he was fond of birds?"

"It is the way these New York apartments are constructed, sir. Quite unlike our London houses. The partitions between the rooms are of the flimsiest nature. With no wish to overhear, I have sometimes heard Mr. Corcoran expressing himself with a generous strength on the subject I have mentioned."

"Oh! Well?"

"Why should not the young lady write a small volume, to be entitled—let us say—The Children's Book of American Birds, and dedicate it to Mr. Worple? A limited edition could be published at your expense, sir, and a great deal of the book would, of course, be given over to eulogistic remarks concerning Mr. Worple's own larger treatise on the same subject. I should recommend the dispatching of a presentation copy to Mr. Worple immediately on publication, accompanied by a letter in which the young lady asks to be allowed to make the acquaintance of one to whom she owes so much. This would, I fancy, produce the desired result; but, as I say, the expense involved would be considerable."

I felt like the proprietor of a performing dog on the vaudeville stage when the tike has just pulled off his trick without a hitch. I had bet on Jeeves all along and I had known that he wouldn't let me down. It beats me sometimes why a man with his genius is satisfied to hang round pressing my clothes and what not. If I had half Jeeves' brain I should have a stab at being Prime Minister or something.

"Jeeves," I said, "that is absolutely ripping! One of your very best efforts."

"Thank you, sir."

The girl made an objection:

"But I'm sure I couldn't write a book about anything. I can't even write good letters."

"Muriel's talents," said Corky, with a little cough, "lie more in the direction of the drama, Bertie. I didn't mention it before, but one of our reasons for being a trifle nervous as to how Uncle Alexander will receive the news is that Muriel is in the chorus of that show, Choose Your Exit, at the Manhattan. It's absurdly unreasonable, but we both feel that that fact might increase Uncle Alexander's natural tendency to kick like a steer."

I saw what he meant. Goodness knows there was fuss enough in our family when I tried to marry into musical comedy a few years ago. And the recollection of my Aunt Agatha's attitude in the matter of Gussie and the vaudeville girl was still fresh in my mind. I don't know why it is—one of these psychology sharps could explain it,

I suppose—but uncles and aunts, as a class, are always dead against the drama, legitimate or otherwise. They don't seem able to stick it at any price.

But Jeeves had a solution, of course:

"I fancy it would be a simple matter, sir, to find some impecunious author who would be glad to do the actual composition of the volume for a small fee. It is only necessary that the young lady's name should appear on the title page."

"That's true," said Corky. "Sam Patterson would do it for a hundred dollars. He writes a novelette, three short stories and ten thousand words of a serial for one of the all-fiction magazines under different names every month. A little thing like this would be nothing to him. I'll get after him right away."

"Fine!"

"Will that be all, sir?" said Jeeves. "Very good, sir."

I always used to think that publishers had to be devilish intelligent fellows, loaded down with the gray matter; but I've got their number now. All a publisher has to do is to write checks at intervals, while a lot of deserving and industrious chappies rally round and do the real work. I know, because I've been one myself. I simply sat tight in the old apartment with a fountain pen, and in due season a topping shiny book came along.

I happened to be down at Corky's place when the first copies of the Children's Book of American Birds bobbed up. Muriel Singer was there, and we were talking of things in general when there was a bang at the door and the parcel was delivered.

It was certainly some book! It had a red cover, with a fowl of some species on it and, underneath, the girl's name in gold letters. I opened a copy at random.

"Often of a spring morning," it said at the top of page twenty-one, "as you wander through the fields you will hear the sweet-toned, carelessly flowing warble of the purple finch linnet. When you are older you must read all about him in Mr. Alexander Worple's wonderful book, American Birds."

You see? A boost for the uncle right away. And only a few pages later, there he was in the spotlight again in connection with the yellow-billed cuckoo. It was great stuff. The more I read, the more I admired the chap who had written it and Jeeves' genius in putting us on to the wheeze. I didn't see how the uncle could fail to drop. You can't call a chap the world's greatest authority on the yellow-billed cuckoo without rousing a certain disposition toward chumminess in him.

"It's a cert!" I said.

"An absolute cinch!" said Corky.

And a day or two later he meandered up the Avenue to my apartment to tell me that all was well. The uncle had written Muriel a letter so dripping with the milk of human kindness that if he hadn't known Mr. Worple's handwriting Corky would have refused to believe him the author of it. Any time it suited Miss Singer to call, said the uncle, he would be delighted to make her acquaintance.

Shortly after this I had to go out of town. Divers Sound sportsmen had invited me to pay visits to their country places, and it wasn't for several months that I settled down in the city again. I had been wondering a lot, of course, about Corky, whether it all turned out right, and so forth; and my first evening in New York, happening to pop into a quiet sort of little restaurant, which I go to when I don't feel inclined for the bright lights, I found Muriel Singer there sitting by herself at a table near the door.

Corky, I took it, was out telephoning. I went up and passed the time of day.

"Well, well, well, what?" I said.

"Why, Mr. Wooster! How do you do?"

"Corky round?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're waiting for Corky, aren't you?"

"Oh, I didn't understand. No, I'm not waiting for him."

It seemed to me that there was a sort of something in her voice—a kind of thingummy, you know.

"I say, you haven't had a row with Corky, have you?"

"A row?"

"A spat, don't you know—little misunderstanding—faults on both sides—er—and all that sort of thing?"

"Why, whatever makes you think that?"

"Oh, well, as it were, what? What I mean is—I thought you usually dined with him before you went to the theater."

"I've left the stage now."

Suddenly the whole thing dawned on me. I had forgotten what a long time I had been away.

"Why, of course, I see now! You're married!"

"Yes."

"How perfectly topping! I wish you all kinds of happiness."

"Thank you so much. Oh, Alexander," she said, looking past me, "this is a friend of mine—Mr. Wooster."

I spun round. A chappie with a lot of stiff gray hair and a red sort of healthy face was standing there. Rather a formidable Johnnie, he looked, though quite peaceful at the moment.

"I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Wooster. Mr. Wooster is a friend of Bruce's, Alexander."

The old boy grasped my hand warmly, and that was all that kept me from hitting the floor in a heap. The place was rocking. Absolutely!

"So you know my nephew, Mr. Wooster?" I heard him say. "I wish you would try to knock a little sense into him and make him quit this playing at painting. But I have an idea that he is steadying down. I noticed it first that night he came to dinner with us, my dear, to be introduced to you. He seemed altogether quieter and more serious. Something seemed to have sobered him. . . . Perhaps you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to-night, Mr. Wooster? Or have you dined?"

I said I had. What I needed then was air, not dinner. I felt that I wanted to get into the open and think.

When I reached my apartment I heard Jeeves moving about in his lair. I called him.

"Jeeves," I said, "now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. A stiff b-and-s first of all, and then I've a bit of news for you."

He came back with a tray and a long glass.

"Better have one yourself, Jeeves. You'll need it."

"Later on, perhaps; thank you, sir."

"All right. Please yourself. But you're going to get a shock. You remember my friend, Mr. Corcoran?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the girl who was to slide gracefully into his uncle's esteem by writing the book on birds?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, she's slid. She's married the uncle."

He took it without blinking. You can't rattle Jeeves.

"That was always a development to be feared, sir."

"You don't mean to tell me that you were expecting it?"

"It crossed my mind as a possibility."

"Did it, by Jove! Well, I think you might have warned us!"

"I hardly liked to take the liberty, sir."

Of course, as I saw after I had had a bite to eat and was in a calmer frame of mind, what had happened wasn't my fault, if you came down to it. I couldn't be expected to foresee that the scheme, in itself a crackajack, would skid into the ditch as it had done; but, all the same, I'm bound to admit that I didn't relish the idea of meeting Corky again until Time, the great healer, had been able to get in a bit of soothing work.

I cut Washington Square out absolutely for the next few months. I gave it the complete miss-in-balk. And then, just when I was beginning to think I might safely pop down in that direction and gather up the dropped threads, so to speak, Time, instead of working the healing wheeze, went and pulled the most awful bone and put the lid on it. Opening the paper one morning I read that Mrs. Alexander Worple had presented her husband with a son and heir.

I was so darned sorry for poor old Corky that I hadn't the heart to touch my breakfast. I told Jeeves to drink it himself. I was bowled over. Absolutely! It was the limit.

I hardly knew what to do. I wanted, of course, to rush down to Washington Square and grip the poor blighter silently by the hand; and then, thinking it over, I hadn't the nerve. Absent treatment seemed the touch. I gave it him in waves.

But after a month or so I began to hesitate again. It struck me that it was playing it a bit low-down on the poor chap, avoiding him like this just when he probably wanted his pals to surge round him most. I pictured him sitting in his lonely studio with no company but his bitter thoughts, and the pathos of it got me to such an extent that I bounded straight into a taxi and told the driver to go all out for the studio.

I rushed in; and there was Corky, hunched up at the easel, painting away, while on the model throne sat a severe-looking female of middle age, holding a baby.

A fellow has to be ready for that sort of thing.

"Oh, ah!" I said, and started to back out.

Corky looked over his shoulder.

"Hello, Bertie! Don't go. We're just finishing for the day. That will be all this afternoon," he said to the nurse, who got up with the baby and decanted it into a perambulator which was standing in the fairway.

"At the same hour to-morrow, Mr. Corcoran?"

"Yes, please."

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon."

Corky stood there, looking at the door, and then he turned to me and began to get it off his chest. Fortunately he seemed to take it for granted that I knew all about what had happened; so it wasn't as awkward as it might have been.

"It's my uncle's idea," he said. "Muriel doesn't know about it yet. The portrait's to be a surprise for her on her birthday. The nurse takes the kid out ostensibly to get a breather and they beat it down here. If you want an instance of the irony of Fate, Bertie, get acquainted with this. Here's the first commission I have ever had to paint a portrait, and the sitter is that human poached egg that has butted in and bunkoed me out of my inheritance. Can you beat it? I call it rubbing the thing in to expect me to spend my afternoons gazing into the ugly face of a little runt who to all intents and purposes has hit me behind the ear with a blackjack and swiped all I possess. I can't refuse to paint the portrait, because if I did my uncle would stop my allowance; yet every time I look up and catch that kid's vacant eye I suffer agonies.

"I tell you, Bertie, sometimes when he gives me the patronizing once-over and then turns away and is sick, as if it revolted him to look at me, I come within an ace of hogging the entire front page of the evening papers as the latest murder sensation. There are moments when I can almost see the headline—Promising Young Artist Beans Baby With Ax!"

I patted his shoulder silently. My sympathy for the poor old scout was too deep for words. I kept away from the studio for some time after that because it didn't seem right to me to intrude on the poor chappie's sorrow. Besides, I'm

(Continued on Page 36)

"But Could a Child of That Age Have a Soul Like That?"

YOU CAN ALWAYS BLUFF 'EM

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY BARKSDALE ROGERS

It Was at a Studio Supper That He Met Madeline Brown

PROCTOR BRUCE was a young author whose work was just becoming popular. He was handsome—beautiful as the dawn, so his wife told him; but Proctor's beauty was more like that of night-lit Broadway—sparkling, head-on, and depending somewhat upon the glamour in the eye of the beholder. He wrote two types of stories. One was a saccharine, moon-shining, flower-strung sort that drew curses and a tossing away of the magazine from all except women, very young men, and old ones in love for the last time. His other type of story was accepted by editors who did not care how angry their women readers got; for this type said things about women maddening to the sex for the reason that they seemed true to men, whether they really were or not. The editors knew that the women would read the stories for the sake of getting angry.

Moreover, in this sort of story Proctor showed heroes whose marriage vows tethered their consciences, but not necessarily their minds. They were the sort of men who sent their wives, with the children, to the seashore, and wrote long letters about the lonely flat and the beloved picture on the desk, but nevertheless had a glorious time at the club with the other men, or else took out to dine charming girls they used to know, who, they were sure, would have been congenial friends to their wives if only their wives had ever met them.

Proctor used to read these stories to Nina, his wife, partly because he considered her a good critic, but largely because though, while he was writing them, he thought there was not an author in America who could do better, yet the minute he laid his pen down he felt as though the tamest dub in New York could have done no worse. He relied on Nina to tell him how good his work was. And she did. She always said something like this:

"Proctor, that's a perfectly wonderful story! That girl is just alive! And the dialogue is so clever! And you've worked out the plot so that no one can be sure what's coming next. Proctor, there just isn't an author in this country that can touch you!"

Such remarks should have stretched Nina's conscience, for, as a matter of the verities, there were at least three authors whose work she preferred to her husband's. When his things were printed he seized the magazine—"to have a look at the pictures." He just glanced at them long enough to wonder why the editors could not supply him with an illustrator who would not always give him a heroine looking precisely like the heroine that had been set on that same page for another author a month before. Then Proctor most lovingly read his story. But Nina only looked at his name in big letters and felt a pride that she owned him. Then she looked at the pictures, and then at the page of contents to see whether anyone was writing that month whose work she really cared to read.

But she certainly always came up to his expectations when he read his work fresh from the pen. Yet if the story was of his second type she always began a conversation, the middle of which he did not mind carrying on any more than she minded listening to his stories, but the end of which invariably irritated him.

"Proctor," she would say, "I'm not like that horrid, parasitic cat creature, am I?"

"No, dear," he would reply. "It's you who make me realize by contrast what devils the she-cats are."

"But, oh, Proctor—that man! Why, I'm sure his wife was devoted to him—always putting him first—and the children. Then how could he be attracted to the other woman, and she a cat? Proctor, are there many men like that?"

Proctor prepared always for what was coming next. He had his residence in Massachusetts; but for the sake of color and inspiration, and to be near the editors and undisturbed in his work, he spent from Monday morning to Thursday or Friday night in New York.

"You see, Nina dear," he would explain, "it's not a type of man I care about or see much of in New York—not that I can see much of anyone, I'm so hard at work. But I fear there are a good many like that. Anyway, I need them for my stories."

Nina, however, would not be lightly led off.

"But, Proctor, you could never think of anyone but me, could you?"

"Dearest, I never do."

"No; but could you? Could you ever see anyone you had once had a fancy for, and maybe wish ——"

"Of course I couldn't," Proctor would respond.

He had once tried being reasonable, asking her in a sane tone how anyone could possibly promise what he was going to feel like in the future! It would be like prophesying the weather. To this Nina had replied, with dangerous calm, that he had promised love with his wedding vows. Proctor, not understanding the quality of the calm, had said that the marriage vows ought to be revised. That, of course, was a slam at religion; and before he knew where he had stumbled Proctor was shown that he was an infidel, incapable of faith, and capable of all sorts of crimes, from breaking a woman's heart to arson. It was better to bluff them, as one always could. So Proctor invariably replied:

"I never can love anyone but you, and there isn't any use in your trying to make me think I can."

Nina would laugh happily and all would have been well if only the conversation had stopped there. Always Proctor tried to make it end and always Nina persevered.

"Proctor, am I as good-looking as ever?"

"Better."

"But, Proctor, would you have loved me if I hadn't been good-looking?"

"Of course I would."

"It's me you love?"

"Yes, Nina."

"Just—just me?"

"Just you."

And so the conversation would end in embraces on Nina's part, which Proctor accepted with outward calm and inward vexation. For what Nina meant was not at all what she had said. What she meant was:

"Would you have loved me just as well if I hadn't been rich?"

For it was Nina who had the money; Nina who fixed the scale of their expenditures, which were higher than an author, even one just becoming popular, could have risen to. And the thing that irritated Proctor most was that she thought she was being so very tactful because she said "ours" of her property instead of "mine." When she gave him an unusually splendid present, and he thanked her, she was likely to say: "I want you to have everything—everything in the world."

The assumption was that she would give it to him. The natural conceit of man demands that by force of his power he shall take wealth from the world to lavish it on his woman. He does not want to be her beneficiary. What ailed Proctor was that he thought a perfectly tactful woman could have made him her beneficiary without his feeling it. Of course Nina was a good wife and a devoted mother—too devoted, if anything; look how easily she had let him spend half the week in New York and never even proposed to bring the family down close enough for him to commute! She did not like to leave her old home, probably, where she knew everybody and could do as she liked. A good wife, and generous! All the same, just wait till he was making the money he would be making!

If Proctor had ever thought about the effect on Nina of her share in this stock conversation, he would have reflected that it left her perfectly contented. But it did not. She would look after Proctor as he left the house and muse:

"He doesn't know that I'm not as radiantly happy as he is. Men—you can always bluff them!"

For Nina did not enjoy being a petitioner in love. She could remember the day, only a few years back, when it was quite the other way about. And look at all she had to give a man! In truth, there is no more pride-fired creature in the world than a young, pretty, rich woman married to a poor man. Life has not impressed it upon her that she has any limitations, and old age is as yet a myth.

In Nina's case there was added the consciousness that she had conferred on the world four healthy, handsome children, two of them twins—there is a special merit, somehow, in having twins; that she had taken much of the personal care of them herself; and that it was now time for somebody, preferably Proctor, to give her some shining reward for all her virtues.

Generally, after the mood induced in her by the stock conversation between herself and Proctor, she would telephone to Archie Somers and ask him to tea that afternoon. In New York Archie Somers would have been called a tame cat. In the Massachusetts town where his people had been for a couple of centuries he was called Archibald Somers' Boy; and the inward criticism was added that it was too bad he was lazy. Archie was not lazy so much as uninterested in earning his own living. His father had left him the electric-light-and-power plant; an uncle managed it. And as the uncle had a large and expensive family he gave Archie only what profits from the business he himself did not need.

Archie had a desk in the office, where he did nothing; he had a desk in his house, where he composed poems; and a piano, where he composed music. He had a good voice, which had sung itself into the hearts of all the eligible girls in town. Archie thought young married women were safer, and of all he knew he preferred Nina.

He always came to tea at her bidding; and, after Nina was especially aware of discontent with Proctor's taking her for granted, somewhere in the afternoon she said something like this:

"Archie, you really ought to get married."

"You know why I don't, Nina."

"I'm sure I don't, you silly boy," Nina would reply.

He would fix his dark eyes sadly on hers and say:

"I'm glad you are happy, Nina. I would not change anything in your life. But, having known you, it is simply impossible for me to think of marrying any other woman."

She would return some laughing disclaimer, her heart beating high with interest in the game. Then would issue from Archie a little lovemaking, growing indiscreet enough for Nina to say gently:

"I think you had better go now, dear boy. You don't mean that, you know. Come back very soon."

Then, as soon as the door closed on Archie, she would rush to her desk and write a long, devoted letter to Proctor.

One day Proctor read his wife a story of the type that called forth the usual comment and the usual questions; but this time Nina asked:

"Would you have loved me even if I had not been pretty or had—or anything?"

Proctor made the usual answer with an emotion in his heart that went beyond irritation. When he left for New York his feeling against Nina was still smoldering—so much so that he could not work, but was forced to seek the distraction which New York can always offer to those suffering from temporary domestic disappointment. Proctor's distraction took the mild form of consorting with his ultra-Bohemian friends, people whose characteristics he had never happened to mention to Nina.

It was at a studio supper in the rooms of a clever young illustrator that he met Madeline Brown. She was one of a group of young women buzzing round the illustrator like bees about a honey-pot. What first attracted Proctor was that she was not buzzing. She stood tall, still, in a kind of passive triumph, like a young princess among the waiting maids, sure that time would soon prove that it was she who should be the real center. She was dark and lovely, with hair purple-black like his wife's—only Proctor did not think of that—and a slow, spacious little smile that said:

"Yes; come and pay your court to me if you like. I am quite used to it, but too passive to be bored; and then, perhaps you may prove different from all the others."

Proctor was too human not to take the challenge. From her air he had first supposed that she must be a notable of some sort; must have achieved a reputation in writing or illustrating or music. But when he was presented to her he was quite certain that he had never before heard the name Madeline Brown. When she spoke, her low, luring tones made him feel that it must be her consciousness of talent, as well as beauty, which accounted for her air of assurance. Proctor did not for a moment dream that it was this air that attracted him; this assumption that the world was hers if she only cared to wave it to her feet. He supposed that it was just her beauty and charming voice which called him.

At any rate he replied. They talked together all evening, for they were in Bohemia, where no hostess goes about rearranging groups and it is good manners to let people monopolize each other if they want to—and not to talk about it afterward. Proctor wanted to take her home, but she would not allow that. Instead, she invited him to her studio to tea the next afternoon.

Proctor arrived promptly. It was a beautifully furnished studio, and he had been long enough a Bohemian not to wonder where Madeline ever found the money to furnish it. They made a short cut to friendship by talking about the deep things of life. These short cuts seem to occur more readily when one of the friends is married. But on this occasion Proctor did not ask Madeline if she was married—it is not always asked in the Bohemia that believes in minding its own affairs—and he quite forgot to tell her that he was married. Somehow they were not talking of marriage—just of the other deep things of life.

Proctor enjoyed himself so heartily that it was only after Madeline had gone two or three times to the studio in reply to a knock and had said, "Not yet!" that it struck him it must be time to depart. He arranged to come back the next day.

Thereafter for the rest of the week he called on Madeline daily, and the week fled so fast that it was Friday before he realized it and he had missed the night train for home. Remorsefully he called up Nina on the telephone, only to be told that she had been trying to reach him; that Uncle Isaac and Aunt Bessie were arriving within the hour and were staying till Sunday night. Dear Proctor need not come if he did not want to; he could perhaps run down on Monday and stay the rest of the week.

Dear Proctor did not mean to come; he detested Uncle Isaac and Aunt Bessie as a man can detest no one except his wife's relatives who have tried to interfere with his marriage. All the same he appreciated Nina's sweetness in letting him get out of the family reunion. He promised he would go home on Monday. But on Monday one of his editors arranged for a conference with him, and on Tuesday Madeline Brown was giving a studio supper; so Proctor thought he might as well wait till Wednesday before going home. Meantime he saw Madeline every day.

When he arrived—on Thursday—he industriously told his wife all about the people he had seen since he had left home, most conscientiously speaking of Miss Brown's talent and good looks. But the baby was threatened with croup, and all the time he was talking Nina only half listened, thinking that maybe from downstairs she could detect the preliminary symptoms before the nurse would, who was sitting by the child's bed. So, though she heard his words, they made no impression on her. Besides, though Nina was not exactly a snob, it would never have occurred to her that a girl who earned her own living could possibly enter into competition with her.

Having made his monologue, Proctor listened while Nina told him how the children were, and what clever things each had said and done since daddy had last seen them. She told of the teas and dinners she had attended, Archie Somers, as usual, her cavalier. Then, the news having been exchanged, Nina went upstairs to see how the baby looked. When she returned Proctor laid down his paper. She smiled at him and took up her embroidery, but made no attempt at conversation.

"Conversation?" reflected Proctor. "Is not that what I miss in my married life?"

Certainly Madeline Brown had been supplying him with a good deal of it for ten days.

"It is here," went on Proctor in thought—"here that married women lose out. Once they are married they fail to see the necessity of keeping up talk with their husbands."

Then Nina smiled at him tenderly, and, with a pang of reproach, he thought:

"After all, she's been a good wife and mother. If she fails me here and there, for all I know I fail her—not consciously, mind you—I've never cared for any woman but her—but unconsciously."

He might have been less contented with his attitude if he had known Nina had smiled that way at him because her conscience reproached her for thinking that dear Proctor was a little dull.

Now, Archie Somers was not really in love with her, of course, but he never lacked material for talk. She inspired him, with no effort on her own part. Of course, though, Archie never did any work, and dear Proctor sacrificed himself unrelentingly to his art.

"Has my dear boy worn himself to a frazzle this week writing and writing?" she asked.

Then, indeed, Proctor's conscience smote him, for not one line had he written. All his spare time had gone to Madeline Brown.

"I'm afraid, dear," he said, his eyes lowered, "that I'm not proud of my recent accomplishments."

"Never mind," Nina said vaguely, her ears alert for a little cough abovestairs; "maybe you were storing up inspiration."

Proctor started. She had hit it! That was just what he was doing; for, under the spell of Madeline's friendship, he had struck out a series of ideas for a new set of stories. Well, it was all right. After all, whom was he working for if not for Nina and the children?

During the next two weeks he absorbed more and more inspiration from Madeline. He began the new stories and read her his work. She found it perfect.

"Madeline, you're so wonderful!" he said on one of the afternoons when he had been talking to her about his plans. "You never talk to me about your own work. I never knew such self-suppression."

"Oh, but my work's nothing," she said in a slow, sweet voice. "Nina doesn't bother you with hers, does she?"

The assumption was that pretty soon Madeline and Nina were to meet and to be the best of friends. They made it a point of speaking of her at least once during a meeting.

He did not reply to her question about his wife, but went on:

"You must know, Madeline, that your work means as much to me as mine means to you."

"Oh, Proctor!" she said, a touch of melancholy in her voice. "I have no illusions about my work. I am nothing—a little voice piping in the wilderness! I could not hope to do anything by myself or for myself. And even for anyone whom I would gladly help, like you, I am of so little worth that I can—I can only hold the pens."

A picture he had seen in boyhood of little Dora holding the pens for David Copperfield came before his eyes. The sentimental warmth he had felt for Dora he now transferred to Madeline, who was no more like Dora than a competent seagoing steamer is like a rudderless dory.

"Madeline," he murmured, "if only I could tell you what you mean to me!"

"Do I, Proctor?" she sighed. "Ah, me! In this difficult world it is well to know one definite truth, even if—even if one dare not dwell upon that."

Thereupon they fell silent and sighed, and looked into the hearth fire before which they were sitting. Each thought the other was thinking unutterable things—and, indeed, each was! It was a nice, sentimental hour.

The next day Proctor was back in Madeline's studio; but that did not count, because he was not seeing her alone. She was giving a studio tea. He was talking to one Boyer, a young writer who had not been in Bohemia long enough to realize that the Simon-pure Bohemian does not care a tinker's curse what a person's background or past has been or what his future is to be. He counts each person as standing for the day on his own legs. So Boyer said of Madeline Brown:

"What I admire about her isn't her beauty, though that's evident—or her talent, for I've never seen evidence that she has any. But I do like the fact of all she's given up for the sake of work."

"Given up!" exclaimed Proctor.

"Archie, Dear, You Really Truly Ought to Marry Some Nice Girl"

"After a Few Years It Isn't the Man That Counts in Matrimony at All—or the Wife"

He and Madeline had talked very intimately, but she had said very little about herself that was not vague. She had spoken in full detail of one vital love affair; she had told him so much about her feelings that he felt he had stuff about feminine psychology to use in his stories for the next year. But as to real facts, such as how tall she was or how old, or how often she saw her own people, or where they lived, he knew nothing.

"Surely," said young Boyer—"surely you know she's Stuyvesant Brown's younger daughter!"

Stuyvesant Brown's younger daughter, whose maternal grandfather had left her all his wealth and who was one of the richest girls in the world! And she had given up all the worldly glory that was hers—to work! She had seen the hollowness of mere social triumphs and was willing to lend her lovely spirit to inspire others. Proctor Bruce almost worshiped her!

He stayed till all the other guests had gone; then he took Madeline's hand and reverently kissed it.

"Madeline, I know all," he said; "and it only shows me that you are a thousand times more rare even than I had guessed. That you, who had the world at your feet ——"

"Oh!" cried Madeline. "I never wanted you to guess!"

But she did. She had been impatiently wondering when he would find out. His knowledge of her worldly glory would add a new element to their friendship, and Madeline liked variety. That was one reason why she had taken a studio. "It was so perfect just as it was," she sighed.

She was looking very lovely in a pale green dress that brought out the sheen of her hair and lay shimmering against her fair throat. As she spoke she swayed a little toward him.

"Isn't it more perfect now?" whispered Proctor.

Words have a way sometimes of carrying unpremeditated action in their train. Proctor certainly never intended Madeline to sway into his arms. What was really in his mind and feeling was this: Some seven or eight years before he had fallen in love with a rich, pretty girl. Very well; her lack of supreme tact had made him self-conscious. Was it in him, really, to be dazzled by a girl's money and then think he loved her? Would he have loved Nina if she had been poor? Or would he have passed on and been dazzled by someone else with moneybags? Nina's own unspoken question had put the doubt into his heart. It was her own fault.

And now he had been attracted—not in love, of course, but in friendship—to another beautiful girl, who had infinitely more money than Nina—and he had not known that she was anything but a poor though lovely working girl. Well, did not that prove he was a fine, disinterested fellow, no matter how his own wife might doubt him and patronize him?

Something like that was in Proctor's feeling; but he did not understand it at all. He only knew that he thought well of himself and of the world, and especially of Madeline. He only knew that his feelings were in a whirl. He drew that swaying figure close and kissed her.

"Oh! Go away!" whispered Madeline. "What have you done? Oh, go!"

Next moment Proctor was mopping his brow outside the door and asking himself what he had done, indeed.

Within a day or two of this occasion Nina held a conversation with Archie Somers. These conversations had been increasingly frequent as Proctor's week-ends at home had been briefer. Proctor's devotion had been more marked than at any time since the coming of the last baby, and yet Nina felt vaguely dissatisfied; there had been something perfunctory, unspontaneous in what he had said and done. She was instinctively turning to Archie for balm for a considerably wounded vanity.

"Archie, dear," she said, standing by the piano before which he sat, having just finished a fervid love song, "Archie, dear, you really-truly ought to marry some nice girl!"

The remark made Archie feel the least bit restless. Her "really-truly" was an indication that she knew she had said it a good many times before, but it was a dashed sight easier to say a thing like that than to listen to it and play up to it. Archie, like Madeline Brown, wanted a little variety. Besides, he had thrown all the soul he had on tap that afternoon into the love song.

"I tell you, Nina," he said in a reasonable tone, "I think you are right."

"Of course I am!" she said, concealing her amazement and disappointment at his answer.

"I'd do it in a minute, except that I don't want to leave you alone."

Nina felt irritated.

"My dear child! I'm not alone. I have Proctor."

"For week-ends," said Archie, who was not wholly averse to a quarrel. Nina really did take a lot of a man's time.

"I could have him all the time if I wished. He has to have a quiet place in New York."

"Well, why don't you get a place in a New York suburb and build a little tower off on one corner of the lot for him? He'd be quiet then and you could share his fun."

"It's a good idea," said Nina, fuming inwardly; "and then I could make the poor dear boy go out more than he does. He doesn't really have any fun, Archie."

She had forgotten all about Archie, and her anger and a little sense of fear made her look very pretty. She suddenly made a new appeal to Archie—that of the neglected wife. He had not believed in that really, in spite of a letter his old college friend, Boyer, had written him. Well, Nina could have him for her knight—for a while anyhow.

"Poor Nina!" he said softly. "At least I am yours as long as you need me."

Then Nina surprised them both. She slapped his face; and the action was quite as unpremeditated as Proctor's kiss to Madeline. Archie went home furious and Nina locked herself in her room and cried. That night Archie called, contrite and affectionate.

"Of course it's all gossip," he said, "this friendship with Madeline Brown that my chum Boyer wrote me of. It's all right among fine-arts people, that sort of thing. I saw lots of it in Paris and London. But, you see, Boyer's new to that sort of thing. He's still bourgeois and it seems to him awful picturesque and wicked."

"I Knocked Three Times, and Then I Couldn't Wait Any Longer"

"I knew that was what you meant all the time," said Nina, cold despair at her heart, and a hot passion to learn more. "Proctor has told me all about this girl and wants me to meet her."

"Of course he has, and I don't know what got into me that I ——"

"That's all right, Archie dear," cooed Nina, impatient that he could be wasting time thinking of his petty self; "and she's a perfectly lovely girl. Have you met her?"

"Not exactly; but, of course, all the world knows old Stuyvesant Brown's younger daughter."

"Oh!" said Nina in a queer tone.

"Isn't that the same girl Proctor told you about?" queried Archie naïvely.

"Of course it is!" choked Nina. "How many girl friends do you think a married man has time for? I'm expecting her up here for a week-end visit before long."

Nina would have spent a sleepless night if she had not remembered that she was probably older than Madeline Brown and must not take chances with her complexion; so, instead of weeping, she took a nerve sedative and composed herself to rest.

Early the next morning she took a train to New York. She went to her husband's rooms, but he was out. She saw with anger that a picture, which must be Madeline Brown's, stood on his writing desk side by side with the picture of herself and the children.

"He is with her now," Nina said; "and if I knew where she lived ——"

She went systematically through Proctor's writing desk. There was a pile of notes from Madeline, each one friendlier than the former. The second from the last began, "Dear You!" and ended "Your Lady of Inspiration." The last had no superscription and read briefly: "Come to me at once! We must talk, must decide what to do."

Nina sat down, her rich color dying suddenly, her brown eyes sick with fear.

"Oh, something has happened!" she said. "He—he cares! Oh, could he care for anyone but me?"

She went back year by year over her married life with Proctor, saw her mistakes and his, always with a sense of all she had brought him. "But Madeline—she's richer than I, as pretty, and younger ——"

Then she went again over her married life with Proctor, this time with no pride in what she had brought him. For the first time she realized that nothing in the world—not money, not beauty, not health or youth—can give a sure bond for holding love. Only love itself knows what it wants and its first demand is for freedom.

Nina felt stripped, poor, beaten. It was characteristic of her splendid common sense that, when once she understood her situation, she did not let her feelings obscure the issues. She realized that there was no use in wasting energy by saying what Proctor, father of her four beautiful children, husband of a devoted wife, should have done or been. The matter concerned what he was and would do.

"The question is," Nina said: "Am I ready to give Proctor up?"

Any beautiful heiress in the world might love her Proctor, Nina thought, and count, for him, the world well lost. But this particular heiress, Madeline Brown—what would she sacrifice?

"I'll go and see," Nina said.

She powdered her face and proceeded to the studio address she had copied from one of Madeline's notes.

Proctor meantime had passed a bad couple of days. He wanted to go back to Madeline, and he did not want to. He should very much have liked to know what that kiss of theirs meant, but he was not sure that he wanted Madeline's interpretation. He thought of Nina with compunction, and called himself a Janus-headed villain. And all the time he was wondering how he could use the situation in a story. He did not exactly fear meeting either Nina or Madeline.

"You can always bluff 'em," he said; "it's myself I can't bluff."

Madeline's note summoning him was, however, imperative. When a man has kissed a woman he owes her something—that is, he does if he wants to owe it. So Proctor went to the studio and found Madeline dressed most becomingly in silver and black velvet. Her very first words struck the note of melancholy relinquishment.

"You!" she said, giving him her two hands. "I thought, at first, we had better not meet again."

Proctor had meant to strike a sensible, practical note, but he felt that he could not interrupt a lady.

"And yet," Madeline said, "we have meant so much to each other in the past. At least we have the past."

A little practical voice in Proctor, mindful of two or three good stories Madeline had inspired, wanted to say: "You betcha we have the past!" But his sentimental surface murmured: "Always, Madeline."

"If I put self first," Madeline said, "I could not hope to help you. If you only thought of yourself ——"

She paused; and somehow or other she ticked into Proctor's mind the words she wished him to say, and he said them:

"Or if I dared think of you, Madeline!"

"Or if you dared think of me, dear Proctor," she said with that sweetness which only perfect abnegation knows. "But we dare not think of ourselves."

(Continued on Page 53)

A WESTERN WARWICK

By Samuel G. Blythe

"Senator Paxton, Gentlemen," Was the Way Broad Presented Me

XI

THE more I saw of Rogers the better I liked him for my purposes. He was not the sort I would choose for a fishing companion or on a trip to Europe, or to any other place where you expect a man to open his shutters and let in a little of the light of day. He never forgot his pose. I think I never saw him without his Prince Albert coat in my first two years of association with him, except once. I hurried into his room in a hotel one morning and caught him in his shirt sleeves. He blushed, as if I had detected him in an immodesty; but I was greatly relieved. I had a sort of idea he slept in his regalia. I know that in case of a midnight fire he would have climbed with dignity down the fire escape wearing his plug hat.

"You know," I said to him one day, "I shall be obliged to expend large sums of money in this enterprise."

"I assume so."

"And incur many obligations."

"I expect that."

"And play a heap of practical politics—very practical indeed."

"Yes."

"Oh, there's no use in going into details. You understand what I mean."

"Senator," he said, "I foresee the disaster that will come to our country under the government of the opposition, and it seems to me we are warranted in taking any steps that will tend to make certain the relief which only our party can afford, with, perhaps, myself as its humble instrument."

Well, there was no more to be said. I was free to go as far as I liked, wasn't I? Not that I needed any justification or incentive, you understand; but it was comfortable to know that what I had in the show window duplicated what I had on the shelves.

Broadly speaking, the operations I had in mind were based on the fundamental proposition that trying to get something for nothing is an erroneous and futile proceeding. This is especially true in politics. In the course of fifty years in that interesting but inconclusive business—politics—I never yet found a man who would do anything worth while for me without his *quid pro quo*. Conversely, neither would I. You can't ask a favor without assuming an obligation, and the great incentive to patriotism always is pork. Men do things for party motives.

That is true; but the reason men do things for party motives is not because the sole consideration is a party one, but because coupled with that is the idea that this party service will bring an individual reward, or distinction, or something. I refer to politicians, of course. The mass of the voters—the mass—have no more idea why they vote as they do than they have of the oversoul. We, the people, inherit much of our politics and guess the balance. Environment and conjecture account for most of our popular voting, and hope for all the rest.

I felt there would be a great advantage to the country if I could win my fight, for I knew that under our party system the people were better off than under any other that had been evolved. I was patriotic to that extent. The greater advantage I had in mind was not the advantage of the country. The benefit was to be, for me and the men associated with me, power. That's it. Power! What we wanted was the directing hand, and the acute selfishness of all politics was in that; for, if we could direct, we could also divert.

No party can be maintained except with pap.

It is disgusting, but it is true. And it runs from the bottom to the top—from the floater, who will not vote unless he gets a two-dollar bill, to the legal and forensic giant, who gives his intellect and his oratory with the hope that one day he may achieve the Supreme Court of the United States.

Congress closed on the fourth of March in the usual discordant disorder. It was our last Congress, and every appropriation bill had so many riders on it that each looked like a porcupine. It was our final clean-up and we dipped in as far as we could.

Everybody on our side helped everybody else, while the opposition stood round and squawked and told what they would do to us when they secured control. We perpetrated so many outrages on the opposition that the House and Senate chambers sounded like boiler shops in big locomotive works, so noisy were their protests.

"Bill," said Pemberton Key, the Democratic leader, to me on the last night of the session, "what are you wolves trying to do, anyhow?"

"Pem," I replied, "even wolves must live. We are gathering a little sustenance for the hungry days that are coming."

"Proceed," he said. "Proceed, for you are close to the end of things; but take it from me, Bill, who knows, you won't get near enough to the kitchen after we get in to smell the cooking."

That made me grin. Pemberton Key didn't know it, but it was my plan to incite him and his colleagues to all sorts of attacks on the body politic, including a decrease of the revenues through a tariff reduction, and lead them gently to their aggregated and inevitable dooms. I had designs on Key. I needed him in my business. I hated to think of it, but if Key could bring about a business depression and a financial panic and a period of unemployment, I felt sure I could restore prosperity through the medium of the election of James Jason Rogers as President.

Congress quit. As we made our last foray on the Treasury the newly elected President was on his way to the front steps of the Capitol to tell the assembled tourists how his party intended to redeem the nation, and to promise immediate and sweeping tariff revision, a close scrutiny of trusts and illegal combinations of capital, and so on, up to a peroration intimating that, so far as the American people were concerned, Paradise was regained at twelve, noon, on that identical day.

"Pem," I said to Pemberton Key, "I can't see that you left anything out of the program except the immediate incarceration of all of our fellows in Fortress Monroe."

Key laughed.

"That will come later, no doubt," he said.

XII

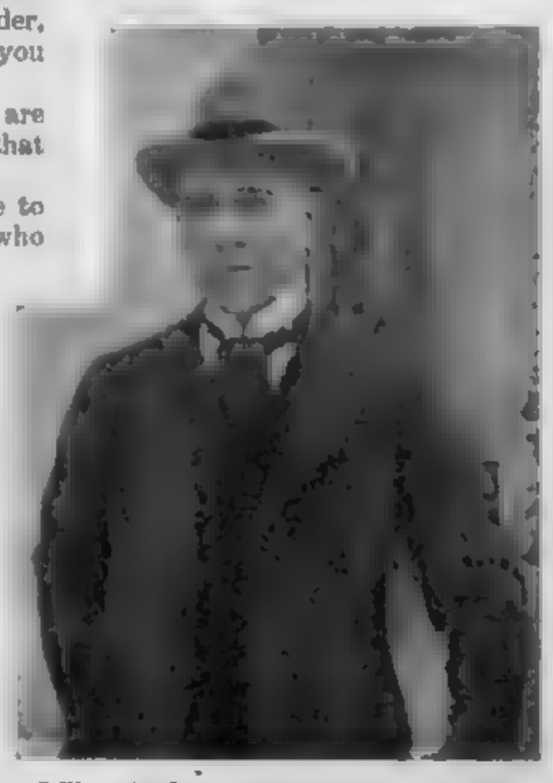
CONGRESS went into extra session to revise the tariff. When the bill reached the Senate side it made our revered policy of protection look like a camel in the molting season. The body of a tariff was there, but the protective feature hung only in shreds and patches. We rose day after day and solemnly called the attention of the opposition to the disastrous results that must come from their wild foray against the very citadel of the nation's prosperity; and when Key needed a vote, or two or three, in the Finance Committee, under cover, Gainer and Masters and Freeman and myself saw to it that he had whatever was necessary. Far be it from us, behind closed doors, not to assist the opposition to further deeds of economic violence.

Meantime Pliny had made his preliminary report. He had been to all the Southern States, where our party was merely a name and a subterfuge for Federal officeholding by those who professed its principles, and he had spent considerable promotion money. Acting on my instructions he had sown the seed. He had opened avenues of wealth for the pleasant parade of the gentlemen who must be made to feel that their consciences, their patriotism, their hope for the future well-being of our country, their love for the toiling masses, must rally them to the support of a candidate for President four years hence who would lead us out of the swamp of depression into which we were being forced by the opposition, and restore them to the government pay roll.

Pliny made Rogers patriots out of a good many postmasters and marshals and United States district attorneys, I must say; but he also impressed on them that they must remain patriotic—from our viewpoint—and deliver the goods when called on, or there would be no further access to our funds. In those days we bought nothing unsight, unseen. We established cordial relations, made deposits as our guaranties of good faith, and held out entrancing prospects.

Limpton had his press bureau ready for work. There had been rumors of something I was doing; and various eminent citizens, with a keen desire to dip into the war chest, had visited me casually to discover what was in progress. Our first press broadside told of the loss the revision of the tariff meant in dollars and cents to the workingman, to the manufacturer, to the business man, to the capitalist. It was dispassionate and well fortified by figures that I had prepared myself, which were convincing, whether they were correct or not.

We followed that with another broadside just as the bill was signed. This one was fortified with interviews from our tariff barons and owners of our infant industries, each one of whom wept bitterly over the prospect, but avowed there was no recourse but to cut wages or shut up shop. We were self-righteously sorry. We pointed out how we had warned the reckless and unscrupulous opposition of these dire results sure to come from their criminal disregard of the fundamentals of our prosperity. But there it was, and what was the remedy?



I Was the Prince Fortunatus of Politics

The remedy was to elect James Jason Rogers, that sterling protectionist, that brave soldier, that eminent

statesman, that loyal and self-sacrificing patriot, President of the United States. I went right out in the open then. Rogers was in the running. It was astonishing how much newspaper support throughout the country Limpton had accumulated. Everybody helped with that—advertisers whom we could control through our banking connections mostly—and there were few cities where the name of James Jason Rogers did not inspire editorial whoops of commendation from day to day.

Rogers had been skillfully employed. We had a Rogers bureau, headed by Horace Talbot, a young man I brought in from the West. It was the business of Talbot to see to it that Rogers had invitations to speak at big gatherings in all parts of the country. Often, I suppose, banquet committees wondered why Rogers was the star speaker on their program. Talbot knew. He kept track of these affairs through a clipping bureau and he always could impress a leading local citizen or a bunch of them, through our financial friends, that Rogers must appear. These, in turn, impressed the local banquet committees. And Rogers appeared, accompanied by a subterranean person who silently saw to it that the newspapers had plenty of pictures of Rogers and the full text of his speech. Rogers always dwelt on the criminal procedure of the opposition in causing the distress to the country that was even then becoming apparent and that undoubtedly would grow greater and greater as this baleful legislation proceeded in its fell course toward our economic destruction.

Pliny skittered back and forth across the South as noiselessly as a bug on a pond, leaving a little money here and a little money there, and holding things steady. Limpton's press bureau grew to great proportions. He literally plastered James Jason Rogers all over the United States. James Jason himself proceeded urbanely on his way, saying nothing that was incendiary but saying everything he did say in that weighty manner of his which carried conviction. I engaged a suite of rooms in a hotel, labeled them National Headquarters for James Jason Rogers, and we went at it.

My first concern was with the National Committee, for I foresaw that I had, as yet, no monopoly on Southern delegates. Others could forage in that sunny region, and others did. My advantage was that I was in first and that I had most money. What I wanted to nail down was the committee, for the committee would make up the temporary roll of delegates for the convention, and it was imperative that my black, black-and-tan, and scattering white Rogers patriots should be on that temporary roll. So I went after those eminent National Committee leaders one by one.

It would take a book to tell of all the methods I used to establish in the minds of a majority of that dignified organization the immutable fact that the salvation of the nation, of the party, of themselves, as well as the salving of them, rested entirely on their being for Rogers first, last and all the time. I got my majority. It took more than a year. It cost me money and time, and the exertion of all sorts of influences; but I got them, and I used them when the time came.

Good Lord, what a hurly-burly that office of mine was! It was crowded from morning until midnight with men from all parts of the country, who came to see whether there was anything in it for them. I kept a separate set of books for the recording of promises of offices, principally postmasterships, to lovers of their country who were anxious to help in the good cause but deemed the laborer worthy of his hire. I kept another separate set of books for registering advances made to prominent citizens, who were sure a great deal of good could be done and excellent results attained by the judicious distribution of a little money in their districts. Of course, they all said, I understood how it was. They were loyally with me and would use their own money to help, but unfortunately they happened to be somewhat hard up at the time, and so on. So I usually gave those who had any influence a percentage of what they asked. That is the most respectable way to bribe a man I know. Occasionally some of this sort of money goes where it is meant to go, but not often. Ordinarily it gets no farther politically than the pocket of the man who takes it.

I was the Prince Fortunatus of politics. I was the Christmas tree. It was not long in getting about that I was a high, wide and handsome performer, who had more money than brains—was, indeed, rather weak-minded, didn't know much about politics, and was spending like a sailor with a souse. I don't think I escaped a single grafter.

The South Shaped Up Well. Pliny Was Successfully Securing Those Patriots on the Installment Plan, a Few Dollars Each Trip

They all came in—publicity grafters, religious grafters, social grafters, lodge grafters, ministerial grafters, women grafters, newspaper grafters—every known sort of grafter and some who were unknown, and who landed me because of that fact. I kept open house. If any man came to see me who didn't want something for himself, as an inducement and stimulation for his untiring efforts in this great and holy cause, he escapes my memory.

We expanded. Our tariff producers, noting our methods and the effect of them, produced liberally, incited by the efforts of Masters, Freeman, Uncle Lemuel Sterry and others of my associates. I had plenty of money, and I began sending funds to many of the Northern States to accelerate the uprising of the people and the formation of James Jason Rogers organizations. Now there is a curious feature of a political movement of this kind. After a certain momentum has been attained it attracts men and money to it by a sort of hypnotism. They get to thinking about it, and the first thing they know they are shouting for it and contributing to it. A good deal of this is caused, of course, by an atmosphere of success. The human race is largely composed of trailers. Not many are successful, but all like to be associated with a winner. Before we had been going a year we had, through our newspapers, established by strenuous claims a sort of belief that we should win with Rogers. After that they came tumbling in.

I met and counseled with hundreds of men who were fanatically for Rogers in that anteconvention campaign and afterward, who had no reason at all for being with us except that some subconscious influence was at work on them. They began to think we should win. They became certain we would win. And they hastened to get on the band wagon. I figured on a revolt, but I started a revolution. I made James Jason Rogers a household name, and my volatile countrymen concurred to a great and gratifying extent.

Not that I did not have opposition—not that. I was opposed in more ways than seemed possible when I was figuring out my chances. You see I had mostly been a cog in the political wheel, and had not done much in the way of leadership except to deliver my own state whenever required and take part in the inner conferences. This assumption of a star part in our quadrennial show made other and older leaders jealous. A politician is very much like an actor. He always thinks he is entitled to the lead and always abhors any other who usurps that place. The surest way to implant undying hatred in the bosom of a political leader is to shove him out of the limelight. Most of these old boys say they are insensible to newspaper praise or blame; but we'll forget that. They love the praise and they never arrive at a point where the blame doesn't get under their hides. They do not read the papers! Oh, no—never; not a paper except all of them, and they are the main props of the clipping bureaus.

Take my own case. Some of those cartoons they printed about me make me scream yet, and there was a time when I thought of throwing away the whole game and going out with a howitzer after several artists and writers I could name. I used to snap my fingers at them—in public—but in private I came very close to snapping arteries in my rage.

Also, I was running a close corporation. I had given some of my friends, who were loudest in proclaiming my arrogant assumption of dictatorship, a chance to come in. They couldn't see it at the time. When they began to see it I was blind to them. Others I determined not to admit in any event. Some of my highly esteemed colleagues in politics had developed the faculty of grabbing the credit and the emoluments for any enterprise in which they might have been remotely associated. If you gave them an inch they took everything in sight and searched the premises to see whether there were any concealed treasures. I knew them. I had experience of them. So, when they came padging about to see what was going on I held up a repelling hand. I nay-nayed them earnestly and forcibly. This was mine. I knew if I could nominate my man they would be compelled to come in on my terms, and I did not intend to receive any of them on their terms; for if I had I should soon have been out myself.

They cadged and cajoled about for a time, and then they tried to work some of the old tricks on me. They developed candidates. I recall a visit from old Cato Enders. Cato had been state boss of a most important state for many years. He looked like a spider, talked like a crow and acted like a scorpion. He declared in on everything good and declared out whenever there was a failure. He was spending his declining days in the Senate. Did you ever stop to think about the ruling passion in the breast of a man who has grabbed all he can? What is it the multi-millionaire seeks after he has robbed to get his millions? What is it a thug who gets up in the world tries to attain? What is it they all want—the men who wreck railroads and water stocks and juggle politics, and club and steal and hammer and jam their way to affluence? Recognition and respectability. You never knew a millionaire in your life, for example, who, as soon as he had contrived his millions, didn't make a dead set for the most exclusive clubs and the most select society.

And it is the same everywhere else. Why do these successful but bar-sinistered men seek ambassadorships and political preferment, and that sort of thing? They want to be respectable. They crave recognition. Now and then a pirate remains a pirate, but not often. Usually he goes in for charity or the uplift or philanthropy, thinking to rub off the grime he got when accumulating his dollars by giving those dollars to highly reputable enterprises for the amelioration of the conditions he helped create. The reflected-glory boys are as numerous as they are pathetic. No conventions are heeded when one is getting his millions; but once one has them he becomes, except in rare instances, as conventional as a fleur-de-lis on French wall paper.

Old Cato Enders was no exception. He craved respectability. He had put himself in the Senate, where his only function was to vote and grab as much patronage as he could, and he felt it was humiliating to be ignored in the selection of a presidential candidate. He had participated in the making and unmaking of many in his time, and he didn't like to be excluded this time. It hurt his pride and, more than that, he fancied it might hurt his perquisites. He came in one day.

"Senator," he said, "what is all this I hear about your advocacy of some man named Rogers for our next presidential nomination?"

"Why, senator, I can't say. What have you heard?"

"I hear you are making a very vigorous campaign for him—very vigorous—and that you are not consulting with many of the recognized leaders of the party."

"Both of those propositions are true to some extent."

"Well, do you think that is wise?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I merely asked. We have a large number of delegates from our state, you know. I thought possibly they might be of use to you; but of course, if that is not the case ——"

"Why, senator, I shall be very glad to have the delegates from your state. You cannot doubt that."

"Oh! Is it possible? I was led to believe, from what I saw in the papers, that you have your man nominated already."

"Oh, no; not at all."

I saw what was coming. He was there to see what could be obtained for his delegates if he delivered them. He was looking for a price.

"Well, then, if that is the case, what had you expected to offer us in return for our support?"

"Why, I offer you the best possible candidate, the chance to do a great service for your country, and the assurance of our cordial coöperation with you in all affairs in your state in the event of victory."

He was crumpled in his chair. His little green eyes never left my face.

"I know," he said; "I know; but what tangible proposition have you to make?"

I thought it best to get him out in the open.

"What do you want?" I asked bluntly.

"Oh, my dear senator, that is a leading question. I want nothing to which I am not entitled by virtue of my position and my great delegate strength."

"Well, what?" And I was brutal about it.

He straightened in his chair. His voice hardened. All his suavity disappeared.

"Since you put it that way," he said, "I'll tell you what I want: I want to name the next Secretary of the Treasury and I want to name the Ambassador to Great Britain. I want absolute control of all Federal appointments in my state and I want complete recognition in this campaign. I want to be known in it equally with you."

"Are those your terms?"

"They are."

I stood up by my desk.

"Well, senator," I said, "you, of course, can have control of all the Federal appointments in your state, and you possibly can name the Ambassador to Great Britain, depending on how much your candidate gives to the campaign fund; but you cannot name the next Secretary of the Treasury. As for this campaign, I have bossed it so far and I am going to boss it until the end, whatever that may be."

"We have many delegates."

"I know that; but your terms are too hard."

"You may need us."

"Possibly."

"I desire to name the Secretary of the Treasury."

I lost my temper.

"You do, do you, you old fraud? Don't you suppose I know why you want that office rather than any other? Don't you think I have been round Washington long enough to realize what a man like you can do with the control of the Treasury in his pocket? You can't have it! That's flat!"

He pulled himself to his feet.

"All right!" he said. "All right! That's definite enough; but I want to tell you one thing before I go, and that is this: You won't get a vote in that convention from my state—not a vote! I'll show you what I can do to you. Why, you swell-headed, arrogant amateur, we'll take you apart to see what makes you tick before we get through with you."

He tottered out. I was a little sorry I had lost my temper; but myself and my friends would need that Secretary of the Treasury ourselves.

A day or two afterward the newspapers had a story that the Honorable Claude Carrothers, a highly respectable dodo from the senator's state, aged seventy-six and richer than Dives, would undoubtedly have the delegates for President at the next national convention, and that a movement was under way to organize Carrothers state campaign committees in numerous other sections of the country. When I read that I knew old Cato was putting on the screws.

XIII

AT THE end of the third year I felt that I was on fairly safe ground. I was in control of the Southern-delegate situation, which was the keystone to my arch. I had favorable assurances of excellent support in many of the Northern States. I was still in funds and my candidate was advertised like a chewing gum or a baking powder. He was known from one end of the country to the other as the potential Moses to lead the people out of the sterile wilderness of tariff for revenue only.

The economic situation was working to my entire satisfaction. I had seen to it that in every place where there was a partisan millowner who could be induced to run on short time, or cut wages, he was so induced. I used my tariff connections unceasingly and the tariff connections of those in my organization. I had my newspapers—I controlled a great string of them by this time—elaborate every case of economic depression they could discover or my agents could discover or create for them, and point out that the only way to prosperity was through the election of James Jason Rogers, the peerless champion of high wages, high tariff and high devotion to the principles of the Fathers, as set down in that venerated document, the Constitution of the United States.

I had speakers out in all parts of the country. My local organizations were working vigorously, because I kept them liberally supplied with money. We fastened the hard times to the opposition, impaled them with the responsibility. They roared in protest; but we had too much money for them, too many avenues for publicity, and made our charges stick. Besides, business was really bad, owing to the tariff disturbance. Revenues had fallen off. A bond issue was talked of. The whole situation played into our hands.

Rogers continued making decorous speeches at decorous intervals. His foot never slipped once—nor his tongue. The grafters swarmed round me like flies in a country hotel dining room. I sedulously courted my national committeemen, obligating every one I could; so there was no escape from me. The South shaped up well. Pliny was securing those patriots on the installment plan, a few dollars each trip. He kept their cupidity whetted and their desires unsatisfied. He watched and tended them, and before each state outfit he dangled the promise of great and enduring reward, to be paid after correct performance at the convention.

I was astonished at my own success. In three years I had nationalized a man, revived a party, established myself. I had graduated from retail politics to wholesale politics. I carried all kinds in stock—some good, some bad, but mostly the regulation, old-fashioned brands.

About a year before the convention I decided it was time to make my grand assault. I checked up everywhere. Things were in good shape. I lacked only about two hundred delegates of the number necessary to nominate. I was sure I could acquire—acquire is the word—those; but in order to make it certain I went over to New York and saw Broad.

Time was when Broad frightened me. Now he only amused me. I had his million and had spent most of it. He was in the position of a bank that has extended a big line of credit to a business man who has fallen into difficulties, and must go on giving him credit in order to protect the former loans.

"What is it? What is it? What is it?" Broad stormed.

I lighted a cigar before I spoke. I took my time about it. Broad sat glaring at me, but that didn't freeze me.

"Mr. Broad," I said, "I want you to get together all the men who contributed to that original million dollars, and as many more as you know who may be vitally interested in this campaign. I have sent for some men from Chicago and from Boston and from other places. They will all be here to-morrow. I want these men and your men to meet to-morrow night at your house."

"What for?" roared Broad. "What for? Hell of a note! What for?"

"I want to make a speech to them."

"Make a speech! Huh! What kind of a speech? Who wants to hear you make a speech?"

"Well, I want to hear myself make it, for one. And the others will be interested too."

"Hear yourself make it? Huh! What about?"

"Politics."

"Politics? Damn politics! Look at the rotten things politics has done to us already! Politics! Too much politics! Huh! Huh! Huh!"

"I know; but this is important. It concerns the undoing of these things."

"Undoing? Undoing? All right! All right! All right! They'll be there. Fetch your gang too. All right! All right! Good-by! Good-by! Good-by! Can't you see I'm busy? Good-by!"

As I went out Plankington was coming in to get his orders about calling up those men and ordering them to be on hand. Broad was a despot and gloried in it.

We met at eight o'clock. There were about twenty present, big men, important men, powerful men, men engrossed in making money and in love with using money for the power of it; hard men, unscrupulous men where money was concerned—men eager for interest, for dividends, for increment. Men who demanded their pounds of flesh and demanded that they should be off the juiciest and tenderest part. Perfect gentlemen; pillars of society; supporters of the church; leaders in all good works in their communities; but pirates—buccaneers privateersmen—corsairs!

"Senator Paxton, gentlemen," was the way Broad presented me to the company.

I looked them over. They were all of a type—well-dressed, most of them with too much jowl, hard-eyed, nervous, and with that little set of crisscross lines about their noses that indicates unfailingly the continued sniff to locate the other fellow's dollar; accomplished sleuths after the best of it; captains of industry and high finance. Good heavens! What would happen if they turned loose on one another while they were all together? I thought of that and concluded that Broad would come out of it with everything the others possessed. They had some such idea, too, for they were as deferential to Broad as a peasant is to a priest. You'd have thought he was some Great Jossa, to be bowed down to;

(Continued on Page 27)

Rogers Continued Making Decorous Speeches at Decorous Intervals. His Foot Never Slipped Once—Nor His Tongue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $1.35. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 5, 1916

Pan-American

POSITIVELY our gain in exports to South America last year was small. Final figures may show that it amounted to four per cent of our gain in exports to the Allies and that our whole exports to that continent bore about the same proportion to total exports. In the grand total, in short, our sales to all South America would hardly have been missed.

Normally we have no advantage in selling to South America, but are at a positive disadvantage. By mere geographical measurement the eastern part of that continent is about as near to the chief ports of Europe as to our own. Measured along the more important lines of race, language, traditions, customs and—most important of all—long-established business relationships, South America is far nearer to Europe than to the United States. For two generations Europe has played a leading, intimate part in developing and financing the country, while our part has been very slight. That we can step into Europe's shoes overnight or in a decade is hardly to be expected.

We believe heartily in the Pan-American idea in so far as it means better understanding, fuller confidence, closer relations, and more trade between the United States and Latin America. Whenever it is taken to mean an American league against Europe, with a more or less definite aim of excluding Europe, we see little virtue in it. If there is any question of belonging, South America belongs as much to Europe as to the United States, because it has derived so much from Europe.

American union is good, but not with the implication of separateness from Europe. The latter implication would look odd when the country that is second in importance on this hemisphere—Canada—flies a European flag. An all-America that leaves out Canada, anyway, has a heavily qualified "all."

Paying the Martial Piper

HE MUST be hard to please who cannot find a printed prediction of the political and economic effects of the war that is to his liking, no matter what his views may be. On the economic side, especially, the war has confounded all prophecies, and persons who ordinarily speak with authority hold the most divergent views. But a few facts are fairly indisputable.

For example, the London Economist calculates that the direct money cost of the war, if continued on the present scale to the end of March, will reach forty-three billion dollars, with an approximately equal increase in the debts of the belligerents. This debt means an annual interest charge of two and a quarter billion dollars. This means, again, that the annual charge on England, France, Italy, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary for interest on the war debt will come to more than they spent on army and navy before the war.

Keeping up the military and naval establishments in those countries before the war involved heavy taxation. If they should utterly disarm taxation would be heavier than before to meet the enormous increase in debt charge. Whatever military establishments they maintain will add just that much to the burden. The Economist gives Germany's army and navy expenditures the year before the war at four hundred and ninety million dollars, in round numbers, and the annual charge on the war debt that will have been accumulated by April first as five hundred and twenty-five millions. So, in varying ratios, for all the belligerents.

People will spend borrowed money prodigally in the heat of war. Paying heavily increased taxes in peace is a different matter. Probably poverty will keep the peace. This enormous debt, with attendant taxes, will probably be an ever-eloquent argument against war for many years.

State Income Taxes

IN MASSACHUSETTS also a commission proposes a state income tax so framed as to fall pretty largely upon income from investments. Other incomes are included, but the exemption is two thousand dollars for a single person, twenty-five hundred for man and wife, and three thousand for a man with a wife and two dependent children—which, of course, would exempt the great majority of the population. Exemptions in the New York proposal range from fifteen hundred a year for a single man to two thousand for a man with wife and children. Nearly one-third of all the Federal income taxpayers live in New York and Massachusetts, and the Federal income taxpayers in those states amount to much less than one per cent of the population.

There is, of course, a good argument for these exemptions. Citizens ought to support the state in proportion to their ability. The higher the income, the greater proportionately the ability to contribute. But public extravagance, with expenditures of Federal, state and city governments rising yearly, is a really important problem in this country. Any tax that falls upon a very small proportion of the population tends to encourage extravagance. One can see that up in the iron country, where municipalities whose taxes are derived almost wholly from a few rich mining companies cheerfully vote themselves high-priced municipal baseball teams, and about half the population gets on the city pay roll some way or other.

A hundred years' experience in England has shown that an income tax is the readiest recourse of a finance minister. Once the tax is well established, additional revenue to almost any amount may be had by simply raising the rate. By and large, an income tax is about the best of all revenue devices. But it ought to begin with incomes of a thousand dollars if the rate is only half of one per cent, so that everyone may have a stake in checking graft and waste.

Seeing the World

IF YOU should look over the acknowledged masterpieces of landscape painting you would find hardly a canvas representing scenery about which there was anything extraordinary in itself. When men with the highest gift for seeing, appreciating and interpreting Nature want to exercise their art they do not trundle off to the Himalayas or the Norwegian fjords, or to the Grand Cañon or Niagara Falls. They just walk out behind the barn and paint the apple orchard. Almost invariably what they paint are common, familiar views such as you can find lying about anywhere in a two-hours' ride from home. No matter where you live, there are views as lovely as any in the world within easy reach if only you know how to see them.

The common delusion is that seeing the world necessarily involves long journeys, and that the change of environment which the mind craves can be had only at considerable expense. For those who can afford it travel is the easiest way, because they have travel so arranged nowadays that virtually you sit in your easy-chair while the world is wheeled around in front of you, with no more mental exertion on your part than is involved in signing a check for the bill. But it is not the only way. A hard-worked city man, needing change, bought a farm twenty-five miles from his office, living on it two days a week, and found at the end of six months that in the number of new, agreeable, interesting impressions received he had practically made a tour of the world.

Nobody ever saw more than a few small patches of the world. Plenty of patches near by that you have never seen are charming and novel.

Costly Curiosity

THE Interstate Commerce Commission, you may remember, is engaged in valuing the physical property of the railroads of the United States. Last year it surveyed fifty thousand miles, or approximately one-fifth of the country's railroad mileage. It doubts whether "Under the present organization, work can be prosecuted more rapidly." This would indicate 1920 as the earliest date upon which valuation can be completed. But, in fact, not all of the mileage surveyed has been actually valued, and 1920 is probably a somewhat optimistic forecast.

The subject attracted considerable interest when Congress was debating it, many months ago. At present, we believe, it attracts very little interest. Probably by the time the valuation is completed it will attract no interest at all, except among professors of political economy—a worthy and important but by no means numerous class. The figures by that time will be tolerably aged.

The cost to the Government in the last fiscal year exceeded two and a quarter million dollars. This suggests a total cost to the Government not short of twelve millions. The cost to the railroads will probably be two or three times that.

Not that a little matter of forty or fifty millions should cause irritation among friends when Congress' curiosity has been roused over some important subject. But an estimate of the value of railroad property, satisfactory enough for all practical purposes and of immediate practical interest, could have been had in about a fifth the time and for a fifth the cost of this elaborate inch-by-inch and pound-by-pound survey and inventory.

Much Law, Little Thought

IT IS rather depressing to read that a thousand bills were introduced in the Senate directly after Congress convened. It is impossible that as much as ten per cent of them ought to have been introduced. Over two hundred bills were introduced in the legislature at Albany on the first day of the session; but no experienced person expects much of Albany. The Senate is supposed to contain the pick of the lawmaking talent of the nation.

Over sixty thousand laws were enacted in the United States in five years. The mania seems to increase. This Niagara of legislation, like the incurable loquacity of the gabbler, shows the absence of cerebration and the presence of a mere nervous excitement.

A distinguished psychologist informs us privately that a certain legislative body produced nine thousand bills; but he discovered, upon applying his brainscope, that the membership collectively possessed only eight and a half real ideas on all subjects. The disproportion is too great.

The Theater-Ticket Gouge

WE CANNOT help laughing when New York theater managers utter one of their stereotyped complaints that moving pictures, or automobiles, or some other such innocent things are ruining their business.

No doubt in the fine old days, when every circus was accompanied by an energetic band of pickpockets, card sharpers, gold-brick men and short-change artists, the circus managers used to sit down solemnly and debate whether there was not something about the weather or the political situation that made circuses less popular than they used to be.

Whether the extra charge of fifty cents for the alleged convenience of buying seats at your hotel or a near-by agency is legitimate or not may be debatable. But there is no room for argument about the graft on metropolitan theater patrons, which has been reduced to so perfect a system that as soon as a play attracts great interest all the best seats mysteriously disappear from the box office, and are to be had only by paying speculators a premium on them. Any other business would find a way to prevent this systematized graft upon its patrons. When theater managers find a way to prevent it we shall take their statements about the injurious effect of the moving pictures more seriously.

Meantime some people are giving up the habit of going to the theater. There are pleasant ways of spending an evening where you do not have to leave your watch in the safe in order to feel sure of having it next day.

Coöperation in Selling

OFFICIAL Washington seems to be accepting the idea of coöperation for foreign trade. Many manufacturers making goods suitable for export cannot afford the heavy expense of an independent foreign selling organization. By combining they could maintain an organization to represent all of them. The result would be more American goods in foreign markets—an object so desirable that official Washington seems minded, in its behalf, to waive rooted prejudices against coöperation in general.

But there are many manufacturers who cannot afford to extend their selling organizations to a considerable part of the domestic field. For makers of various articles the cost of sending an independent representative into country towns is prohibitive. A day's sales would not pay the representative's expenses.

In the case of certain staple goods the middleman's drummer handles the output of many manufacturers. Yet there is a great domestic territory in which various goods get little or none of that personal push which counts for so much in selling. Books are a very conspicuous instance of goods that mostly sell themselves, if they are sold at all, over the greater part of the domestic territory. What a proper joint selling organization might accomplish nobody knows.

If the idea of coöperation is once accepted for use in the foreign field, it will spread, because the idea itself is sound.

T. ALTERNATIVE ROOSEVELT

By Samuel G. Blythe

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

SOLILOQUIZING at his desk in the White House one sunny spring morning in 1908, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, spake as follows: "If they don't take Taft they'll get me." It so happened that at the moment there was a mere handful of newspaper correspondents present and within range of the soliloquy, a beggarly sixty-seven or some such trifling number; and the result was that the remark, or admonition, or whatever you may choose to call it, somewhat minatory in character no doubt, received but scant circulation as such things went in those days. That is, it was sent out only to the morning newspapers and the afternoon newspapers, put on the tickers, displayed on the billboards, printed in the magazines and in the periodicals, cast into the boilerplate, used in the street cars and subways and in the weekly press. So far as is known, it was not wireleased anywhere, nor distributed by carrier pigeons, nor rendered into the Slavonic tongues, albeit it received its meed of treatment in the Yiddish and the German, nor put on the talking machines; which showed that, as Rooseveltian remarks passed current at the time—and were intended to—it did rather poorly. However, some few persons heard it and of it.

Among those who had this cheerful little sentence called to their attention was a certain group of Republican leaders who were endeavoring to create a diversion for the country—and themselves—by promoting the presidential ambitions of such sterling patriots as Charles Warren Fairbanks, Joseph Gurney Cannon, Philander Chase Knox, and a few others, the whole being gazetted in the dispatches as the Allies, and being, in fact, the most remarkable breakfast-food brigade of favorite sons observed up and until that hectic spring. The purport of the remark was this: The Colonel had kindly set forth for the suffrages and support of the Republican Party his Secretary of War, Mr. William Howard Taft, and had decreed that all pother over the nomination for the presidency should cease; had relieved the party and its leaders of the strain and duty of selecting a candidate, by the simple expedient of selecting one himself, and handing that candidate to leaders and party neatly wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon—red being a martial color—and bearing a card on which was the inscription: "Compliments of T. R."

Observing some hesitancy among the leaders of the party over accepting so important a gift from a man who, to the leaders, was almost an entire stranger, so far as social and political relations went, the Colonel intimated, as has been set forth, that if the leaders and the party did not care for the gift he so kindly set before them, they would get him in its stead, thereby accomplishing two things, to wit: He secured the nomination of Mr. Taft, and he established himself as the Grand Alternative of American Politics. You see, it was this way: Much as the leaders deprecated the accession of Mr. Taft, they deprecated the continuance of Mr. Roosevelt still more, and they took the Taftian horn of the dilemma.

Watch the Dust

FOUR years later another situation arose demanding attention from Mr. Roosevelt. It appears that Mr. Taft had not obeyed orders from his creator, or had obeyed them, or something, and the Colonel felt it incumbent on him to correct this state of affairs by proposing himself again as an Alternative, but whimsically putting a twist to it by saying "If they don't take me they'll get Taft." So they took Taft, and thereupon the Colonel saw to it that they—meaning the leaders of the Republicans—and the rank and file got neither himself nor Taft, and became, in fact, the Grand Alterative as well as the Grand Alternative, for while an alterative, in scientific jargon, is intended to bring back a body to a normal state, an alternative in politics works with increased effect and brings a body to a subnormal state—which, indeed, is the present condition of the Republicans.

Now, then, a short four years having elapsed since the Colonel performed, it is the general impression that he is due and anxious to put on another show. There is a consensus of opinion that, sooner or later, the Colonel will come marching out into the open and proceed to kick up some dust. It is extremely difficult for one to relieve oneself of the dictator habit. That, it appears, is incurable. We have history to show us that each of the old boys who contracted a dictatorship clung to it until some crass person swatted him with a battle-ax, and having so swatted, acquired the disorder himself. Of course it is far beyond the mark that so inoffensive and mild-mannered a person as Uncle Murray Crane, for example, or Boies Penrose, or William Barnes, should so swat the Colonel, in these modern days—and the signs multiply that the Colonel isn't cured.

One moment, please! Let me set it down here, at the beginning, that I have no knowledge of what the Colonel has thought, is thinking or intends to think. I know nothing about that. Nor is it important what he has thought, is thinking or intends to think. What I do know is what the Old Guard of the Republicans think he thinks, and that has its elements of consequence for several reasons. One is, that the actions of the Old Guard will be predicated on what they think the Colonel thinks, regardless of what he does think. Another is, that even if the Old Guard knew what the Colonel thinks they wouldn't believe it, for they always reckon the present in terms of the past; and a third is, that thinking is by no means so common an occupation of the Old Guard mind that its denoted prevalence is undeserving of some casual celebration. The fact is that the Old Guard, having established, to the entire satisfaction of its membership, that the Colonel is thinking of certain things, intends to act as if the thought of the Colonel were already being framed into action; and of that phase of the situation it is my purpose to speak, regardless of any demonstration the Colonel may make or anything he may do. This is an Old Guard story, not a Roosevelt story—a moving tale of a set of patriots who are profoundly moved.

It is the ultimate of the futile to speculate on what the Colonel will do, or can do, at any predicated future period. One may cast a political horoscope for him, with due attention to all conventional signs, portents, stars and appositions, only to find that if one had it in mind to be correct one should have put the reverse English on every item used in the predetermination. Trying to guess what T. Roosevelt will do, or can do, at any stated moment is much like seeking to set your watch by an automatic weighing machine. The operation is possible, but the results are negligible.

However, there are certain aspects of the Colonel that are reasonably obvious. He exhibits trends, now and then, leading to the conclusion that in certain of his affairs he acts according to a system of his own. One exemplification is the alternative phase of his actions. Another is the removal of himself from the scene of activities at certain opportune moments. Take the present as an index. Just as the to-do over the possibility of his being a candidate, being made a candidate, taking it if he can get it, getting it if he can take it, wanting it, not wanting it, and so on—just as the to-do is at its buzzy height, it is announced that he intends to slip down to Bermuda or some other sunny place, for six weeks or so of vacation. Now, all that is regular and Rooseveltian.

Those Alibi Vacations

AFTER he had handed Mr. Taft to the American people he disappeared into the wilds of Africa, and after the results of that presentation were beginning to be apparent, and the Colonel decided it was up to him to rescue his party from what he had given his party, he merged himself into South America. Now it is Bermuda for his. Absence, as the poet should have said, makes the crowd to ponder; and it likewise removes T. R. from any implication of participation in current events, and leaves him free to approve or disapprove when he returns in a highly virtuous *post-facto* capacity. One cannot be held responsible for what occurs when one is buried in the wilds of Africa. One will be free to accept, or reject—principally that—if what is done is done when one is out of touch. Certainly one will. Excuse me! That "One" must be capitalized.

It stands to reason that such is the case. Surely no person has harbored the thought that the Colonel, in darkest Africa, had anything to do with the first year of the Taft Administration other than being, responsible for the presence of Mr. Taft in said Administration; and the same thing was true when he was in Brazil, and those momentous events that led to his presenting himself for a second time as Alternative were momenting all over the place. And now at this interesting point six weeks in Bermuda will be of great strategic value, for anything may happen in six weeks, as our politics now is, and it is far cannier to look back than to look on. On occasions like this the Colonel is a grand little retrospecter. It wouldn't be fair to say that he evades responsibility, but he has a whimsical way of postponing it until the returns are all in and the preliminaries all observed.

When the Old Guard read of this intended trip to Bermuda they felt certain that the worst had come to pass—that is, the worst from their viewpoint. They may not be good retrospecters, but they are excellent recallers. They harked back to Africa, and to Brazil, and they said one to another: "By gum, he's in!" Then, about the time it was known definitely that the Colonel had this little jaunt of six weeks in mind, they, and others who have watched him for these many years, checked off the exhibit of another trend. They saw coming to the surface various inspired statements bearing on national politics—statements that, though they were not officially promulgated from Oyster Bay with the signature of the Colonel on them, were none the less promulgated from Oyster Bay with the sanction of the Colonel behind them.

It was Exhibit B of the obvious portion of the Colonel's

Bent Bones
That Were Bent by Pointed Shoes
Straight Bones
That Grew Straight in Educator Shoes
Unless branded EDUCATOR on the sole it is not a genuine Educator
"Stand All Day" means "Rest All Day" —in Educators
CAST off your old-fashioned narrow, pointed shoes whose pinching pressure bends bones—causes corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, falling arch—foot misery!
Put on Educators and Nature will do the rest—will relieve your feet from all torture—will keep them "rested" at all times.
Do it for the whole family—men, women and children. $1.35 up to $5.50.
"Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet" is a book you ought to read. Send postcard for a copy today.
RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.
14 High Street Boston, Mass.
Makers also of the famous All-American and Signet Shoes for Men, and Mayfairs for Women
Rice & Hutchins
EDUCATOR SHOE
Educator for Men. A similar style for boys and children

system—the feeler propaganda, worked time and again by him in the past. One by one they came from his presence—compatriots in progressivism, newspaper correspondents that were regular, bosom friends, and so forth, and they spoke or wrote their pieces purporting to tell what the Colonel has in mind. After each pronouncement the Colonel accepted such portions of these pieces as suited him, and rejected such portions as did not suit him, until, when all was over and he had retired to that brooding silence that, like the twenty-ninth of February, comes once in every four years to him, those outside—the Old Guard and the rest of us—by making a composite of what he had accepted in the feelers were able to get an idea of what he probably does not have in mind, but what he desires the public to have in mind.

Along about the same time there came the episode of the Gary dinner. That was deemed most important, and it was, judged by the news standards of the day. How could it fail to be important, for was it not true that at that dinner men were present who represented some billions of dollars? It is a fixed principle in our schedules of what is great news that anything that represents money is far more worthy of big headlines than anything that does not. If the Colonel had gone to a dinner of scholars, or scientists, or poets, or engineers, it would have been worth a paragraph; but as he went to a dinner where the other guests represented billions it was given a page. Anything a millionaire does is news, not because it is news, but because he is a millionaire; and here was a dinner given by the head of the Steel Trust, and attended by a goodly company of plutocrats, each of whom was scheduled in the news accounts for what he has and what he controls; and it became epochal.

Now, I do not know what the dinner was about, nor is it important. The only person who was there with whom I talked swore to me—and he is a truthful person—that he sat near the Colonel and listened intently, and that the Colonel's talk was chiefly concerning preparedness; that there was a musicale later that was so entirely musical that the music was away over the financial heads of the plutocrats assembled to hear it, who all left early. My guess is that Mr. E. H. Gary, of the Steel Trust, was doing a little advertising for himself, inasmuch as the correct list of those present seeped into the newspaper offices while the dinner was yet in progress.

But that is neither here nor there. The fun of it is that the dinner acted two ways, and acted so promptly that Mr. Gary's press agent must have had a raise, if his boss is appreciative as to the amount of space his activities get in the public prints, which is probable, as the frequent sage pronouncements on affairs of great moment emanating from Mr. Gary would seem to indicate. The Old Guard, possessing great skill at reading significance into anything that happens, became excited, and the Democratic politicians became feverish with anxiety. What did it mean? After their various interpretations had been put on it, the Old Guard conclusion and the Democratic conclusion totted up to the same fear, which is this: Roosevelt is a candidate for the presidential nomination; Roosevelt is making his peace with the predacious plutocrats, the men with soft bodies and hard faces, the malefactors of great wealth, the gents with the dough, for the purpose of getting their needful support; Roosevelt intends to go into that Chicago Republican convention and use it for his own purposes.

Twitterings From a Golden Cage

After it had been definitely pointed out to us in the columns of the daily press that if the combined wealth represented at that Gary dinner were changed into ten-dollar bills the entire surface of the earth could be covered, attractively and with great decorative effect, with those handsomely engraved tokens, and enough left over to fill Lake Superior; or if changed into double eagles, the gold would pile as high as the moon and be as big round as the state of Montana, there burgeoned into the newspapers one day a letter written by the Honorable Charles Sumner Bird, of Massachusetts, to the Honorable George W. Perkins, in New York.

This letter was significant, of course, not only because Mr. Bird is a Bird in a golden cage, and because Mr. Perkins is highly auriferous himself, and, therefore, both are entitled to respectful consideration at the hands of our publicists; but also because these two several gentlemen are intimately within the radius of the Colonel. In this letter Mr. Bird chirped into the eager ear of Mr. Perkins that the only thing there is to it, from a Republican viewpoint, is for the Republicans to stick manfully to their principles, as enunciated in the Progressive platform and policies, and nominate in Chicago next June either Mr. Justice Hughes, of the Supreme Court of the United States, or Col. Theodore Roosevelt, of Oyster Bay, New York, at present unattached. This letter pointed out the dangers to all concerned if the Republicans should venture to nominate any person other than those mentioned by Mr. Bird, and wasn't any too conclusive about the availability of Mr. Hughes. Of course, twittered Mr. Bird, Mr. Hughes is a good man—but —— And the but, and butter, was, and is, T. R.

The Old Guard view of this, and of the other demonstrations of what is passing in the mind of the Colonel, takes tinge from all these manifestations, and they intend to proceed as if their conclusions were based on *ex-cathedra* statements instead of on *ex-parte* conjectures, *ex* in both cases signifying the present position of all concerned. The Old Guard consider the Colonel from some of his various angles, and they have reached two conclusions, as follows:

A. He is a candidate.

B. If he isn't a candidate he intends to act like a candidate, and awe and overwhelm.

Wheels Within Wheels

So it all tots up to the same thing. The Old Guard view of the Colonel, as based on many recollections of the past, is that the only person the Colonel ever is enthusiastically for is the Colonel. They say, these sad Old Guardsters, that the Colonel was the only man in the universe who knew exactly what sort of a president Mr. Taft would make, and that is the reason he picked Mr. Taft—not because he loved Taft or the party more, but because he still retained his old affection for himself and knew what the contrast would be. They say many other things, most of which could best be expressed in *sens libre*, and very *libre* at that! But back of it all is the fixed Old Guard opinion that whatever of maneuvering, or machinating, the Colonel is doing, the chief beneficiary he has in mind is T. Roosevelt.

So—again disclaiming any knowledge of the facts in the case—from the Colonel's viewpoint that is the way it stands, and inasmuch as the Old Guard have determined that the Colonel is a candidate, or if he isn't a candidate he intends to act like a candidate until he is ready to act otherwise, they have prepared their plan of action, and they are already out, laying their mines, digging their trenches, mixing their poisonous gases, and equipping their submarines. And their plan is simple. It involves only two propositions: The first is to defeat him for the nomination in Chicago. The second is to defeat him for election if he beats them in the convention.

They are taking no chances. They are convinced they have sized up the Colonel. They will not regard any disavowals he may make, any withdrawals from primary tickets, any manifestations of the Progressives, any honkings of the Bull Moose. They are proceeding on that direct hypothesis to slaughter him in the convention or to slaughter him at the polls. Now, this may be easy or it may be hard, but the Old Guard think it can be done one way or another. If they cannot eviscerate the Colonel in Chicago, they think they can stir up enough resentment against him, for what he did to the dear old party in 1912, to make his demise certain in November. Either way it goes, they are resolved to nail the hide of the Colonel to the barn door.

Putting it another way, they think, as they think of Mr. Hughes, if the Colonel isn't a candidate for the Republican nomination he is none the less a candidate for the presidency, which is what they must beat off. That is, though the Colonel may not actively press for delegates at Chicago, they think he will allow delegates to press him, if it comes to an opportunity, and that a fair share of the preliminaries leading up to this situation will develop during the Colonel's much-needed period of rest in the Bermudas

So the builders have begun to build, cannily and craftily begun to build, and if

The Sign of the Nurse points out the SAN-TOX Druggists
Has The Call
The enthusiastic welcome with which SAN-TOX has been received has taxed the capacity of its laboratories to their utmost. Upwards of 125 toilet articles and household preparations trade-named SAN-TOX, combined with the best druggist in each locality, form a public service so bed-rock in excellence, so bed-rock in quality, so bed-rock in price, that nothing is left undone—nothing can be added or desired. Follow the lead of the thousands into the SAN-TOX Drug Stores, anywhere, ask SAN-TOX enthusiasts and find out for yourself what has transpired since the advent of
San-Tox
The Public Service Line
The fact that a druggist has been selected to handle the SAN-TOX line is in itself proof of his integrity and honesty. He thoroughly investigated the entire SAN-TOX line and his rigid investigation proved to his satisfaction that every item will [illegible] as per special guarantee—proved that there is absolutely no question about the superlative quality and extreme value in SAN-TOX products.
There is a SAN-TOX druggist near you. You will know his store by the Nurse trade mark on its window. Every effort is going to be made to give the entire people who [illegible] to your approval and trial.
THE DE PREE CHEMICAL COMPANY
Chicago, Ill.
HAIR TONIC

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

THE dining rooms of Hotel La Salle are the meeting places at meal time of Chicago's best people.

The seventy-five-cent luncheon, which attracts a throng at every noon hour, is typical of the splendid La Salle service, which combines the utmost in efficient courtesy with perfection of cuisine, at reasonable prices.

The location—Madison and La Salle—puts you in close touch with the city's activities. Yet home-like atmosphere and quiet attention make possible the utmost privacy and comfort.

RATES

One Person	*Per Day*
Room with detached bath	$2.00, $2.50 and $3.00
Room with private bath	$3.00, 3.50, 4.00 and 5.00

Two Persons	*Per Day*
Room with detached bath	$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00
Room with private bath—	
Double Room	5.00 to 8.00
Single Room with double bed	4.00, 4.50 and 5.00

Two Connecting Rooms with Bath

Two persons	$5.00 to $8.00
Three persons	6.00 to 9.00
Four persons	7.00 to 12.00

1026 Rooms—634 with Private Bath

Hotel LaSalle

La Salle at Madison Street

CHICAGO

Ernest J. Stevens
Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

The Only Hotel in Chicago Maintaining Floor Clerks and Individual Service on Every Floor

they have any luck they will have a few structures in Chicago that will withstand any considerable assault the Colonel may make upon them. The favorite sons are the ever-present aids in time of such trouble. They are the keystones to the various arches. And though there are no predictions to be made concerning the Colonel, a few are in order concerning the Old Guard. They work according to the rules. They build by the aid of blue prints and plans and specifications that have been used many times before. There is nothing original about an Old Guardster, nor versatile. He always works the same way, and knows no other.

It is a most descriptive phrase, that phrase of building. It means so much. They say: "We'll build a delegation round Weeks in New England, and we'll build a delegation round Fairbanks in Indiana," and so on, naming all the favorite sons. Do you get the full significance of it? Build a delegation round these patriots, and, take it from them, they will be exceedingly careful and painstaking that none of the material built round these complaisant keystones will be carelessly selected. It will all be hand-picked, assorted, scrutinized for spots and rots, and passed by experts. What they will need in Chicago is dependability, not the artistic quality of beauty nor the disturbing quality of individuality. They will select none of these structural items for their eloquence, nor for their patriotism, nor for their home celebration, nor for their virtues as hailed abroad. The sole quality for this building material will be the quality of standing without hitching, of taking orders and obeying them, of remaining put.

In New England they are building now, building round Weeks, and they rather expect to surround that amiable personage with a structure consisting of the carefully considered delegates from all the New England states except, it may be, Maine and Connecticut. Maybe they will not get those, but John Wingate Weeks, built into Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire, will be quite a donjon keep for their purposes. In New York they plan to build round Elihu Root or some other firm-as-a-rock-is-he person, and out in Indiana they will construct a durable structure in which the Honorable Charles Warren Fairbanks will be ridgepole, consisting, most likely, in its essentials of Indiana and Kentucky. So, too, with Cummins, using Iowa, and mayhap Nebraska and Minnesota or the Dakotas.

Now then, if they get away with all this building the favorite sons and their structural appendages will come to Chicago with tidy lots of delegates stuck to them—enough, if all goes well, to hold a big percentage of that convention. Then the Old Guard will desire of Mr. Roosevelt that he do his worst, urge him to go to it and see what will happen. Should these plans fail, should there be not enough of building material, or not enough preconvention skill at building, then they are prepared to take what comes to them, and bide their time; and as biders they admit of no superiority. They will bide and bide and bide, and they say that their biding will result in the total elimination of Mr. Roosevelt at the polls.

Marked Homicidal Tendencies

If the building progresses as favorably as it has begun, the Colonel will have a cute little job getting enough of those delegates away from the master builders to make effective anything he may have in mind. Nor will it make any particular difference what the Colonel may say he has in mind, if anything, nor what his friends say he has in mind. The Old Guard will take no chances. They have figured out, to their own satisfaction, what the Colonel wants and plans, and they intend to remain satisfied on that basis, regardless of disclaimers, or inactivities, or activities, or any burstings into flame or remaining quiescent the Colonel may exhibit or his friends may exhibit for him. The Old Guard is operating, and intends to operate, exclusively on the assumption that the only treatment deserved by the Colonel at their hands is murder, and they are all nursing their homicidal tendencies. If they do not get him in Chicago they will get him in November. Either way it comes, as they look at it, the Colonel is to have his, regardless of what happens to any other person whatsoever. Their present temper is neither to forgive nor to forget. They are not pacificists in this regard. They are preparing as well as they can, and they intend to hand it to the Colonel if it is the last thing they ever do.

Ordinarily the Old Guardster is a cautious and a noncommunicative person. He usually prefers to speak after a thing has happened, and to claim foreknowledge, rather than to assert foreknowledge. He has few opinions for general consumption and no convictions. This time it is different. They all think alike. They have but one desire, namely, the eternal lambasting of T. Roosevelt.

They are not particularly happy over it. They think that with a good neutral sort of a candidate they have a chance to win, but they are willing to lose again in order to beat Roosevelt. They fear lest the contingency arising may force them to nominate Mr. Justice Hughes. They do not relish that. There is no nutriment for them in Hughes. But they would indorse Wilson rather than nominate Roosevelt, and they and their followers will vote for Wilson in large numbers if Roosevelt is nominated. There are some things that even an Old Guard person cannot stand, and one of these, and the principal one, is T. Roosevelt.

So what is coming, as these leaders view it, is a convention that shall have various collections of delegates, built round, as they say, various persons. These delegates will remain dutifully in their builded places until it is time for the wrecking crews to go to work—say, through some several days of balloting. Then the psychological person will be unveiled, and it is hoped that it will all be over but the shouting. Of course there may be some obstructions. It is not unlikely that, after a few days of fruitless balloting, there may come that dread demand for Hughes; they have thought of this, and they are reaigned if not pleased. Anything to beat Roosevelt! But, come what may, they hope to have control enough to select a man who shall be developed during the coming two or three months.

In the Words of Col. Socrates

And that brings us back to that interesting person. As has been stated, the Old Guard consider him as either an Actuality or an Alternative. They think he is a candidate himself or, if he isn't, that he intends to name the candidate. They say that in one of his feelers he set forth the names of Hughes, of Hadley, of Johnson and of Knox; but Knox didn't last long, for in the next feeler the Colonel lifted Knox out of his list. They are quite well aware that the suggestions of Hadley and Johnson were not serious, but they fancy the Hughes selection may be. They would not be surprised if another list should come out; in fact, they are expecting one any day, just before the Colonel sails for Bermuda, for example, in order that he may be in a position to observe what happens to that list while he is away, and to deliver final judgment on his return in view of the facts developed during his absence for which he was in no way responsible—being out of the country. They are fixed and immutable in their conclusion that the Colonel is either a candidate himself, the Actuality, or intends to act like a candidate, the Alternative, in order to get the candidate he wants. They place no stock in the claims of the continued militancy of the Progressive Party, as such. The only militant thing on the horizon for them is the Colonel, and they hope he chokes.

And here, for the third and last time, is definite disclaimer made of any idea, knowledge, surmise, hint or intimation pertaining to the writer of what the Colonel wants to do, thinks of doing, hopes to do or can do. That part of it is conjecture. The part herewith set down is fact. But, as the eminent T. Jefferson Socrates was wont to say, when discussing affairs for the benefit of the star reporter of the period, Percival Plato, who was making copy of his remarks—discussing affairs with Algernon Adimantus, and Charley Cephalus, and the others of the highbrow crowd—discussing to the extent of allowing Algernon and Charley and the rest to observe, at appropriate intervals and whenever Plato needed a paragraph to break the thing into seemly sections: "How true!"—as J. Jeff Socrates was wont to suggest: "Let us suppose a few."

Let us suppose, for example, that way back in the mind of the Colonel is the idea that, perhaps, it might not be a bad thing, viewed personally, to have the Republican Party get another licking, in which event, say along in 1920, it might—might—listen to reason and ——

What clear, bracing mornings we are having, to be sure!

This year plant a *Ready-to-Grow* Seedtape Garden

Lay the tape in the furrow and cover it up. That's all. It's even *fertilized!*

No more trying to sprinkle individual seeds evenly and regularly along a row. No more tiresome measuring. No tedious hours bending over, thinning out, loosening or displacing roots of healthy plants.

SEEDTAPE

(Better Quality Seeds)

consists of **clean, carefully selected garden seed of prize-winning strains,** properly spaced in a thin paper tape, fertilized with fish glue. The fertilized tape acts as a wick drawing the ground moisture, thus assuring **early germination** and **healthier plant life.**

Seedtape stands for highest quality seeds as well as simple planting. Seedtape Vegetables come in 40-foot strips selling at 10c. Seedtape Flowers in 10-foot strips selling at 5c.

Most good stores which usually sell seed are now selling Seedtape. If your dealer cannot supply you we will gladly fill your orders direct.

***Ready-To-Grow* Seedtape Gardens afford you the knowledge and experience of a board of gardening authorities. You get the best varieties of each flower and vegetable and in just the quantities needed.**

$2 **Seedtape Garden**—Contains 20 boxes of Seedtape Vegetables. We also send our 1916 Seedtape catalogue with full directions for successive plantings, and designs of model gardens to make the most of your available space. Attach the coupon below to your order enclosing $2.00 and we will include 5 full size packages of Seedtape Flowers, with our compliments.

$1 **Seedtape Garden**—Contains 10 boxes of Seedtape Vegetables. We also send our 1916 Seedtape catalogue with full directions for successive plantings and designs of model gardens. Attach the coupon below to your order enclosing $1 and we will include 2 full-size packages of Seedtape Flowers, with our compliments.

25c **Seedtape Garden**—5 packages of Seedtape Flowers (full size) with the 1916 Seedtape catalogue, full directions for successive plantings and designs for model gardens.

10c **Seedtape Garden**—1 full-size, 40-foot box of radishes with the 1916 Seedtape catalogue, directions and designs for gardens.

County Agents Wanted Throughout the U. S.

AMERICAN SEEDTAPE COMPANY
3915 Woolworth Bldg., New York

This Coupon is Worth 25c

If sent to the American Seedtape Company, Woolworth Building, New York, with your remittance for the $2 Seedtape Garden, this coupon brings you free, 5 full-size, 10-foot packages of Seedtape Flowers.

If sent with your remittance for the $1 Seedtape Garden, it brings you, free, 2 full size packages of Seedtape Flowers.

My name is _____

My address is _____

My dealer is _____

80% More Power

Almost Doubled Efficiency Without Adding Size or Cylinders in the

HUDSON SUPER SIX

$1375
at Detroit

Patented by Hudson
December 28, 1915
Patent No. 1165861

Hudson Super-Six

Our Best Eights and Twelves Outrivaled

LET us impress you that the Super-Six invention is of cardinal importance.

A patented motor, exclusively Hudson, has broken all world's stock-car records in official tests.

It yields 76 horsepower—which is 80 per cent. more than our best like-size motors before it.

And its utter smoothness offers similar advantage in other prized respects.

This amazing efficiency makes Hudson cars supreme. It creates new criterions. All our finest productions in Sixes, Eights and Twelves have been discarded for this wondrous Super-Six.

DOUBLED ENDURANCE

We have added no size to our motor, no cylinders. It is still a light, simple Six.

But this size heretofore, in our best designs, yielded only 42 horsepower. In the Super-Six—a basic invention—the same size delivers 76 horsepower.

All that addition—that 80 per cent.—comes through greater smoothness. It is power that formerly was wasted in vibration within the motor. So it means immense economy, in fuel, engine wear and tires.

It means, we believe, almost doubled endurance. It certainly means a much longer-lived car. For all our grueling tests, on roads and on speedways, have not revealed the slightest wear on any engine part.

Multiplied Delights

That vast reserve power gives this light car boundless possibilities. The most difficult feats are performed without effort. Hardly any situation calls for changing of gears. One can run on high gear at a snail's pace, and pick up instantly. No other car has ever shown such quick acceleration. For the power, remember, is increased 80 per cent. without any added size.

And all these results come through ending vibration. The smoothness that results will surprise you. To the man who drives, the feel of the car is exhilarating. To the one who rides, the bird-like motion is delightful. Never have you known the luxury of such quiet-flowing power.

MAKES HUDSON SUPREME

This Hudson invention makes the Super-Six unquestionably supreme. All the past great motor types have been common property. This, the greatest of all—an almost twice-better motor—is found in Hudsons only.

That means that fine-car buyers will demand the Hudson. Nowhere else, at any price, can a car be found to compare in performance. And the new Hudson bodies, built regardless of cost, fully match this superlative motor.

The Super-Six economy will appeal to thousands of others—its saving of waste and wear. Few cars, in the long run, cost so little as this luxurious Hudson.

Your local Hudson dealer invites you for a ride. No matter what car you own or favor, or whether you want a new car or not. We want you to know what it means to ride in a car without vibration. And the meaning of 80 per cent. more efficiency. Go ride in the car for your own delight. Then help us spread the facts.

7-Passenger Phaeton, $1375 at Detroit. Five Other Styles of Bodies.

World's Records Broken
All Records up to 100 Miles

Made at Sheepshead Bay under supervision of American Automobile Association, with a 7-passenger stock-car Super-Six. Breaking all stock-car records for any size, or any price, or any number of cylinders.

100 miles in 80 min., 21.4 sec., averaging ***74.67 miles per hour,*** with driver and passenger.

Previous best stock-car record was made with a multi-cylinder car carrying driver only.

75.69 miles in one hour with driver and passenger.

Two laps made at 76.75 miles per hour.

Standing start to 50 miles per hour in 16.2 sec. A new record in quick acceleration.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Beware of Germs

Act *before* they breed disease in your home. That is "Safety First" at its best. A little Lysol will protect you from big trouble. It has been used in hospitals everywhere for over 20 years.

Lysol

Antiseptic Disinfectant Germicide

For Personal Hygiene—for personal douche, for cuts, wounds and sores.

In Kitchens—Disinfects waste pipes, pails, woodwork, sinks, garbage cans. Drives away flies, roaches, water bugs.

Lysol is concentrated. It is used diluted with water. A bottle lasts a long time. Be sure you get Lysol itself.

Helpful Booklet, "Home Hygiene," Mailed FREE

Lehn & Fink

Manufacturing Chemists
85 William Street, New York
Canadian Offices: 1 and 3 St. Helen St., Montreal

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

$1 Down

A few cents a day will soon make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. Play while you pay. No special room is needed—can be mounted on dining or library table or has its own legs or folding stand. Put up or down in a minute. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard).

Prices of Tables $15 up

Cues, balls, etc., free.

Burrowes Tables are splendidly made and adapted to the most scientific play. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

FREE TRIAL

Write for catalog (illustrated), describing free trial offer, prices, terms, other features, etc.

The E. T. Burrowes Co.
816 Center Street, Portland, Me.

MUSIC BOOKS

Double Value—Size and Contents

Three books now ready
"SONGS THE WHOLE WORLD SINGS"
"GRAND OPERA AT HOME"
"PIANO PIECES THE WHOLE WORLD PLAYS"

See these three books at any up-to-date music or book store, or write for free illustrated catalogue to the publishers.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY 35 W. 32nd St. New York City

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 21)

and I guess he was. Anyhow, he was the Golden Bull of finance. I knew that.

"Gentlemen," I said; "my purpose in calling you together is to lay a few facts before you and advise with you about a future course of action. You are all more or less materially interested in the campaign I am making for the nomination of James Jason Rogers as a candidate for President of the United States, and all more or less financially interested. I have to report that the campaign is going forward vigorously and, I trust, successfully.

"I need but two hundred delegates and I have ample time for securing those almost a year. However, in order to make sure, I have decided to ask your coöperation. I shall be brief. My proposition is simple and explicit:

"You are well aware of the financial and economic situation in this country. Owing to the revision of the tariff by the opposition, business has become stagnant—whether legitimately or not is not for me to say; but the economic situation is bad. Times are hard. Now all this operates for our advantage. I have constantly kept hammering at the public that the return of our party to power means the return of good times, high wages and prosperity. Still, the lesson has not yet been severe enough. The fact must be borne down to them brutally. They must be clubbed into our way of thinking."

"Get ahead! Get ahead!" growled Broad. "What do you want us to do?"

I looked at him, leaning forward in his chair, with his big fists clenched and smashed down on his knees. If he wasn't a superman there never was one.

"I want you to make times harder."

The men present looked at me as though I was a maniac.

"Harder!" roared Broad. "Harder! How harder? Ain't they hard enough now?"

"They are not," I said firmly. "The people have had a lesson, but not a course. They must literally be beaten into demanding that their delegates support Rogers."

"But what can we do?" asked Roach.

"What can you do?" I repeated. "Why, you can do everything needful. You men represent the bulk of the banking capital of this country. In that way you control the small bankers. Similarly, either directly or indirectly through your other banking connections you control the business men, the manufacturers, the employers of labor. What is easier than for you to make times worse than they are by a system of shutting off credits, closing down on clients, calling loans—or any of the hundred other systems you have for causing a contraction in the volume of trade and manufacture and business?

"What is easier than, by your financial connections, to order mills shut down, wages reduced, pay rolls cut?

"You can do it in a week. You can start a period of depression that will be felt from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It won't cost you anything save the loss of a little interest or a few dividends, and it will bring you the reward of noninterference when we get our man in the White House and our men in control of Congress, which will enable you to get all those profits you know to be in the combinations you have in mind, and at the same time extend prosperity, expand business, increase trade, and earn for yourselves the applause of both the investing and the working public.

"It takes a drastic remedy to cure a vicious disease. If I can get this support from you men, if you will do this thing, I can guarantee that Rogers will be elected, and I can doubly guarantee that there will be no limit set in Washington on any operations you may undertake. What do you say?"

As I sat down the room buzzed like a battery of dynamos.

My proposition had taken them off their feet. They talked excitedly, and I smoked a cigar and watched them. Broad moved about the room, growling into the ear of one and another. Finally, after about an hour of conversation, he came out in front and said:

"All right, senator; all right! It's a severe remedy, but we can stand it and we'll do it. Excuse us now while we talk over the details. And sell a few stocks short to-morrow if you need any pocket money."

I went back to Washington. Within a fortnight the thing began to work. The newspapers had dispatches about factories closing down or preparing to; about failures caused by the calling of loans; about tightness of money; about the number and distress of the unemployed—all the doleful news of a hard-times period. There were runs on some of the banks. Stocks tumbled in Wall Street. We went to the verge of a panic. When things were at their lowest ebb I sent for Pliny Peters and Limpton.

"Limpton," I said, "turn every man loose you can get to writing dispatches saying this business condition is caused by the revision of the tariff by the opposition; that all this distress is directly attributable to them. Call attention to the good times that prevailed when we were in power and prophesy — prophesy — prophesy — claim — claim—claim that the only way to bring the country back to good times and prosperity is to nominate James Jason Rogers and elect him! Shoot this stuff out by wire to all our papers and to every other paper prepaid. Load every Washington correspondent down with it. Get it on the billboards and in the advertising sections of the magazines. Spatter the United States with it. Hurry, now! And don't you care whether it costs ten thousand dollars or fifty. Do it!"

Limpton jumped away.

"Pliny," I said, "you are a versatile person." He rolled his eyes at me. "You have done many things, and I have a new thing for you to do."

"What is it?" asked Pliny unemotionally.

I took a big roll of money out of my desk and gave it to him.

"Get out," I said, "and establish soup kitchens for the unemployed. Go to Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Chicago—anywhere—everywhere—and round up our fellows. Give them money and tell them to open soup kitchens. No matter whether they need them or not. Open them. Get a string of soup kitchens from Maine to California. If you want more money wire for it.

"Soup—soup—all the way across the continent. Make them take it. Force relief on them. Go to it now and drown the toiling masses in soup."

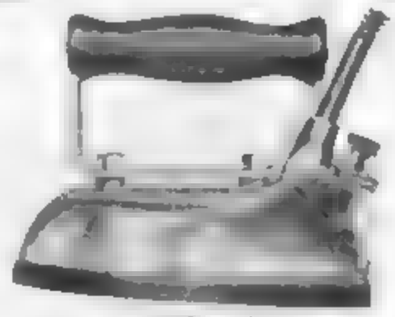
XIV

THE amount of publicity we acquired from that scheme was amazing. Even the opposition papers printed some of our dispatches, and the papers we controlled made sensations out of them. Pliny's trail across the country was marked by articles in the local newspapers telling how "noble-hearted philanthropists, who desired no publicity," had contributed liberally for the opening of numerous places where every deserving and unemployed man, woman and child would be fed. They turned the sob squads of reporters loose on the affecting scenes witnessed when John Pulaski staggered up to get a bowl of soup, carrying three ragged children in his arms, and followed by his emaciated wife, who toted another, and so on. Always Pliny gave the enterprise a local character. Each city proudly proclaimed it could take care of its own, as each city always does in cases of that kind; but Pliny provided most of the funds and created the atmosphere. It cost me fifty thousand dollars, and more; but it was worth it.

We had James Jason Rogers planted for a great speech just at the crisis. My friends in New York organized a Prosperity League, aided by my staff of press agents; and we had a meeting in Madison Square Garden, with James Jason Rogers as the principal speaker. Some of the other candidates tried to get in. We shunted them aside politely but conclusively. Rogers analyzed the tariff revision, showed what it had done to the country, proclaimed the doctrine that prosperity would return only with the restoration to power of the great party wherein he was a humble private in the ranks, and was duly pathetic about the unemployed, not forgetting the soup-kitchen end of it, which he used to point his moral and adorn his tears.

The Prosperity League idea was so good we organized them all over the country, and had ardent protagonists parading the streets, stuck all over with Rogers buttons, on which the calm features of James Jason were encircled by the legend, Rogers and

Only Gold Medal
Panama-Pacific Exposition



ABESTO
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC IRON

Can't set things afire. Yet it is always hot enough to iron with.

Just set the thumbscrew for the heat you need to iron with and Abesto delivers exactly that heat—no matter how heavy or light your ironing.

An investigator for the National Board of Fire Underwriters let this iron run night and day for five weeks on a soft pine board covered with cotton and muslin. Any ordinary electric iron would have set the cloth and wood afire in a few minutes.

Automatic control saves enough electricity to pay for the iron in two years of ordinary use. And the efficient, everlasting Vea Heating Element, heart of the iron, enables us to place upon Abesto an *everlasting guarantee.*

Get the safe, durable, economical Abesto $5

This trade-mark is an everlasting guarantee

VEA NO BURN-OUT VEA HEATING ELEMENT

Dover Manufacturing Co.
Canal Dover, Ohio

Free Waxer and Cleaner Coupon

To every woman who mails this coupon we will send, prepaid, an indispensable ironing appliance, and our interesting free book "The Obedient Iron."

Dealer's Name _____
Address _____
Your Name _____
Address _____

Music Lessons Sent Free

You, too, can now quickly satisfy your musical ambitions—learn to play your favorite instrument [illegible] endorsed by Paderewski and other great authorities.

Any Instrument

Write today [illegible] and prepaid, of any of the following [illegible] Lessons in PIANO (students' or teacher's course), [illegible] Wm. H. Sherwood, HARMONY by Dr. Protheroe and Rosenbecker, PIPE ORGAN by Clarence Eddy, VIOLIN, CORNET, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO, REED ORGAN, PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC, by eminent teachers.

This offer is absolutely Free—we do not ask you to pay one cent for the six lessons, either now or later. We want [illegible] are paying [illegible] today. A few Special Instructorships [illegible] being awarded by our Faculty. Full particulars sent free along with the free lessons. Write today. Send no money.

SIEGEL-MYERS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF MUSIC
CLARENCE EDDY, Dean
1326 Siegel-Myers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

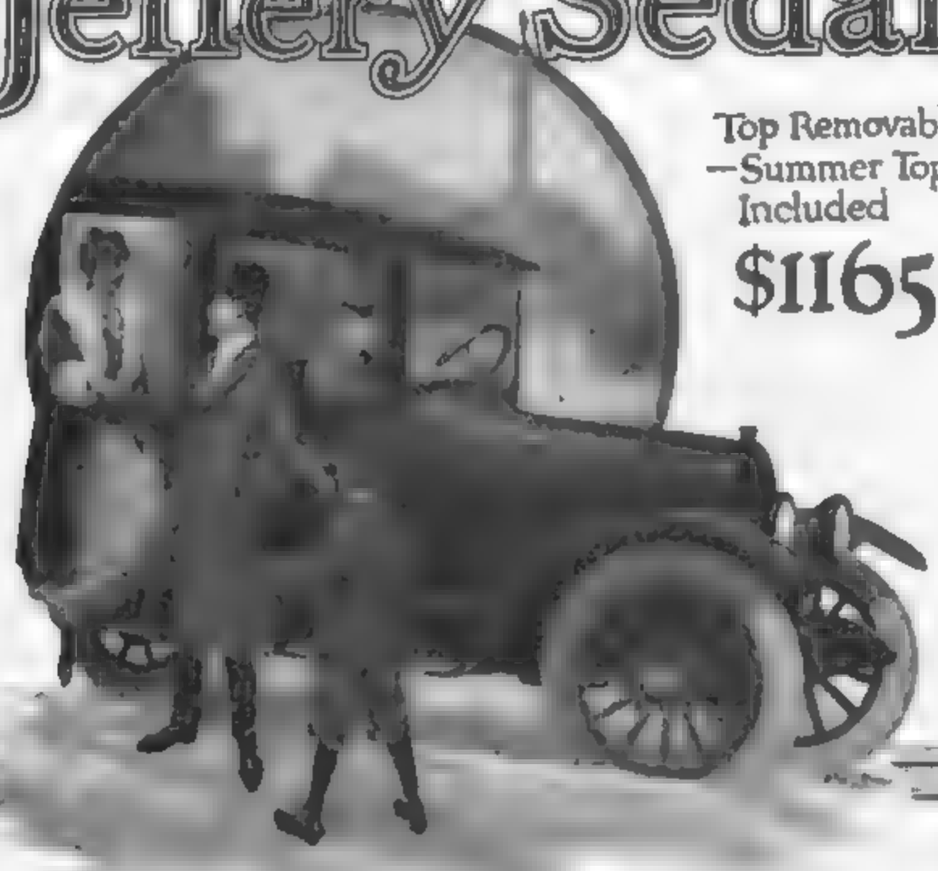
Will You Take Orders?

Your spare time is worth big money demonstrating the 1917 Model, Steel, 18-in-1 Automatic Handi-Tool. Equals separate tools costing $[illegible] and pulling jack, fence building tool, [illegible] and post puller, bale cross, [illegible] Chas. E. Brastad Co. 346-8 Industrial Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

The Jeffery Sedan

Top Removable —Summer Top Included

$1165



The Jeffery Sedan is a custom-made coach in every sense of the word. Each top is tailored individually in the Jeffery plant for the particular body it adorns—eliminating all unsightly bolts, flaps and buttons, and absolutely safeguarding against squeaking and rattling; offering for the first time all the quality, beauty and comfort usually associated with enclosed cars costing $2000 to $5000—at a price but little more than $1000. Thousands of people who never before considered a closed car are buying the Jeffery Sedan for year-round use. The change from Sedan to Touring Car can be made easily and quickly. There is already a shortage—orders must be placed immediately to insure early delivery.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company

CONGRESS BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

50¢ GOLD EDGES

25¢ CLUB INDEXES

For Social Play

Congress Cards are the acme of luxury. They are beautiful, artistic, with handsome backs richly embellished in colors. The edges are gold. The air-cushion finish insures accuracy and speed in dealing. You could not invest half a dollar to better advantage.

Air-Cushion Finish
Club Indexes

Hoyle Up-to-Date,

the Official Rules of Card Games, twentieth annual volume now ready. We will send it postpaid to your address for 15c in stamps. Write today

For General Play

Bicycle Cards are most appropriate. There is something friendly, familiar, intimate about them—a certain rugged honesty and fascinating personality that makes them fit companions for good company. Easy to shuffle and to deal. Only a quarter for the pack.

Ivory or
Air-Cushion Finish

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

Prosperity! I claim that the hypnotic influence of momentum is one of the most interesting studies for mankind. Buried in all of us is a vein of hysteria, and it only needs to be opened by a suggestion or a trend and away we go. There was no reason on earth—except an emotional reason—why a tenth of those men should be yelling their heads off for Rogers, save the reason that our claque began it. There was nothing in it for them; but they were so yelling, and that was the object of the whole campaign.

We swung confidently up to the convention. I had nearly enough votes wrapped up—ticketed and laid away. I knew where more were to be had. I took a trunkful of money out with me, established my headquarters, put Pliny in my private room, and we started in on the home stretch.

As I anticipated, there was opposition—contesting delegates, favorite sons, platform grafters, special interests—all sorts of troubles. However, I rounded up the National Committee, found that the temporary roll would be all right, instructed the boys not to be too brash when they threw out the contesting delegates, but to be nice and polite—nevertheless, to throw them out. I felt good, for I had gone into Cato Enders' own bailiwick and elected some delegates for Rogers. He could not vote his big bunch against me as a unit.

I hadn't been established an hour before a man named Granby, the manager for another favorite son, came in to see me.

"How's tricks?" he asked.

"Fine!"

"Pretty stiff claims them press boys of yours put out this mornin'."

"Oh, I don't know. I guess we can make them good."

"Can't do it, senator; you—can't—do—it! Why, aside from the delegates from our own state for Manley I have pos-i-tive assurances from three of them states you claim they will be for our man."

"Which three?"

"That's tellin'; but I've got 'em, sure enough! Thought I'd just drop in and pass the time of day, and warn you not to be too blamed cocksure."

I looked as squarely as I could into his shifty eyes.

"Granby," I said, "you know you are lying. What do you want?"

"Say, senator, that's pretty blunt, ain't it? How do you know I want anythin'?"

"Oh, quit!" I snapped. "Come down to cases now. What do you want?"

"Well, seein' as you are so set on knowin', I was thinkin' we'd withdraw in your favor when the time comes if you will make Manley Secretary of State."

"What?"

"Yes, sir—Secretary of State, and not a blamed thing else."

I laughed.

"Why not ask us to withdraw in your favor?"

"Oh, come now, senator, be reasonable. We've got twenty-two votes sure and more promised. You can't get them unless I say so. Manley deserves some consideration. He's a big man, senator, and a party leader. I've got these votes sewed up for him, and you know it. No person can deliver them but me; and you know that, too, for you tried hard enough to get them. I savvy what Talbot was out there for—you kin bet on that!"

"Granby," I said, "I won't make Manley Secretary of State or secretary of anything else. He deserves no consideration from me."

Granby gave an excellent imitation of keen disappointment.

"Oh, well," he said, "if you feel that way about it we'll stick to the end and prob'ly do a few things to you next fall—if you kin get Rogers over, which I ain't so derned sure about."

"No, I won't make Manley Secretary of State; but I'll tell you what I will do, Granby."

He jumped up eagerly.

"What?" he asked. "What?"

"I'll make you collector of internal revenue for your district, and that's the best Federal job in your state."

"Will you?" he asked. "Sure pop? Make me collector of revenue for our state! If you will them twenty-two votes is yours."

"You deliver them and you'll get the job if we win."

"All right, senator; all right! You'll have them on the first roll call. Good-by, senator. Good-by! Manley will be some disappointed, but politics is politics."

It is, I thought, and then some.

My scouts made a report to me that night at ten o'clock. This was the situation: I had control of the National Committee by a safe margin of seven votes. My committeemen were convinced we would win, and for that reason—which, when translated to its lowest terms, means self-interest—would stand by and do as they were told. I claimed enough votes on the first ballot to nominate Rogers. In reality I needed about seventy more to give me the nomination and wanted a hundred to make sure. There were four open candidates against me. These had a total of about sixty per cent of the votes I did not have, while the remaining forty per cent was from uninstructed states, handled by men who were ready and anxious to dicker and who wanted to dispose of their holdings to the best advantage to themselves and their state organizations.

There were contesting delegations from every Southern State, set up against mine by managers of other candidates, claiming they were the only Simon-pure, lily-white delegates, and that my delegations were secured by force and fraud. The temporary roll of the convention is made up by the National Committee, which hears the contests and decides them. The man who controls the temporary roll controls the temporary organization of the convention, and the temporary organization fixes it, if skillfully handled, so that the permanent roll and the permanent organization is according to schedule. Mastery of the temporary organization means that the first convention battle is won, and won decisively.

There was a platform row. A certain group of insurgent politicians were demanding a semiradical platform, while it was my plan, purpose and necessity, because of the influences and interests back of my candidate, to have the platform as conservative as Beacon Street. No newfangled stuff for me! I intended to stick to the time-tried principles of the party and not complicate the situation or compromise my backers by injecting any reform palaver whatsoever. We didn't want reform. We wanted results. I had brought a platform with me, carefully prepared to meet all contingencies as I viewed them.

I would see to it that the Platform Committee was safely conservative, and would allow a few insurgents to go on it and give them an opportunity to get rid of their radicalism behind the closed doors of the room where the Committee on Resolutions met. My platform was elastic enough to be stretched at the joints so any planks that were harmless could be inserted, thus satisfying all comers save the radicals. The committee would patiently hear the radicals, vote them down, and report my platform in its essentials to the convention, where it would be adopted with loud cheers, while the Resolutions Committee would sit round complacent in the smugness of high duty patriotically performed.

There were many other minor complications, but these were the main ones. Hence my job was to corral the delegates I needed, hold the National Committee steady on the contests, and get my platform adopted. We were early on the ground. There were few signs of the noisy, bebadged, excited crowds that would be stepping on one another's feet in the hotel lobbies in ten days or so and patronizing the bars so avidly that the signs "No Mixed Drinks Sold" would go up about the Sunday before the convention opened.

I put Pliny on guard at the hall where the National Committee was hearing the contests. I had all my Southern delegates quartered about the city, each with a spokesman. They were Federal office-holders largely, who were white, and professional negro politicians. Most of the contestants were negroes. The National Committee began with Alabama and ran down the list of states alphabetically. It was beautiful the way those friends of mine performed—perfect; and everything was so regular and in accord with the rules and regulations that he was a most captious critic who found reason for complaint.

The machine worked without a jar. The committeemen sat round the room. A section of delegates—my delegates—holding the regular credentials, were called, and the men who were opposing them for their places. Two hours, three hours—whatever time seemed just—was allotted for a hearing. Impassioned white orators and perfervid negro orators roared and ranted, defending the honesty and purity of the election of my delegates or assailing my

men as foisted on an outraged constituency by every known fraud and device to debauch the suffrages of the patriots who wanted to share in the spoils themselves.

The committeemen listened patiently. Pliny told me they showed great concern over the necessity of making up a roll that should be absolutely untainted, and asked many questions. They went into the merits of each case thoroughly. They had their duty to perform. No question must be raised after the nomination over the legal status of my delegates, or any of them who participated in the selection of the candidate. To that end the committee was earnestly and sincerely seeking information.

Then, having sought earnestly and sincerely after information, having listened to the orators and examined witnesses and heard tales of outrages and all sorts of political machinations, some one of my tried and true committeemen, or an even more tried and truer proxy therefor, would move to exclude the delegates from the room.

"Mr. Chairman, having heard the evidence in this contest, I move that the regular delegates be seated."

"Vote! Vote!"

They would solemnly vote. My majority would vote Aye. Crash! Out would go the contestants; and the chairman, ordering the secretary to note the result, would say "Call the next contest." As an example of coördinated, collective, complacent efficiency, I am of the opinion that a properly selected and capably instructed National Committee is supreme. They know their orders and, knowing, dare fulfill.

As soon as I was satisfied that the seating of my Southern delegates would be accomplished I began to look about for my missing votes. I was claiming everything. My press bureau put out hourly bulletins telling of our certain victory, each one containing figures carefully prepared to back up our claims. I saw the newspaper boys three times a day and at each meeting I assured them there was nothing to it but Rogers.

The marching clubs began to come in on the Saturday before the convention opened. I had financed most of those expeditions. The bands began to blare. The hotel lobbies were filled with men crazy-quilted with badges. Impassioned orators rose on chairs in the gathering places and advocated their favorite candidates. I had plenty of impassioned orators for Rogers and they worked unceasingly. We hired every band we could. We paraded our heelers up and down the streets. We hung out banners and covered the billboards with Rogers and Prosperity! The bulletins fell from our mimeographing machines in countless numbers, and each bulletin claimed—claimed—claimed!

That was the psychology of it. I wanted the crowd; and it is easy enough to get a crowd if you do the obvious thing. There is no subtlety about a crowd—especially a crowd at a convention. You must operate on such an aggregation of intellects with an ax. There can be no finessing, no craft. The crowd will not accept "We think," but the crowd will accept "We know"—if you pound the certainty of your knowledge into them. It is only necessary to create an atmosphere of success. The crowd wants to be with the winner. It has no time or use for losers or for doubters.

I had more money than my opponents, more shouters, more bands, a better organization and a better case. I was sitting at the head of the table, and we clarioned Rogers and Prosperity! at all hours of the day and night until the crowd, first by degrees and then with a whoop, began to consider Rogers nominated, and immediately became, to a large extent, Original Rogers men.

Meantime, while all this hullabaloo and ballyhoo and rough-and-tumble psychology was being practiced downstairs in the lobbies, I was up in my room, desperately working for the delegates I needed. I had to have them. I was prepared to resort to anything, from kidnaping to diplomacy. I could hear the roar and rumble of Rogers and Prosperity! as my doors opened to let in state leaders, committeemen, prominent citizens, politicians of all grades, each one desirous of discovering what there was in it for him.

I got my needed delegates. Detail is superfluous. To get them I pledged Rogers to the appointment of every Cabinet member he had to appoint except the Secretary of the Treasury and the Attorney-General. I hung to those myself, for I knew I should need them if we won. I promised four ambassadorships. I O. K.'d slates for Federal offices in uninstructed states. I made a bargain that tied me down to seeing to it that the Committee on Privileges and Elections in the Senate would not unseat a certain person who desired a seat therein. He could get it from the legislature he controlled, but was not so sure the Senate would admit him, because of a few flaws or fissures in his character.

I handed out money in wads. All comers got something. I had no time to assay motives or consider values. I paid everybody, for fear I should unwittingly refuse somebody who might be of use to me. I sat in that room eighteen hours a day, receiving reports from scouts, seeing colleagues, bluffing the opposition, plotting, contriving and spending—spending—spending! As soon as I got a man I needed I put a watch over him to make sure he would remain on my side.

The newspapers screamed my claims; the bands marched and countermarched; the crowds in the lobbies sweated and struggled for buttons and badges and admission tickets; the bars became infernos of driveling discussion; the typewriters clicked unceasingly; boys rushed in with telegrams and rushed out with answers; reporters made flying wedges to investigate every rumor; and I discovered that one of my principal difficulties was to supply enough tokens for the sturdy breasts of my fellow citizens in order that they might varicolor themselves to show their unswerving allegiance to our cause.

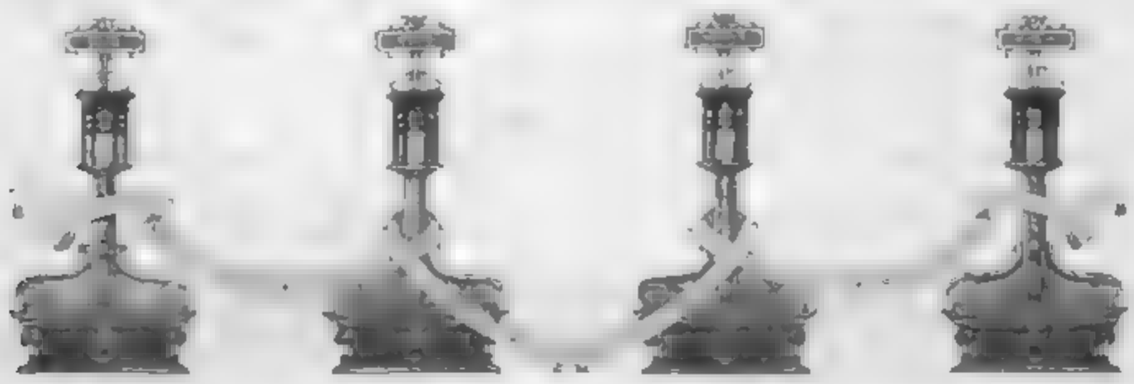
We are a democratic people and opposed to titles and all the piffle of rank and its outward and visible emblems; but there is no people in the world so keen to stick badges and buttons and signs and insignia on themselves as our people.

Every man tries to get some symbol on himself that will distinguish him from his fellows.

On the night before the convention opened I had enough votes and I knew that when the swing began I could get many more. No person can see the band wagon coming so quickly as an uninstructed delegate to a national convention. I had bought everybody who could be bought, promised everything that could be promised, and I was done. I knew that those with whom I didn't deal and the favorite-son contingents would fall in line. There would be but one ballot, and Rogers would be nominated before we got to Pennsylvania on that. The favorite sons were expiring in their headquarters with loud groans, with many voices directed at me and many imprecations against my methods. They threatened to take matters to the floor of the convention.

That didn't worry me. I had a phalanx there who would have nominated Rogers if it had been proved on the floor that Rogers had murdered his mother. They were held together by the gigantic power of self-interest. If they performed as agreed there would be reward for them. I offered most and consequently they were mine to do with what I willed. If any other person could have offered more a lot of those patriotic gentlemen would have flopped like trained seals; but nobody could. I had raised the limit to the sky and I was master of the situation. However, I took no chances. I kept them all herded up.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Here's the art that warms the heart
With sentiments most tender.
I'm sure 'twill play a potent part
In favor of the sender."

Yes, it goes to their hearts.

People who eat this wholesome Campbell "kind" as a part of their regular diet are bound to be brighter and happier for it as well as stronger, because good spirits go naturally with good digestion and health. And these are always promoted by

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Besides the nourishing properties of a strong rich stock made from selected beef, this palatable soup contains such nutritious vegetables as white potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, small peas, tender corn, green okra and "baby" lima beans; to which are added "alphabet" macaroni, a snappy touch of red peppers and a delicious flavoring of parsley and celery.

No home kitchen could produce such a soup at anywhere near the price. Try it on your table today, and you'll never want to bother with home-made soup again.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

How You Can Use It

And now you can have the big, comfortable, beautiful family car—

The thirty-five horsepower Overland—

The economical means to a bigger, broader, healthier, happier, family life—

For $695.

And though the price has been reduced the car is improved.

It has the very latest en-bloc type motor with a smooth flow of abundant power and an exceptionally fast "pick-up."

Here is the car (with improvements) which has outsold, virtually two for one, any other car with a wheelbase of more than 100 inches.

Here is the value—now even greater—which has steadily dominated the automobile market for the last eight months.

35 horsepower en-bloc motor
106-inch wheelbase

Two-unit electric lighting and starting system
Electrical control buttons on steering column

How She C

Here is the car with unapproached magnitude- everyday service in the ha

Never before has th founded, so emphatic, so c verdict to tell him which c

Time after time upo production program we ha

The Willys-Overland

Can Use It

a performance record of —more than 60,000 in nds of owners.

e purchaser had so well onclusive a popular value- ar to buy.

n the completion of one ve enlarged our capacity, bought material for a bigger output and set a new and supreme standard of value.

And invariably there has followed a long period during which even the larger output has fallen thousands of cars short of satisfying the demand.

This time the value is greater by far than ever before.

We know that the price for this model will never be lower.

But we cannot guarantee that it will not be higher, for we are in the midst of a strong advance in the prices of materials.

Now is the time to order your car either for immediate or later delivery.

See the Overland dealer at once and make your arrangements now.

Company, Toledo, Ohio

Four-inch tires
Demountable rims; one extra

Soft divan upholstery
One-man top; top cover

How They Can Use It

HENDRIK HUDSON, friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, discovereth a new land for the Dutch India Company.

TWO great gifts sturdy old Hendrik Hudson gave to the Hollanders—New Amsterdam (now New York) and good Virginia tobacco. For it was Hudson who introduced tobacco into Holland, having learned the delights of this "golden herb" from great Raleigh himself.

And if Virginia tobacco was "golden" three hundred years ago, what must it be today with three centuries of cultivation to improve it?

If you would know, try some DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco. In spite of its reasonable price, it has a zest even the finest imported tobacco cannot better.

Virginia's best and most fragrant sun-ripened tobacco and our long experience go into DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco. The result is a blend that pre-eminently suits the particular American taste.

The strongest possible way we can show our faith in the unsurpassed quality of DUKE'S MIXTURE Granulated Tobacco is to absolutely guarantee that no better granulated tobacco is made.

Besides the regular packing DUKE'S MIXTURE is also packed in extra tin boxes, which are just the thing for desk or office use. We will send a box prepaid on receipt of 10c if your dealer cannot supply you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

SHALL WE GIVE UP THE SHIP?

(Continued from Page 8)

on the face of the situation that it is worth the while of the ordinary American to give the matter a little attention.

Mr. David Lubin, for many years the American member of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, has been for two or three years crying from the hilltops the fact that the American farmer is quite completely at the mercy of shipowning interests over which American law has no control. Mr. Lubin is primarily interested in agriculture, and is under a mandate to represent agricultural interests; but what he says with reference to rates on ocean-going freights is quite as true with reference to all other products as it is to those of farmers. A carload of freight shipped from a foreign country to Lincoln, Nebraska, let us say, or from Lincoln to a point beyond the seas, passes over transportation lines the rates on which are fixed by law or regulated by commission at every step except at sea. Why is it that freight rates on wheat from New York to Liverpool have been multiplied by ten since the war and have remained stationary between Lincoln and New York? Merely because in the one case the rates are controlled by law, and in the other they are not controlled by anything except competition, which has been very largely eliminated by combinations of shipping interests.

The ocean-going freight rate is the one big loose end in our national and international commerce. Mr. Lubin succeeded in getting through Congress, in the form of a joint resolution, a suggestion that the International Institute of Agriculture take up the matter of the regulation of ocean freight rates. Then came the war, and the end of such civilized things as those with which Mr. Lubin was working.

Now comes the Shipping Bill with a plan for doing, or attempting to do, by law in this country a part at least of what Mr. Lubin sought to have done through international action. The first section of the revised shipping bill will, if passed, establish and set up the United States Shipping Board, which will at once take rank with the Federal Reserve Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission in commercial and business importance. This is the Board which will be authorized to form a corporation with a capital stock not to exceed $50,000,000, which the Government of the United States may and probably will own, whose object shall be "the purchase, construction, equipment, maintenance and operation of marine vessels, to meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States with foreign countries and with Alaska, the Panama Canal Zone, Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, or the Islands of Porto Rico, Guam and Tutuila, and the chartering and leasing of vessels for that purpose."

The Proposed Shipping Board

One or two members of the Cabinet, probably the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of Commerce, will be exofficio members of this Shipping Board, which will be composed of five commissioners. It will have the authority to construct in American navy yards and ship yards as their capacity will permit, or elsewhere, vessels suitable for a merchant marine and adapted to the uses of naval auxiliaries and army transports, and may lease or sell such vessels to citizens of the United States for use in foreign commerce or in the trade with our overseas possessions.

The bill will authorize the President of the United States to charter, lease or sell ships belonging to the navy which are suitable for commercial uses and not required for use in time of peace, and transports belonging to the army which are similarly useless except in war, and the vessels now owned and operated by the Panama Railroad Company to citizens of the United States, including of course among such citizens the Government-owned corporation it is authorized to form, for use in foreign commerce or trade with our overseas possessions.

In all these cases it seems to be the idea that whenever the Shipping Board shall have once laid its hand on a vessel, and then parted with the control of it, such vessel shall forever after be subject to the demand of the United States upon it for use as a transport, naval auxiliary, cruiser, or any other naval or military purpose.

For the purpose of financing these operations the Shipping Board is to have the avails of the sale of $50,000,000 of Panama Canal bonds. These are bonds which were authorized for the building of the Panama Canal, but were never issued.

Now, it is quite obvious that $50,000,000 invested in vessels will not go very far in providing the United States with a merchant marine. Senator Gallinger, who has given a great deal of study to the question, states that it would take $600,000,000 to purchase the ships necessary to carry all our commerce—but, of course, nobody wants to do all that, even eventually. The British merchant marine consists of more than 4000 vessels, and probably nearly twice that. The largest shipping company of Japan owns about 300 vessels, while the largest one in Germany operated prior to the war nearly 500.

It was frequently said in former years that if foreign ships were once admitted to American registry our merchant marine would grow rapidly, but the Ship Registry Act, passed August 18, 1914, finally removed the barrier and admitted such ships to our foreign trade. There has been no indecent scramble for registration, however. At this writing there have been admitted under this act a hundred and seventy-one vessels, which average only just a little over three thousand tons burden. More than half of these came in within ninety days after the passage of the act, and of these more than half were the boats of the United Fruit Company, the Standard Oil tankers, and the fleet of the United States Steel Company, representing no increase whatever in business.

The British Board of Trade

If the entry of the Government into this field will, by the investment of $50,000,000, drive out or scare out such part of the $550,000,000 more which might legitimately be required to cover our share of the field, and if there is the least hope of such investment, then the legislation is as "vicious" as Senator Lodge says it is. But what hope is there that any private investment at all will be made in this field in time to meet the national needs? What reason is there to think that the United States Shipping Board would adopt a policy hostile to such investments any more than to suspect that the Federal Reserve Board will camp on the trail of financial institutions which are not members of its system?

More and more as the discussion proceeds will it revolve about the really new and big idea in the measure—the creation of the United States Shipping Board. It is proof of the fact that we as a people have not cared much about the merchant marine that we never have had a board of any sort to look after the interests of water-borne commerce. When America separated herself from England the British Board of Trade was already a body hoary with age and dignity.

The framers of the Constitution must have known all about it. If they had been frankly building a national government instead of effecting a somewhat closer federation of thirteen little nations, they would no doubt have given us an American form of the British Board of Trade. The body which is proposed in the Shipping Bill will be created "for the purpose of encouraging, developing and creating a naval auxiliary and merchant marine, to meet the requirements of the commerce of the United States with its territories and possessions, and with foreign countries." The British Board of Trade is endowed with much wider powers. It exercises nearly all the supervision of commerce and industry which exists in the United Kingdom. It has most of the functions which belong to our Departments of Commerce, Labor, and Interior, so far as these powers are exerted at all in Great Britain. It is also the British analogue of our Interstate Commerce Commission. It does many of the things performed by the Treasury Department with reference to clearance papers, coast-guard work, lighthouses, and the like.

The American Board provided for in the Shipping Bill will perform functions pretty closely related to those of the Marine Department only of the British Board of Trade. It will correspond to that department, however, only in the loosest sort of way. It will do many things which the

British Board of Trade does not do, and on the marine side it will be altogether a more powerful body. It will perform functions which in shipping circles it has long been thought ought to be assumed by some board of the sort.

It is not to be expected, however, that such a body will be created in anything like unanimity of opinion. It cuts too deep into great affairs for that. It will be this board which will be given power to buy, build, equip, maintain, lease, sell, charter and operate vessels for naval auxiliaries and also for actual commercial uses. It will be given power to form a Government-owned corporation for that purpose. It will have the authority to regulate the operation of all common carriers by water between interstate ports of the United States, and also between our ports and those of our territories and possessions.

And here we reach something new. This board will be given authority to regulate the operation of all American shipping firms engaged in traffic between the United States and foreign countries, and to determine and prescribe for them just and reasonable rates for transportation, not only between the interstate ports of the United States and between our ports and those of our territories and possessions, but between American ports and foreign ports. In other words, this bill will give to a United States Shipping Board power to control the single hitherto uncontrolled link in our transportation systems—namely, rates by water everywhere, so far as the link is formed by American ships.

Regulation of Ocean Rates

It may be safely assumed that the shipping interests of the world will not look upon this measure as entirely devoid of interest. It squints too plainly toward universal regulation of ocean freight rates. Under present conditions it is perfectly possible for the rate on grain, for instance, to be nothing at all one day—which means that the grain is accepted as ballast—and 25 cents a bushel the next.

The control, untrammeled by law, over freight rates on water-borne commerce is a tremendous power. In view of testimony which has been made public to the effect that ocean shipping is so completely monopolized by great combines which have divided the world among them, and even put in commission "fighting ships" to beat the heads off independent owners who have the temerity to cut rates, it must be considered as a power which is no longer regulated by competition so one can notice it, in spite of the popular superstition that the tramp steamer can keep ocean freights from monopolistic heights. It is also the only transportation power left unregulated by law. The Administration calmly proposes to begin the business of regulating it through the medium of a United States merchant marine controlled by the United States Shipping Board.

But this is not all. There is an innocent-looking clause in the bill which authorizes the Shipping Board to require all foreign vessels trading at our ports to take out licenses under the board. The power to license includes the power to regulate. No claim is made that under this clause rates for freight and passenger transportation in foreign vessels may be fixed at Washington; but it is suggested that such control over foreign shipping will bring our Shipping Board into close relations with similar bodies abroad, and may lead even to the steadying and stabilizing of rates. In other words, it may be the beginning of the subjection of such rates to the long arm and the strong arm of the law. What there may be in this deponent saith not.

But deponent hath no hesitancy in saying that experienced people will expect rather lively times in Washington, when not only the foreign capital engaged in carrying our foreign commerce, but the $100,000,000 or so of American capital invested in the same business, finds out what is going on, and stands by to repel boarders.

So new and far-reaching a provision as this must be debated, and is sure to be debated with some heat and perhaps a little light. The purposes for which the board is to be established, however, are evidently meant to be constructive. We have learned from Germany that intimate relations between railways and ships and between railway rates and marine rates are mighty helpful in building up a foreign commerce. The German government-owned railroads will make whatever rate is necessary to get the product of a given factory aboard a German ship with prospects of profits. They will make special rates and give special service to put consignments of freight on the dock at the particular point of time which is necessary to the meeting of the sailings of ships. If an American railway company did any of these things for an American line it would be a criminal under the Interstate Commerce Law.

But the Shipping Bill will seek to cure all this—if it passes. Foreign commerce in American bottoms is to be given preferential rates on railroads and preferential service to meet specific sailings, and joint rates by rail and sea, and through bills of lading, and generally all sorts of conveniences, including the making of these joint rates without the delays incident to publication; and the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission over the railroads on such business will be transferred to the new Shipping Board. Such discriminations in favor of American ships, it is argued, violate no treaties and do no injury to domestic trade, but may help materially both in building up foreign trade and in fostering the growth of a merchant marine.

The Administration does not for a moment admit that the Government's entry into the shipping field will be a bad thing for individual enterprise. It expects to benefit it. For instance, it expects to devise ships of a better type for naval auxiliaries and for trade than are now in existence. It looks upon the oil-burning internal-combustion engine as the thing which may make junk of steam vessels. There seems to be some business foundation for this expectation. In a recent scientific magazine it is announced that the Finland and the Kroonland are to be converted into oil-propelled ships, for the reason that oil is cheaper than coal, and that on each trip each of these vessels expects to save $9000 in fuel and $3500 in wages, while the coal-bunker space freed for the reception of cargo will enable the ship to make a net earning of $37,500 a voyage more than it could under old conditions. Experienced skippers tell me that they believe the age of the gigantic motorboat is upon us. We had a great merchant marine when at Bath and Baltimore we could build better ships than anyone else and could use in them the cheapest timber in the world. We lost out when the age of steel ships came in. Can we come back with the incoming of the Age of Oil? The supporters of the Shipping Bill think we can. They urge that we have the cheapest oil in the world, and that as a result of the saving of space and wages to be made with the new type of ship the bugbear of high American wages will pass.

For Better or Worse?

All things considered, do you think it would be a ruinous thing or a good thing for the Government to build these vessels which the navy must have? If, as is quite possible, you are opposed to Government construction, any views you may have as to how else we can get them will be appreciated. Assuming that the Government builds these vessels, are you in favor of having them used in transporting our products and passengers, or do you prefer to have them laid up in harbor until war breaks out? If so, how do you propose to preserve them from rust, rot and deterioration and provide them with trained crews on the breaking out of war? Are you in favor of the regulation by the Government of marine rates charged by American ships between the states and between the United States and our overseas possessions? Do you think such regulating would keep capital out of the business? Do you see any prospect of capital going into it anyhow? How do you feel about a great United States Shipping Board to deal with these questions?

I think it was Senator Lodge who made the statement in the last Congress that we had never had an election on this question, and in the absence of this the Administration has no mandate authorizing it to enact any such epoch-making measure. Since that time there has been an election, and the Administration still has a majority in both houses of Congress. Whether this constitutes a mandate on the Shipping Bill or not may be doubted. Anyway, you may be sure that your well-thought-out suggestions on this bill will be eagerly read by your representatives in Washington, and may possibly find their way into the Congressional Record.

It's as easy to tour as to scan the map—to be as comfortable and secure on the road as at home.

Miles shrivel to insignificance and distance is mastered by your gentle control.

National
"Highway"
Six and Twelve Cylinder Cars

The nearest approach to motor-magic are these "Highway" cars, so named because of their great touring radius.

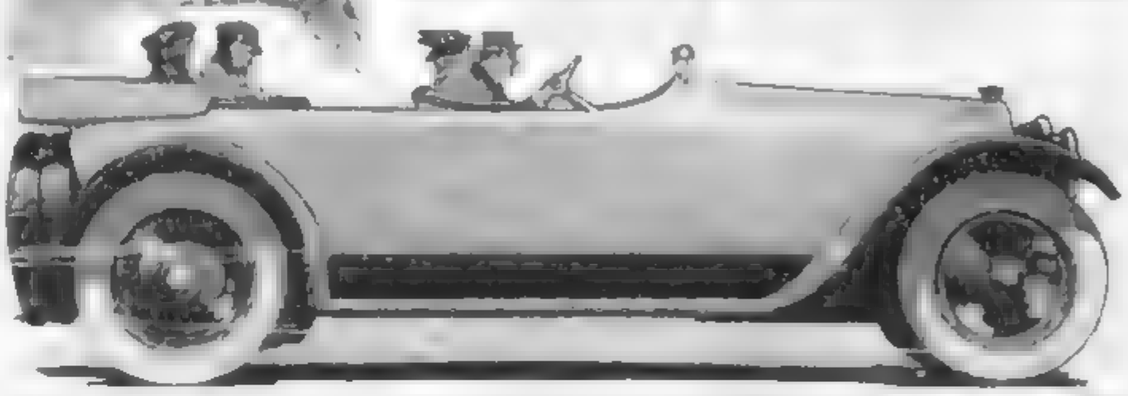
To the exceptional power of these engineering achievements, to their giant-like stamina is added an opulence of refinement and comfort. Their distinctive appearance has made them style leaders.

To build this ability into your *National* is possible only because of fifteen years' continued success; possible because of *National's* policy to build for perfection and not for numbers or price.

Only a ride can convey to your mind how far superior these new craft actually are. Don't deprive yourself of the best when *National* prices are so modest.

"Highway" Six $1690 "Highway" Twelve $1990 "Newport" Six $2375

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana



Home Builders, STOP!
Let this Sensational Book Lift the Blindfold from Your Eyes

You don't have to pay two prices for building materials or pay three times for slow and wasteful handling. You don't have to build a *commonplace looking* Home or buy the *common run* of lumber. You don't have to wait *months and months* for your home to be finished or even wait till you have *the full cash in hand.*

Remove the Blindfold! Open your eyes. See how *wonderfully* easy it now is to have a home built. This new book points the way—even plainer than last year's Sterling Book did—for 6000 wide-awake Builders.

We are offering *better plans, greater variety, lower prices,* and *more liberal credit than ever before!* We are offering Double Strength Construction with 110 exclusive construction features. We are offering the *same sound, seasoned, selected lumber,* direct from our own forests. We are offering—but

Get the Book!

Don't do yourself or us the injustice of ... ing ... 1916 Proposition ... ment! Were we to use ... page in this publication we could not find space for *one-fifth* of the beautiful homes, plans, interiors and practical facts that are fully illustrated and explained in—"The Famous Fifty and Other Favorite Homes."

And, besides the Book, we have thousands of letters to show you from last season's customers—letters which say ... buyer got and what each saved! (The average saving is enormous.) No matter whether you are ... Our price, $856.05 ... Payment down and $17.65 per month

Saved $700

... of Pennsylvania writes ... nearly $2000 but I bought the materials here." (Names and addresses on request.) We have over 5000 letters like these

a renter or an owner — no matter whether ... prices or propositions have been put up to you—no matter *what* may be the situation. If you are a cautious buyer you will close no deal until you have studied this big, ... ful model color Book from ... 229 absorbing pages. Write for it. Send today. A postal or letter brings it *free*—by return mail

International Mill & Timber Co.
Dept. N-20 48 Sterling Place Bay City, Mich.

Sterling System of HOME BUILDING

Encyclopaedia

Do you want to get ahead?

Have you an ambition?

Are you really in earnest about it?

If you say to yourself "I should like more money to spend and less work to do" and call *that* ambition, you don't mean what we do by being ambitious.

Have you planned how you're to get ahead?

Are you working on your plans and ambitions?

If you *do* think and plan, you've got this far:

You've decided that the principal thing you need to get ahead is not brute strength or bigger muscles but a better trained mind and more "know how."

You cannot become a good porter, handling boxes of specie in a bank, or loading freight in a railway yard, if your wrist-bones are small or your lungs none too strong.

But weak lungs and puny wrists won't prevent your becoming a bank president or a railway manager.

The help you need

What you need is something that other people have learned and something that you can learn from other people. You'll have to *work* to get it, but not anywhere near so hard as if you were the first ambitious person in a bank or a railway or any other business. Those who "have been there before" started where you did, got where you want to get, and can share with you their laboriously learned "know how."

You can't expect to get much help from people in your office or bank, no matter how friendly they may be. You don't like to ask for help or hints or suggestions. And you soon learn that many who know the job best and can tell you right away whether you are right or wrong, *cannot explain why*, so that you never get the reason for what you're to do.

The New Encyclopaedia Britannica

contains careful summaries of what is known about electricity and its practical uses, about groceries, about banking, about railroads, about photography, about cotton and woolen goods, about engineering, about the manufacture of alkali or of coal-tar products, or any other business or manufacture—and in each instance the summary is written by one *who knows the subject* thoroughly at first hand and can convey knowledge to others. The Britannica is a work you can use for the narrowest, most technical part of the job you want to make good in.

And the Britannica will give another sort of help that you need constantly—*general information* on subjects connected with your work, written by men just as expert and accurate and trustworthy as those who write on your more particular specialty. In the railroad office the man who is successful is the one who knows a great deal about crops and ores and manufactures in the whole region that his railroad serves, and the latest decisions of the state public service commission.

Britannica

This encyclopaedia is the only general summary of all information that is written throughout by the highest authorities, practical experts on the subjects they describe, with the knack of telling simply and clearly what they know.

The new "*Handy Volume*" issue of the Encyclopaedia Britannica is the Britannica for the first time in a handy, compact form and at a price within the reach of every ambitious man or woman, boy or girl.

$1 down and $3 a month

for cloth binding; or $1 down and $3.50, $4 or $4.50 a month for leather binding, according to style.

We Guarantee that the "*Handy Volume*" issue is authorized by the publishers; that it is *complete* and identical in contents—text, maps, illustrations, everything—with the Cambridge set now selling for three times the price; that it is printed from new plates on the same quality of India paper, and manufactured by the same printers and binders; but that it is smaller and more convenient.

We Guarantee that you will be *perfectly satisfied* with the Encyclopaedia Britannica and with our "*Handy Volume*" issue; and *we will refund every cent* you pay out for it, *if* within three weeks you decide *for any reason* that the books are unsatisfactory and send them back to us. Use them as you like; we don't say you must return them in perfect condition.

You cannot afford to miss the chance to know more about this wonderful aid to getting ahead.

It will cost you a stamp and a minute's time to sign the coupon and mail it to us for more details.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Chicago Sole Distributors

To see sets or leave your order, go to any of the stores listed below:

NEW YORK
GIMBEL BROTHERS
Broadway and 33d St
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
153 Fifth Ave at 48th St
HENRY MALKAN
42 Broadway

WASHINGTON
S. KANN SONS & CO.

PHILADELPHIA
GIMBEL BROTHERS

NEWARK
HAHNE & CO

BALTIMORE
THE NORMAN REMINGTON CO
308 North Charles St
10 West Saratoga St

BOSTON
W. B. CLARKE CO.
26 Tremont St.

PITTSBURGH
JOSEPH HORNE CO.

BUFFALO
THE WM HENGERER CO

CHICAGO
THE FAIR

ST LOUIS
BIXTON & SKINNER PRINTING and STATIONERY CO
Fourth bet Olive and Locust

CLEVELAND
THE BURROWS BROS. CO

CINCINNATI
STEWART & KIDD CO.
121 East Fifth St.

OMAHA
J. L. BRANDEIS & SONS

ST. PAUL
ST. PAUL BOOK & STATIONERY CO
55 59 East 6th St.

LOUISVILLE
DEARING S, Inc
232-236 South 4th St.

INDIANAPOLIS
THE KAUTZ STATIONERY CO.
116 N. Pennsylvania St.

NEW ORLEANS
MAISON BLANCHE CO., LTD.

DALLAS
SEARS ROEBUCK AND CO. OF TEXAS
801 809 Arnold St.

MILWAUKEE
GIMBEL BROTHERS

SAN FRANCISCO
"THE WHITE HOUSE"

LOS ANGELES
A. HAMBURGER & SONS, INC.

SALT LAKE CITY
KEITH-O'BRIEN CO.
State St. and Broadway

DENVER
A. T. LEWIS & SON DRY GOODS CO.

KANSAS CITY
BRYANT & DOUGLAS BOOK AND STATIONERY CO
922 Grand Ave.

DETROIT
JOHN V. SHEEHAN & CO.
260-262 Woodward Ave

PORTLAND
THE J. K. GILL CO.

SEATTLE
LOWMAN & HANFORD CO.
616 620 First Ave.

You can see sets and leave your order in the business offices of these newspapers:

HARTFORD (CONN.) COURANT
MERIDEN (CONN.) RECORD
NEW LONDON (CONN.) DAY
MONROE (LA.) NEWS-STAR
ATTLEBORO (MASS.) SUN
FALL RIVER (MASS.) HERALD
UNION HILL (N. J.) HUDSON DISPATCH
AUBURN (N. Y.) CITIZEN
ROCKY MOUNT (N. C.) TELEGRAM
POTTSVILLE (PA.) REPUBLICAN
WARREN (PA.) EVENING TIMES
COMANCHE (TEX.) VANGUARD
HARRISONBURG (VA.) NEWS-RECORD
NASHUA (N. H.) TELEGRAPH
NEW BRUNSWICK (N. J.) HOME NEWS
STAUNTON (VA.) DAILY NEWS
BERKELEY (CAL.) DAILY GAZETTE
ELMIRA (N. Y.) STAR-GAZETTE
LOCKPORT (N. Y.) UNION SUN and JOURNAL
LONG ISLAND CITY (N. Y.) STAR
MT. VERNON (N. Y.) DAILY ARGUS
NIAGARA FALLS (N. Y.) GAZETTE
ENID (OKLA.) EAGLE
LYNN (MASS.) ITEM
MARQUETTE (MICH.) MINING JOURNAL
GREENSBORO (N. C.) NEWS

1/3 Regular Price

of the Cambridge University issue

$1 down $3 a month

for a few months

for cloth binding; or $1 down and $3.50, $4 or $4.50 a month for leather binding, according to style.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO. CHICAGO

Please send me

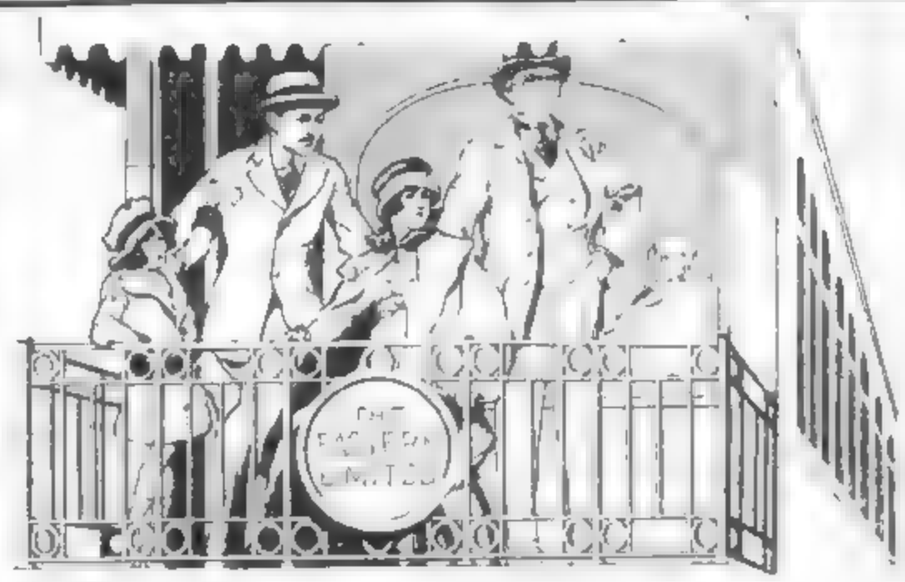
1. The free booklet with full information about the "HANDY VOLUME" issue of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, sample pages, bindings, prices, terms, etc. ☐

2. Order form, which I will sign on receipt. Reserve one set for me. $1 enclosed as first payment. ☐

Name _____

Address _____

3A



A Pleasant Memory

". . . . . And when you leave the Hotel Sherman, it will be with regret, tempered by fond anticipation of the happy day when you can return."—*Elbert Hubbard.*

Hotel Sherman
CHICAGO

Rooms with bath $2.00 upward.

The Ice Skating Exhibitions in the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, are responsible for the present revival of Ice Skating throughout America.

Randolph Street at Clark
The center of the city's life

Send for free color reproduction of the famous painting by Maxfield Parrish, "Sing a Song of Six Pence."

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

A Girl of the Golden West

Miss Helen Gubler's home is located amidst Indian reservations and desert sands in Utah. Not the most favorable spot in the world for soliciting subscriptions, and yet in two months Miss Gubler

Earned over $80.00

by looking after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

What was done by Miss Gubler can be greatly exceeded by any young woman or young man living in a more populous community.

Any one with some spare time on her or his hands can make a lot of money—thousands are doing it now. No experience is necessary and no expense is involved. Let us tell you about the plan.

BOX 255, AGENCY DIVISION
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

THERE can be no better value than these Goodyear Blue Streak bicycle tires.

Yet our price for the non-skid is $2.50 each—wherever you live—and you get Goodyear standard quality, in a guaranteed tire

Your dealer can easily get Blue Streaks if not now in stock

You can always tell a Goodyear by the beautiful white tread with the Blue Streak on each side.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Bicycle Tires

LEAVE IT TO JEEVES

(Continued from Page 15)

bound to say that nurse intimidated me. She reminded me so infernally of Aunt Agatha. She was the same gimlet-eyed type.

But one afternoon Corky called me on the phone.

"Bertie!"

"Hello!"

"Are you doing anything this afternoon?"

"Nothing special."

"You couldn't come down here, could you?"

"What's the trouble? Anything up?"

"I've finished the portrait."

"Good boy! Stout work!"

"Yes." His voice sounded rather doubtful. "The fact is, Bertie, I've been trying to give it the unbiased double-o, and it doesn't look quite right to me. There's something about it. . . . My uncle's coming in half an hour to inspect it and—I don't know why it is, but I kind of feel I'd like your moral support!"

I began to see that I was letting myself in for something. The sympathetic coöperation of Jeeves seemed to me to be indicated.

"You think he'll cut up rough?"

"He may."

I threw my mind back to the red-faced chappie I had met at the restaurant and tried to picture him cutting up rough. It was only too easy. I spoke to Corky firmly on the telephone.

"I'll come," I said.

"Good!"

"But only if I may bring Jeeves!"

"Why Jeeves? What's Jeeves got to do with it? Who wants Jeeves? Jeeves is the fool who suggested the scheme that has led ——"

"Listen, Corky, old top! If you think I am going to face that uncle of yours without Jeeves' support you're mistaken. I'd sooner go into a den of wild beasts and bite a lion on the back of the neck."

"Oh, all right!" said Corky.

Not cordially, but he said it; so I rang for Jeeves and explained the situation.

"Very good, sir," said Jeeves.

That's the sort of chap he is. You can't rattle him.

We found Corky near the door, looking at the picture, with one hand up in a defensive sort of way as if he thought it might swing on him.

"Stand right where you are, Bertie," he said without moving. "Now tell me honestly: how does it strike you?"

The light from the big window fell right on the picture. I took a good look at it. Then I shifted a bit nearer and took another look. Then I went back to where I had been at first, because it hadn't seemed quite so bad from there.

"Well?" said Corky anxiously.

I hesitated a bit.

"Of course, old man, I only saw the kid once, and then only for a moment; but—but it *was* an ugly sort of kid, wasn't it, if I remember rightly?"

"As ugly as that?"

I looked again, and honesty compelled me to be frank.

"I don't see how it could have been, old chap."

Poor old Corky ran his fingers through his hair in a temperamental sort of way. He groaned.

"You're quite right, Bertie. Something's gone wrong with the darned thing. My private impression is that, without knowing it, I've worked that stunt that Sargent and those fellows pull—painting the soul of the sitter. I've got through the mere outward appearance and have put the child's soul on canvas."

"But could a child of that age have a soul like that? I don't see how he could have managed it in the time. What do you think, Jeeves?"

"I doubt it, sir."

"It—it sort of leers at you, doesn't it!"

"You've noticed that too?" said Corky.

"I don't see how one could help noticing."

"All I tried to do was to give the little brute a cheerful expression. But, as it has worked out, he looks positively dissipated."

"Just what I was going to suggest, old man. He looks as if he were in the middle of a colossal bat and enjoying every minute of it. Don't you think so, Jeeves?"

"He has a decidedly inebriated air, sir."

Corky was starting to say something, when the door opened and the uncle came in.

For about three seconds all was joy, jollity and good will. The old boy shook hands with me, slapped Corky on the back, said that he didn't think he had ever seen such a fine day, and whacked his leg with his stick. Jeeves had projected himself into the background, and he didn't notice him.

"Well, Bruce, my boy, so the portrait is really finished, is it?—really finished? Well, bring it out. Let's have a look at it. This will be a wonderful surprise for your aunt. Where is it? Let's ——"

And then he got it—suddenly, when he wasn't set for the punch; and he rocked back on his heels.

"Oosh!" he exclaimed.

And for perhaps a minute there was one of the scaliest silences I've ever run up against.

"Is this a practical joke?" he said at last in a way that set about sixteen drafts cutting through the room at once.

I thought it was up to me to rally round old Corky.

"You want to stand a bit farther away from it," I said.

"You're perfectly right!" he snorted. "I do! I want to stand so far away from it that I can't see the thing with a telescope!" He turned on Corky like an untamed tiger of the jungle who has just located a chunk of meat. "And this—this—is what you have been wasting your time and my money on for all these years! A pãinter! I wouldn't let you paint a house of mine! I gave you this commission, thinking that you were a competent worker, and this—this—this extract from a comic colored supplement is the result."

He swung toward the door, lashing his tail and growling to himself.

"This ends it! If you wish to continue this foolery of pretending to be an artist because you want an excuse for idleness, please yourself. But let me tell you this: Unless you report at my office on Monday morning, prepared to abandon all this idiocy and start in at the bottom of the business to work your way up, as you should have done half a dozen years ago, not another cent—not another cent—not another —— Boosh!"

Then the door closed and he was no longer with us. And I crawled out of the bombproof shelter.

"Corky, old top!" I whispered faintly.

Corky was standing staring at the picture. His face was set. There was a hunted look in his eye.

"Well, that finishes it!" he muttered brokenly.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? What can I do? I can't stick on here if he cuts off supplies. You heard what he said. I shall have to go to the office on Monday!"

I couldn't think of a thing to say. I knew exactly how he felt about the office. I don't know when I've been so infernally uncomfortable. It was like hanging round trying to make conversation to a pal who's just been sentenced to twenty years in the coop.

And then a soothing voice broke the silence.

"If I might make a suggestion, sir!"

It was Jeeves. He had slid from the shadows and was gazing gravely at the picture. Upon my word, I can't give you a better idea of the shattering effect of Corky's Uncle Alexander when in action than by saying that he had absolutely made me forget for the moment that Jeeves was there.

"I wonder if I have ever happened to mention to you, sir, a Mr. Digby Thistleton, with whom I was once in service? Perhaps you have met him? He was a financier. He is now Lord Bridgnorth. It was a favorite saying of his that there is always a way. The first time I heard him use the expression was after the failure of a patent depilatory that he promoted."

"Jeeves," I said, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"I mentioned Mr. Thistleton, sir, because his was in some respects a parallel case to the present one. His depilatory failed, but he did not despair. He put it on the market again under the name of Tress-o, guaranteed to produce a full crop of hair in a few months. It was advertised, if you remember, sir, by a humorous picture of a billiard ball, before and after taking, and made such a substantial fortune that

Mr. Thistleton was shortly afterward elevated to the peerage for services to the Liberal party. It seems to me that if Mr. Corcoran looks into the matter he will find, like Mr. Thistleton, that there is always a way.

"Mr. Worple himself suggested the solution of the difficulty. In the heat of the moment he compared the portrait to an extract from a colored comic supplement. I consider the suggestion a very valuable one, sir. Mr. Corcoran's portrait may not have pleased Mr. Worple as a likeness of his only child, but I have no doubt that editors would gladly consider it as a foundation for a series of humorous drawings. If Mr. Corcoran will allow me to make the suggestion, his talent has always been for the humorous. There is something about this picture—something bold and vigorous—which arrests the attention. I feel sure it would be highly popular."

Corky was glaring at the picture and making a sort of dry, sucking noise with his mouth. He seemed completely overwrought. And then suddenly he began to laugh in a wild way.

"Corky, old man!" I said, massaging him tenderly.

I feared the poor blighter was hysterical. He began to stagger about all over the floor.

"He's right! The man's absolutely right! Jeeves, you're a life-saver! You've hit on the greatest idea of the age! Report at the office on Monday! Start at the bottom of the business! I'll buy the business if I feel like it. I know the man who runs the comic section of the Sunday Star. He'll eat this thing. He was telling me only the other day how hard it was to get a good new series. He'll give me anything I ask for a real winner like this. Do you know what Bud Fisher gets for Mutt and Jeff?

"Have you any idea how much Outcault made out of Buster Brown? I've got a gold mine. Where's my hat? I've got an income for life. Where's that damned hat? Lend me a five-spot, Bertie. I want to take a taxi down to Park Row!"

Jeeves smiled paternally. Or, rather, he had a kind of paternal muscular spasm about the mouth, which is the nearest he ever gets to smiling.

"If I might make the suggestion, Mr. Corcoran—for a title of the series you have in mind—The Adventures of Baby Blobbs."

Corky and I looked at the picture, then at each other, in an awed way. Jeeves was right. There could be no other title.

"Jeeves," I said—it was a few weeks later and I had just finished looking at the comic section of the Sunday Star—"I'm an optimist. I always have been. The older I get, the more I agree with Shakspere and those poet Johnnies about it always being darkest before the dawn, and there's a silver lining, and what you lose on the swings you make up on the roundabouts. Look at Mr. Corcoran, for instance. There was a fellow, one would have said, clear up to the eyebrows in the soup. To all appearances he had got it right in the neck. Yet look at him now! Have you seen these pictures?"

"I took the liberty of glancing at them before bringing them to you, sir. Extremely diverting."

"They have made a big hit, you know."

"I anticipated it, sir."

I leaned back against the pillows.

"You know, Jeeves, you're a genius! You ought to be drawing a commission on these things."

"I have nothing to complain of in that respect, sir. Mr. Corcoran has been most generous. I am putting out the brown suit, sir."

"No; I think I'll wear the blue with the faint red stripe."

"Not the blue with the faint red stripe, sir."

"But I rather fancy myself in it."

"Not the blue with the faint red stripe, sir."

"Oh, all right; have it your own way."

"Very good, sir. Thank you, sir."

Of course I know it's as bad as being henpecked; but then, Jeeves is always right. You've got to consider that—what?

BEHIND THE SMOKE OF BATTLE

(Continued from Page 13)

away from them, without a chance of interference from the gendarmes, anything they may happen to want; so that many a helpless band goes off empty-handed, stripped of everything except such money and small treasures as they may happen to have concealed about them.

And it was not to be expected that some of the Moslem populations—Turks, Kurds and Arabs—would long be content with the monotony of dispersal. They soon grew tired of it and resorted in many places to the old and established methods of wholesale butchery. From various points have come reports of massacres as deliberate and complete as those Abdul-Hamid organized and directed during the years from 1894 to 1897. Whole towns have been wiped out, and when I left Turkey there was a growing fear that the slower process would be abandoned for more expeditious measures throughout the empire.

I might say here that it is generally believed that the Sultan, Mohammed V, is as strongly opposed to this performance as he is capable of being opposed to anything. Abdul-Hamid's massacres were his own, devised and ordered by himself; but his successor, who was his prisoner for thirty years, has milder and less cowardly views of things. He is not much in the way of a statesman or man of affairs. How could he be? He was only two years younger than his brother; he never had any real expectation of coming to the throne; and he was confined to his palace and about half a mile of territory round it during the entire time that Abdul-Hamid reigned.

Surrounded by spies and never permitted to see anybody or to know anything of the country's affairs, his favorite pastimes were playing the piano and drinking himself into a state of placid indifference. He plays the piano yet—very well, they say—and he has no taste for blood. He likes neither the war nor the massacres, and has uttered his feeble protest against both. This was told me by a man who knows the Sultan well, speaks his language, and has talked with him freely many times.

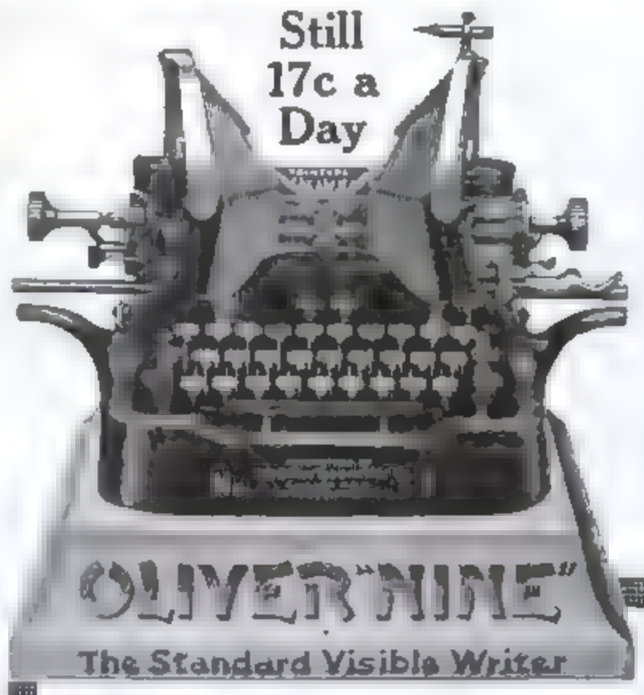
The Armenians are an industrious and prosperous element in the Ottoman population. They are the merchants, the bankers, the progressive students of modern life and methods, the teachers, the scientists. In humbler walks of life they are the capable and trusted servants, watchmen and guardians of property, while such advance in agriculture as has been made in Turkey is almost wholly due to their progressiveness and characteristic ambition. They accumulate wealth; and, though long familiarity with Turkish animosity has taught them the folly of ostentation, they house and clothe themselves in comfort and present an appearance of stable and admirable citizenship.

Being, as they undoubtedly are, the absolute sinew of the state, it is a natural question: Why is this thing being done to them? Nobody knows.

Ninety per cent of all the business in the big towns on the Black Sea, and, indeed, all through Asia Minor, has been in the hands of Armenians, and their banishment has paralyzed the industrial life of the country. Removals may be made swiftly enough, but orderly confiscation of property and reorganization are slower processes. And those who know say the Turk is absolutely incapable of taking the place in the business life of the country the Armenian has so long occupied, to the country's very marked advantage. The colossal stupidity of it is its most inexplicable feature.

The proclamation speaks of "places which have been prepared in the interior vilayets." No preparation of any kind was ever made, so far as I could learn. The points to which the exiles are sent are to the southward, in the Arabian Desert, along the middle reaches of the Euphrates and in Mesopotamia.

One terrible account came through about eight hundred women and children who were separated from their husbands and fathers, and, with only a few old men among them, were started on a forty-five days' march from their home town to Aleppo, one of the big concentration centers. There were women of culture and refinement among them, who were forced, as the hardier peasants were, to carry on their backs all the necessaries to sustain life on the journey. They were in charge of Turkish gendarmes, whose instructions with regard to them seemed to include nothing about protection. Children were born on



Earn Extra Cash as Local Agent

Apply today—acquire a brand new Oliver NINE and earn top pay for all or part time helping us supply the sweeping demand for this sensational typewriter. Exclusive territory open. 15,000 agencies already awarded to storekeepers, bankers, salesmen, office and professional men, etc.

Open to All

No experience necessary. We send the Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship FREE. Some [illegible] earning big [illegible]

Four of our [illegible] began like this. Inspiring book [illegible] details. Mail [illegible] today—now—[illegible] the agency where you can

The Success of a Century

Started 1896—Completed 1915—Test Ended 1916

The great Work-Test has just closed. Thousands of users employed this master machine to tabulate, bill and write all forms, from postage stamp size to widest insurance policies.

It was a monumental typewriter test, and lasted daily for a year.

The returns — now in — proclaim the Oliver NINE the greatest money-maker ever given to typewriter users. For agents, too, it has made money more quickly than any model before. That's because buyers can't resist it when they see a sample in action.

No Other Like This

Several great Oliver models were built before the NINE. One gave visible writing to the world. Seven brought epochal inventions. But each was only a step toward this lifetime finality.

Check Protector Feature

The *Selective Color Attachment* writes two colors at option; *and acts as a valuable check protector besides!* This feature alone does the work of an office appliance that would cost from $12 to $20 extra. But we give it FREE on the Oliver NINE. Do you wonder that scores of Oliver agents can scarcely keep up with the demand?

Speed Multiplied

The BI-MANUAL DUPLEX SHIFT enables the operator to attain *unheard-of speed*; and it makes touch-writing *100 per cent easier!*

The lightest touch known—the in-built all color line-ruler—the back spacer and 20 [illegible], manifolding features—all these are winning a host of users every month.

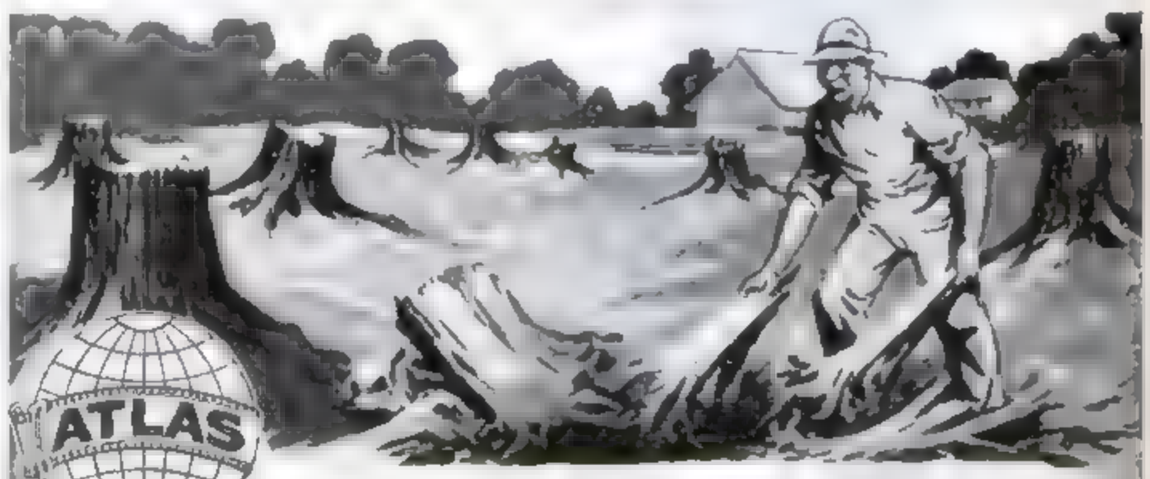
17 Cents A Day!

In spite of its added values we're selling this NINE at the old-time price, on popular monthly payments—*17 cents a day!*

Get full details before you risk your money on any other typewriter now out-of-date when com[illegible]

Mail This to Make Money

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., [illegible]
1217 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago
Send me [illegible] postpaid the book marked X below.
Opportunity Book and agency offer.
Oliver Book de luxe.
Name
Address



Break Stumps to Bits With Farm Powder

A *pulled* stump is hard to handle, and it takes up more room than it did before. *Blast* it out and you can carry it away like kindling wood. Use

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

and save money, time and labor. Punch a hole under the stump, load, fire, and the job is *done!* The shattered roots come out free of earth, the soil is loosened for yards around—ideal for crops.

Atlas Farm Powder is made especially for farm use. It is the cheapest farm hand for blasting stumps and boulders, digging ditches and many other kinds of work. Sold by dealers near you.

Send for "Better Farming" Book—FREE

Better Farming (illustrated) tells how you can grow better crops with less work, how you can bring orchards into bearing two years earlier, and how Atlas Farm Powder replaces expensive labor. Sent free for Coupon.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
General Offices: Wilmington, Del.

Sales Offices: Birmingham, Boston, Houghton, Joplin, Kansas City, Knoxville, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis

FREE BOOK COUPON

ATLAS POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.

Send me your 74 page book "Better Farming." I am interested in the use of explosives for the purpose before which I mark X. SEP 1

☐ Stump Blasting ☐ Tree Planting
☐ Boulder Blasting ☐ Ditch Digging
☐ Subsoil Blasting ☐ Quarrying Mining

Name
Address

In 1866—A Vision In 1916—A Reality

In 50 years the business of the Sherwin-Williams Company has grown from a small retail paint store to the largest paint and varnish makers in the world. Its products are made in many factories, distributed through 25 warehouses and sales offices and sold through 20,000 retail stores.

This immense business has been built upon quality—a right finish for every surface. You get this 50-year quality in every can of Sherwin-Williams Paint, Varnish, Stain or Enamel you buy. There is a product for every home need and a Sherwin-Williams' dealer near by where you can get just what you require.

Two things to send for—Use coupon below

Our new book of practical painting instructions—"The ABC of Home Painting." Free.

The clever new game that teaches and entertains—"Going to Market." Ten cents.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

COVER THE EARTH

Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

Showrooms—New York, 116 W. 32d St.; Chicago, People's Gas Bldg.; San Francisco, 521 Market St. Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.

TEAR OFF—FILL IN—MAIL

The Sherwin-Williams Co., 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

Send to the address below:

☐ "The ABC of Home Painting," without charge.

☐ "Going to Market," for which I enclose 10 cents.

Name _____ Street _____ City _____

the way and the sick women were forced immediately to march on. One woman fell by the roadside in the throes of labor, only to be prodded by the bayonet of a gendarme, who said there was "no time for anything like that." This was reported by an eyewitness. She died and her body was abandoned.

One man wrote in August: "The roads to the south are strewn and stenched with rotting bodies, and the streams are clogged with them. Despairing mothers—insane, of course—throw their infants into the rivers or leave them in the camps to die. Women give up everything they possess—jewels, money, their very clothes and coverings—to buy immunity."

The women who are separated from their men and sent alone to the place of exile are promised that their men will rejoin them, will be marched on more rapidly to prepare places for them; but it seldom happens so. The men, by thousands, have been raided and massacred—"lost" by the way. One Armenian writes: "The purpose is our utter destruction. The Turks say so themselves. Destruction concealed from the world, cold-blooded, calculating! And methods are cunningly contrived to get from us at once all the money we have. We may buy our lives for the time being, but when our means are exhausted we die."

The Concentration Camps

At Ada Bazar there has long been established a concentration camp for about forty thousand people. Each family is given a small space, about eight by eight feet; and in this space every act of life must be performed. The camp is heavily guarded and no Armenian, unarmed and helpless though he be, is allowed outside its boundaries. This is not written about something that happened once on a time, but about something that is happening now. As you read these lines that camp exists. Your mind may dwell on it as one of the countless horrors the bitter winter wind is playing upon to-day in a heretofore comparatively happy world.

But how do these people live? Food and water venders demand exorbitant prices. For the rest one's imagination may give itself free rein. Exaggeration of miserable details is hardly possible. They are concentrated at Ada Bazar for deportation to remote points as rapidly as the authorities can handle them. They are transported in box cars on the Bagdad Railroad and the railroad running east from Smyrna as far as is possible; then come the weary marches. There is an added touch of irony, too, in the fact that everybody is made to pay railroad fare.

There were a number of women teachers and students from one of the American mission schools who were gathered up and sent to a point far down on the Bagdad Railroad from which they expected to be marched south into Mesopotamia. The American Ambassador, whose unceasing efforts in behalf of the Armenians would move heaven and earth if heaven and earth could be moved, entered a warm protest against this, and followed it up with sufficient pressure to induce Talat Bey to promise that they should be sent back to their school. Under orders joyfully obeyed they got on a train and returned to Ada Bazar, only to find when they got there that there had been a change of the official mind. They were immediately ordered back to where they came from, and were made to pay for the journey the third time.

The great dispersal began out on the eastern border and in the Black Sea cities, but it moved very rapidly in the direction of Constantinople, until it embraced the whole of Asia Minor. American consuls and business men everywhere have seconded the splendid efforts of their Ambassador to mitigate the sufferings of the people in some degree, but their action has been met with threats of violence against themselves.

One young North Carolinian, representative of a large American concern with ramifications throughout the world, was arrested, treated with an entire lack of consideration and sent to Constantinople. The authorities assured him they would confiscate the valuable stores in his large warehouses, but his characteristic American answer was: "All right; there they are. Take them. I dare you!" So far as he knew when I saw him last, nothing had happened. He had committed no offense, he was merely in the way of contemplated large operations which they did not want him to see; so he was deported to Constantinople.

Talat Bey promised that Constantinople should not be touched. He even gave an intelligent reason, based on expediency, why it should not be touched. Tranquillity in the capital and an orderly continuance of the city's business routine were too important to the situation to be disturbed for the time being; but something happened to change the Ministerial mind.

They began by gathering up the Armenians in Constantinople at the rate of about fifty a day, and among the first to go were many of the teachers and servants from the American schools. Nearly everybody one knew had lost or was in danger of losing some friend or valued retainer. The gatekeepers and watchmen at the Embassies and other foreign establishments were gathered up and sent into the interior regardless of the fact that they were men who could not be replaced.

I went with a party of friends a few days before I left to explore in a thorough manner the seventh-century Walls of Heraclius, from the Golden Horn up round the site of the ancient Palace of Blachernæ and on to Adrianople Gate. With us was a British clergyman who has been in Constantinople for a great many years, and who has a detailed and accurate knowledge of the city's history, which he is able and willing to impart in a manner to make such an expedition in his company a rare privilege. We were having a memorably pleasant afternoon.

We had followed a winding course for an hour or more through towers and underground passages, over crumbling ruins and past long, perfectly preserved stretches of the glorious old battlemented structure, when we came to a little wooden gate through which the reverend doctor said we must pass to get into the Tower of Anemas.

Mary Anderson Bereft

"And now," said the doctor, "we are going to see Mary Anderson. Mary is so ugly that the name was suggested to me by acute contrast; but she has a rare smile, Mary has, and I always like to see her, because she cheers me up."

He pulled a cord, which rang a little tinkling bell off somewhere behind the low house beyond the gateway, and pretty soon Mary came and admitted us.

She was trying hard to smile, but the tears were coursing down her poor old wrinkled face and she was sobbing under the most pitiful efforts at self-control I ever witnessed.

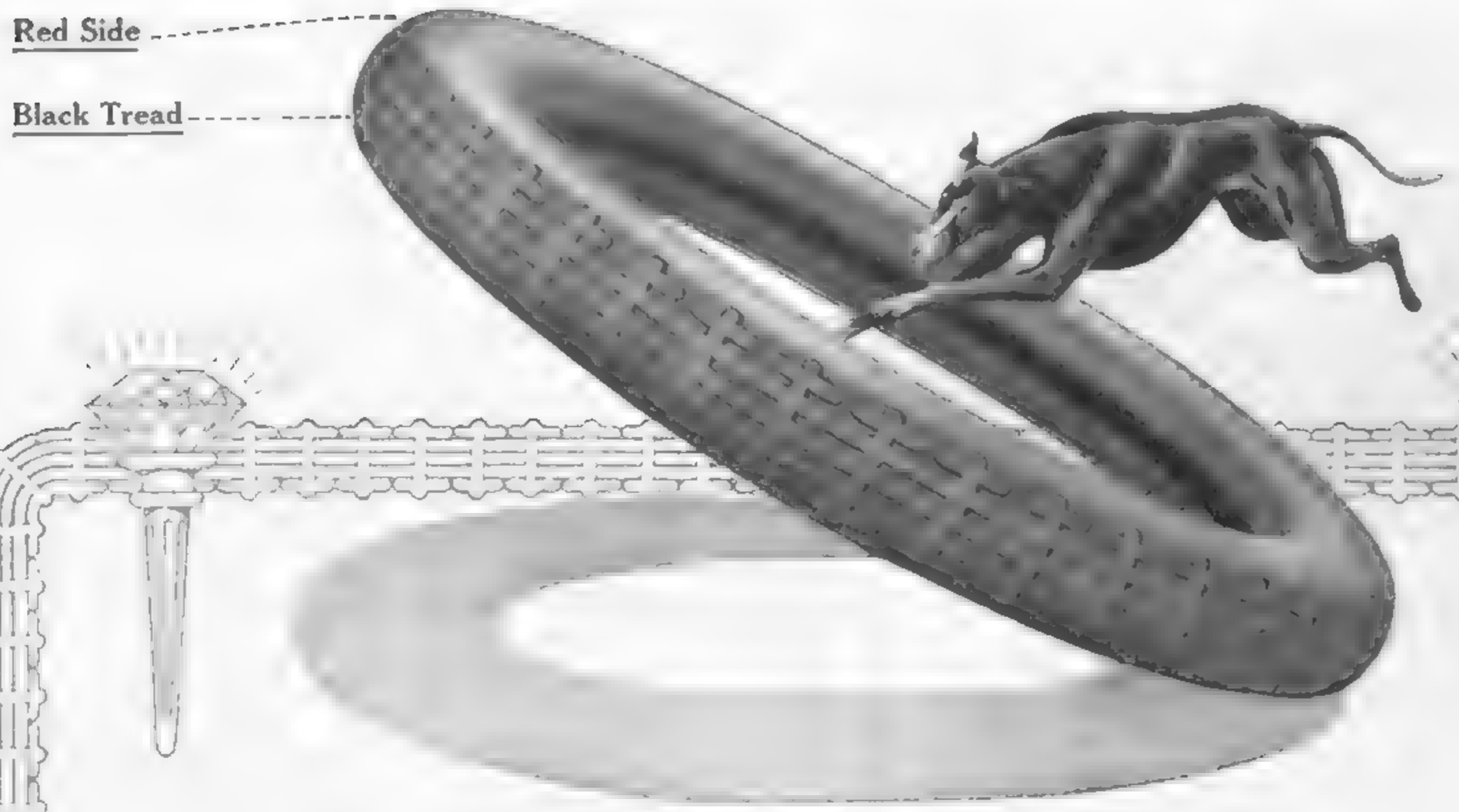
"In goodness' name, what's the matter, Mary?" exclaimed the doctor.

Then she gave up and frankly wept, wept bitterly.

"They have just taken my son," she said; "he left not twenty minutes ago. If you had only been here! Maybe they would have let him stay for you. They took his father only last week, and I don't know where either of them has gone."

She spoke Turkish, which the doctor translated for us as she talked. She was left entirely alone, with no means of support, and she had no idea what was to become of her. She only knew that in all probability she had seen the last of both her husband and son, and she plaintively emphasized the fact that she was not given the comfort of having them taken at the same time, so that she might know they were together.

The worst of it is that such poor Armenians are not able to pay their way and in consequence their sufferings are increased a thousandfold. They are given neither food nor clothing, except by their fellow exiles, and they are not permitted to do anything to earn a living until they reach their destination. Does not the proclamation say "If they are sheltered or given food and assistance the persons who thus shelter or aid them shall be sent before the Court-Martial for execution"? This is meant to apply only to those who "refrain from leaving or seek to hide themselves"; but fear makes it applicable to all. Everywhere they are shunned as death's-heads.



This Lively, Sure-footed, Squegee-tread of 1916 "Black-Velvet" Rubber

PLENTY of ACTION in the new "Black-Velvet" rubber *treads* of Diamond Tires. Stretchy as a pure rubber band,—so it will *yield* to sharp obstacles on the road without puncturing.

Springy as a Baseball which rebounds from the Bat,—so it will instantaneously *take up* the millions of minor vibrations that are beyond the capacity of steel springs to absorb.

Clingy as the muscle-padded foot of the Greyhound,—so as to give its maximum Traction with a *minimum* of Friction.

That's the new "Black-Velvet" Rubber, in 1916 Diamond Tires.

• • •

CUT a sliver off it, and you'll uncover a surface so *close-grained* and shiny that it looks like a facet of Flint. Stretch it thousands of times, to twice or thrice its length,—without tearing its fibres, or losing its capacity for *immediate* recoil.

That's the new "Black-Velvet" Rubber in 1916 Diamond Tires.

Black-treads, with Red-sides—so shall you *know* them!

Priced so *reasonably* that you will marvel at the delivery of so MUCH Mileage,—so MUCH Liveliness,—such wonderful Response-to-Power,—*without* a premium price for all these premium advantages.

"Black-Velvet" Rubber is now used in 1916 *Diamond* Auto Tires,—*Diamond* Inner Tubes,—and *Diamond* Bicycle Tires.

Its use multiplies the *Service* they will render, without increasing their price to you.

Test them, and see!

DIAMOND SQUEGEE (Non-Skid) Tires

Oh! for a PULL-U-OUT

Roads like this have no terrors for a motorist with a PULL-U-OUT in his tool box. In 5 minutes he has driven the stakes into the ground, hitched onto them, and in 5 minutes more is out of trouble. It matters not whether his machine is in mud or ditch, PULL-U-OUT is all the help he needs.

Little, inexpensive PULL-U-OUT does its work quickly, and pays for itself on its first job. In cases of overturns, where a life may be at stake, the quick work of PULL-U-OUT is worth a thousand times the price of PULL-U-OUT.

Every Auto Should Carry One

Touring is risky without a PULL-U-OUT. Salesmen, physicians, farmers — anyone who leaves paved streets needs a PULL-U-OUT. Even city driving is subject to collisions, overturns, etc., that PULL-U-OUT can handle quickly. If the engine fails, PULL-U-OUT chains make an ideal tow line.

A better hoist for less money

PULL-U-OUT will do more and better work than a chain block at less than half the cost. It weighs only a fraction as much as a chain block, and has a longer lift. Can easily be moved about by one man, and used anywhere—in any position, either for lifting or pulling. Fitted to a 4x4 or on portable crane (see illustration) or on overhead track, it will do the work of a dozen chain blocks, which are too heavy to move. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes into space 4x6x14 inches, yet it has a dead-weight lifting capacity of 3000 lbs., and will pull 100,000 lbs. on wheels. (Larger sizes have considerably greater capacity.)

Does Jobs No Other Machine Can Do

There are hundreds of lifting and pulling jobs for which no mechanical help has heretofore been provided, such as setting boilers, shifting machinery, lowering vaults and setting stones in cemeteries, raising radiators, pulling wires thru conduits, placing telegraph poles, etc. PULL-U-OUT and one man will do jobs of this kind that now require from three to a dozen men.

Indispensable in Garages and Repair Shops

For quick, easy lifting on repair jobs, removing bodies, engines, etc., it has no equal. On the trouble car it will save time, labor, wear on tires, and do the job better.

For Spotting Cars stretching wire fences, pulling stumps, for painters' rigging, and hundreds of other, similar jobs, PULL-U-OUT surpasses anything now in use.

Tell Us What Lifting or Pulling You Do Now

We will show you how PULL-U-OUT will do it better and cheaper. Don't pass this up because you are satisfied with present methods. Think how you can use PULL-U-OUT. You'll be surprised at the many things PULL-U-OUT will do that you wouldn't readily think of.

Positive Guarantee Try a PULL-U-OUT at our risk. Put it to the test. If PULL-U-OUT fails to satisfy you return it and your money will be refunded in full. Leading dealers, everywhere, are selling PULL-U-OUT on these terms. Canadian orders promptly filled from our Canadian Depot. If your dealer doesn't sell PULL-U-OUT, write us. Ask for Booklet.

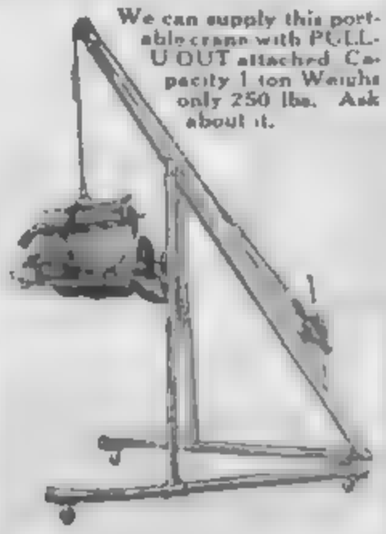
PULL-U-OUT SALES COMPANY, 2025 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Stake 1-6 Actual Size

To Dealers: [illegible] If you are interest[illegible] our proposition to deale[illegible]

Attached to swinging boom for loading

Supported by a tripod of 4 x 4's. Adaptable for outdoor jobs especially



We can supply this portable crane with PULL-U-OUT attached. Capacity 1 ton. Weighs only 250 lbs. Ask about it.

TALL HUSTLING

By Frank Goewey Jones

II

A LITTLE after nine o'clock that night Norval trudged wearily to his private office and dropped into a chair. Every muscle in his body ached from unaccustomed exercise. He had captained actively the gang of truckers that had emptied half the warehouse and piled the shipping platform full of crates and boxes ready for loading in the morning. But though he was very tired physically the senior partner felt a buoyancy of spirit he had not experienced for months.

He was certain now that the big shipment could be made as planned.

Brant had been unwilling to trust a telephone message about the railroad cars. He went in person to the yardmaster's office of the Belt Line to arrange for them. At half past eight he had telephoned that a special switch train was being made up for him and that he intended to stay on the job until the cars should be shunted to the sidetrack in the firm's factory yard.

Norval's overtime gang of truckers had finished work and gone home, with orders to report again at five o'clock sharp in the morning. But the senior partner was so weary he wanted to rest a few minutes before following his crew. For a quarter of an hour he sprawled relaxed in his cushioned chair and luxuriated in the thankfulness of a man that feels himself safe after having come very close to disaster. He had no doubt Saranoff would execute the contract with Reed promptly. And Norval was entirely confident of receiving the bills of lading before noon next day. He smiled in anticipation when he thought of the surprise he should give Browar Friday morning.

Refreshed by the brief rest, he put on his hat and left the factory. To-morrow would be a day of the hardest kind of work if he was to carry through his plan. He needed to recuperate his physical strength in preparation for it. When Norval arrived at his house he set an alarm clock for half-past three and tumbled into bed. He was so utterly weary in mind and body that he fell asleep in five minutes.

Next morning the senior partner unlatched the front door of the factory shortly after four o'clock. The first sound he heard on entering the dark hall was a snore from the general office. Norval suspected that the night watchman was guilty, and wrathfully strode in to investigate. But when he switched on the electric lights he discovered Brant stretched on a narrow bench. The senior partner ran across the room and shook the sleeper awake.

"What's the matter?" Norval cried his sudden anxiety. "What are you doing here at this hour? Didn't you get those cars?"

The chubby junior partner dazedly stumbled to his feet and dug his fists into his blinking eyes.

"Wha—what d'you say?" he mumbled thickly.

"Are the cars on the sidetrack in the yard?" Norval demanded.

Brant plainly was disgusted. He yawned. "Of course! Didn't I tell you I'd stay on the job until I got 'em?" He peered sleepily at the office clock. "The engine only finished switching at 1.45; so I bunked here instead of going home. What the devil did you come down so early for? The men won't show up to begin loading until five. You cut me out of more than half an hour's sleep, and I'm all in," Brant complained resentfully.

Norval whacked his partner's shoulder in appreciation of what the chubby man had accomplished. Without the cars ready to load at once the plan to surprise the banker would fail.

"Bully for you, George!" he praised. "That's the kind of teamwork! I'm sorry to wake you up, but I have something mighty important to tell you before the gang of workmen comes. The idea struck me only this morning. Last night I was so busy I forgot about the sudden change that came over Browar just before he rushed out of my office yesterday. On my way over here a few minutes ago I remembered his peculiar actions and I saw them in a new light. I can give you a reason now for his behavior."

"What is it?" Brant asked eagerly.

"You remember Browar ordered me to call you and Reed into my office to hear his decision about renewing our note. When I went to open your door I left him standing beside my desk. I told you fellows he wanted to see us all together; then I turned back to him. The old man twisted round suddenly and faced me the same instant. This morning it occurred to me that he had straightened! I'm sure he'd been stooping while my back was to him, and had looked at something that riled him."

"What was there on your desk that possibly could make him sore?" Brant looked incredulous.

"Come over to my room and I'll show you," Norval promised mysteriously.

The partners walked across the hall and into the big private office. The senior took out his keys and unlocked the rolltop of his desk. The little heap of afternoon mail, only half the envelopes opened, lay as it had been left when the banker returned from the bookkeeper's cage and interrupted Norval. The typed sheet of expensive paper engraved with the Russian national coat of arms topped the pile. Beside the letter from the Imperial Fiscal Agent was the printed form of the due notice filled in with the firm's name and the amount and maturity of their note at the Consolidated National, which the banker inadvertently had dropped.

"I slammed down the lid of my desk when I went out yesterday afternoon to organize the overtime gang," Norval explained. "I haven't opened it since until now. Everything is here that was on the blotter when I turned round from your door after calling you and Reed yesterday, and saw Browar straighten from bending over my desk. You remember, too, that Reed was looking at the pencil memorandum on this note-due slip when he caught sight of Saranoff's letter, which I had not read previously, although I had opened it.

"What the Russian wrote lay squarely under Browar's eyes as the old man stood waiting for me to call you and Reed in. That big double-eagle seal makes the sheet of paper conspicuous. It naturally attracted the attention of Browar the instant he glanced down. But he was more than casually curious. He—read—that—letter! The contents enraged him in a second. He probably had decided before that to renew our note—on some special conditions he intended to exact regarding our warehouse stock, no doubt. But he changed his mind the moment he saw what Saranoff had written."

Brant laughed. "That's the poorest imitation of Sherlock Holmes work I ever heard of," he scoffed. "Why, naturally, if Browar knew we had a chance to clean up our C. St. T. & W. stuff for spot cash he'd be tickled to death instead of sore. Then we could pay our note to him."

"I looked at it the same as you do when I thought about it first," Norval admitted; "but I remembered how malicious the old scoundrel had acted for ten days. He dodged, instead of denying, my accusation to his face yesterday that he wanted our firm to fail. Other suspicious circumstances were the questions he asked me about the warehouse stock. He made several pointed inquiries whether or not we had any immediate prospect of getting rid of all or a large part of it in bulk.

"I called to mind the expression on his face when I told him we had no expectation of disposing of our big surplus to any customer in particular. He didn't look disappointed, but relieved—yes, pleased. Then it occurred to me he had a lot of interests outside the bank. I began to suspect he'd invested recently in some railway-supply business that competes with Norval, Reed & Brant."

"You think maybe he wants another concern to get the Saranoff order!" Brant cried. His grin of incredulity had been displaced by a worried scowl.

"Exactly. And I thought further. Browar is a hard, resourceful, unscrupulous fighter in business. I asked myself this question: 'Supposing he should refuse to discount Saranoff's acceptance for us Friday morning, how could we pay our note?'"

Brant jumped as if he had been stung. "Why, it might go to protest, even if we

could pay it easily two or three days afterward! Our credit would be hurt terribly!"

"That isn't all," snapped Norval. "Browar could force this business into a receivership at once if we default in payment of the fifty thousand before the close of banking hours to-morrow. He won't hesitate to use any means in his power to down us if he is the active, vindictive competitor that's lost the Saranoff contract to us, as I suspect. The lawyer he usually retains for his dirty work is mighty shrewd. He knows every trick of sharp practice backward. Armed with a protested note for fifty thousand dollars, and shielded by his legal rights, Browar could batter Norval, Reed & Brant to junk, with the court as referee.

"Dun and Bradstreet would be in duty bound to spread the news. Within a day or two we'd be so badly tangled in costly litigation that we'd be helpless. Our other creditors would be scared out of their senses. They'd take a running jump into the mess with their lawyers. Weeks, months, might pass before the complications could be unraveled. Even should we pay every dollar of our indebtedness in the end, we'd lose all the court expenses and have to make sacrifice sales of our assets. Besides being broke personally, we'd come out of the receivership with our reputations shattered. And meanwhile, of course, our competitors would grab all our trade."

"Do you think Browar would be so malicious?" Brant was terrified.

"Did you ever hear of his letting up when once he'd put the screws on anybody?" Norval retorted. "I'm willing to give odds right now that he'll refuse to discount our draft on Saranoff. There isn't time, either, to arrange a big credit Friday with another bank. The Consolidated National is the only financial institution that knows us, and of course Browar would knock us hard if any inquiries about us should be made there. There's just one hope for us, as I look at things. We must get the actual money from Saranoff in time to pay our note."

"How can we?" quavered Brant.

"Here's my plan," the senior partner responded. "Reed is rushing East as fast as his train will carry him, but he won't arrive in New York until five-thirty to-night. He can't possibly get Saranoff signed up on the contract before this evening. Probably it'll be morning. He mustn't hint to the Russian that there are any complications to fear. Saranoff likely would balk at tying up with us. Anyhow, it's certain he won't make a payment on the goods until our sight draft with bills of lading attached is presented in due form at his New York office, as the contract is to specify.

"I made some mental calculations. We can load those cars out in the yard before noon, get the bills of lading, and start them to New York with our draft on the twenty-hour train at twelve-forty. That's due at the Grand Central Station at nine-forty to-morrow morning. I'm going to wire Reed to meet the Twentieth Century Limited Friday. You're to catch that train this noon, and take the sight draft and bills of lading to Reed. We daren't trust the mail. He must have the papers the first minute possible."

Brant stood agape and speechless.

"If you arrive in New York on time," Norval proceeded swiftly, "and Reed has executed the contract with Saranoff without any hitch, the Russian will be bound by his agreement to pay us our money on demand. Then you and Reed can arrange to have the whole fifty thousand needed here transferred to Chicago by telegraph in case I wire you that Browar won't wait a couple of days on the note. Maybe I'm just borrowing trouble, but I believe we're up against a critical situation. We can protect ourselves at the cost of your trip to New York, and I say we shouldn't neglect to take any precaution. Don't you agree with me?"

The junior partner gasped. "You bet I do! I never dreamed of such a mess, but it would be just like Browar to try stabbing us the last minute. I remember tricks of the same sort I've heard he has played on other people." The anxiety on Brant's face had deepened the normal furrows of fat. "Suppose we don't have the goods loaded in time to get the bills of lading?" he questioned.

Norval snapped an assurance. "That's up to me. I'll have them before noon. Now you go home, George, and pack your valise. Hustle back. I'll need you to help boss the gang."

"All right!"

Brant scurried away like a plump, startled rabbit.

Norval had selected for his gang of car-loaders the best workmen in the factory force. Every one reported at the shipping room before five o'clock. Under the spur of the senior partner's urging they accomplished prodigies. A third of the warehouse stock was packed aboard the freight cars when Brant came back to the plant a little after seven. Norval dispatched his partner to the railroad yards again to arrange for a switching crew that would assure the prompt delivery of the big shipment to the Belt Line. He himself returned to the superintendence of his men, and the loading was finished in four hours. The bills of lading were signed by a special freight agent of the railroad twenty minutes before noon. Norval and Brant stood side by side on the factory runway when the engine pulled the string of cars out through the yard gate.

"By the Lord Harry, we did it!" exulted the junior partner. He mopped his sweaty face with a grime-stained handkerchief.

"And there's three-quarters of an hour to spare before your train time," Norval chuckled. His twinkling eyes surveyed his rumpled associate. "You need it to make yourself appear respectable. George, you look like a tramp! Come in and wash up; then I'll go down to the station with you."

"Not unless you send the office boy out to buy you a clean collar first," the chubby man bantered. "A hobo wouldn't be seen in the company of a fellow that shows work marks all over him the way you do."

Laughing and playing pranks like two boys, the partners walked the length of the platform and into the factory. Just as they entered the hall that led to the offices the street door at the front end opened. Browar, followed by a burly stranger, burst in.

"There they are!" the banker cried to his companion. He pointed. "The tall one's Norval; the other's Brant."

The burly man swaggered forward. He took a formidable packet of documents from his pocket.

"Mr. Norval," he announced gruffly, "I'm a deputy sheriff of Cook County. I've got a writ of attachment to serve on you, coverin' certain goods Mr. Browar here charges you intend to ship out o' the state. There's a copy o' the papers for you, and this is the orig'nal writ. D'you want me to read it? It ain't nec'sary. Ev'rything is all reg'lar accordin' to law."

Norval was a tyro in legal matters. Moreover, Browar's resort to a writ of attachment took the senior partner completely by surprise. He had only a nebulous idea of the effect this move might have on his own plan. He did not know his rights in the circumstances. But he realized instantly that the banker was unaware the shipment to Saranoff actually had been made. In a second Norval decided what he should do.

He turned his back squarely on the deputy sheriff and Browar. Only bewildered, gaping Brant could see his face. The senior partner winked violently.

"George," he requested, "please go and telephone our attorney about this outrage. Have Mr. Harwich come over at once. You needn't feel at all worried about the situation. Our plans will not be affected in the least." Here Norval winked again. He caught the answering gleam of comprehension from Brant's eyes.

Without a word the junior partner bolted into the private office. The senior turned back to the deputy sheriff. He utterly ignored the banker.

"Now, Mr. Officer, will you tell me what you intend to attach and on what grounds? We owe Mr. Browar's bank some money, but it is not due until to-morrow. How can he sue us to-day?"

"That don't make no diff'runce in attachments," the deputy sheriff informed him with lofty gruffness. "I ain't got nothin' to do with it except to serve the papers. The plaintiff here alleges your firm was schemin' to ship a lot o' goods out o' the state, with intent to hinder and defraud your creditors. Maybe you was and maybe you wasn't. That's to be proved in court between you and him." The representative of the potent law swung about to the banker. "Where's that stuff you want attached?"

The senior partner also looked at Browar. The old man sneered his reply at Norval:

"You thought you pulled the wool over my eyes yesterday, didn't you? But I've been watching you closer lately than you

Alba Lighting Equipment, The Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pa.

Good light means comfort, efficiency and health

Have you said, "I have poor light and high lighting bills," and thought only of money?

It is more; it is comfort in the home and efficiency in business. It is your health and the health of everyone in your home or business.

Do your eyes tire easily or feel strained when you read at night?

You pay too much

Do your children study in dim or irritating light? Are they backward in their school work?
Do they complain of headaches?

You pay too much

Do your employees make too many mistakes—in filing, in bookkeeping, in stenography? Is there too much 3 o'clock fatigue and time off?

You pay too much

Are customers unable to see easily? Is your light unattractive?

You pay too much

Good light enables everyone to see better, feel better, and work better. It is easy to get.

Alba Lighting Equipment

Alba softens eye-irritating light so that you can see easily. By the use of different shades, the *light* can be distributed where it is needed most, thereby increasing comfort and efficiency, and preventing eye-strain.

Alba gets more light from the same current, or the same light from less current—*money saved*.

A Series of Books Free

You can usually get good light by some simple changes. These free Books tell how for these purposes:

1—HOMES: Good light in the home is beautiful, makes seeing easy and comfortable, the evening hours cheerful, and brings out the beauty of the surroundings. It prevents eye strain

2—DEPT. STORES: Customers stay longer and buy more where seeing is easy and comfortable. They speak well of the store and visit it often.

3—RESTAURANTS: Good light attracts patrons and makes them more comfortable It is soft, agreeable, restful, promoting relaxation.

4—STORES: Well-lighted stores and windows attract customers, and display merchandise to the best advantage. Customers stay longer and buy more.

5—OFFICES: Good light means more and better work with fewer mistakes, less fatigue, and without eye-strain. Seeing is easy and comfortable.

6—CLUBS: The illumination should be ample, restful, agreeable in color, beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings and entirely without strain.

7—HOTELS: Good light is beautiful, brings out the beauty of the surroundings, makes seeing easy and agreeable. People enjoy themselves more.

8—BANKS: Good light is handsome and in harmony with the surroundings. It makes seeing easy, often pays for itself by increasing efficiency and preventing errors.

9—THEATRES: Good light is subtle, soft, restful, and cheerful. It is beautiful, in harmony with the surroundings, and creates a receptive attitude in the minds of the audience.

10—HOSPITALS: The light should be ample, cheerful, and restful to contribute to the comfort and quick recovery of the patients. Good light is needed in the operating rooms for precision and accuracy

11—CHURCHES: The light should be subtle, soft and agreeable Harsh or brilliant spots, which distract the eye and attention, should be avoided

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

Sales and Showrooms also in
New York 143 Madison Avenue
Chicago 172 West Lake Street
Boston 30 Oliver Street
Philadelphia 1613 Chestnut Street
Cincinnati Pickering Building
Cleveland 1900 Euclid Building
St Louis, Laclede Gas Light Bldg
Detroit 1812 Lafayette Building
San Francisco Rialto Building
Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Ltd
160 Bay St., Toronto, Ont

FOLD, TEAR OFF, FILL IN, MAIL

N
2 5 16

Send me Lighting Information on Subjects

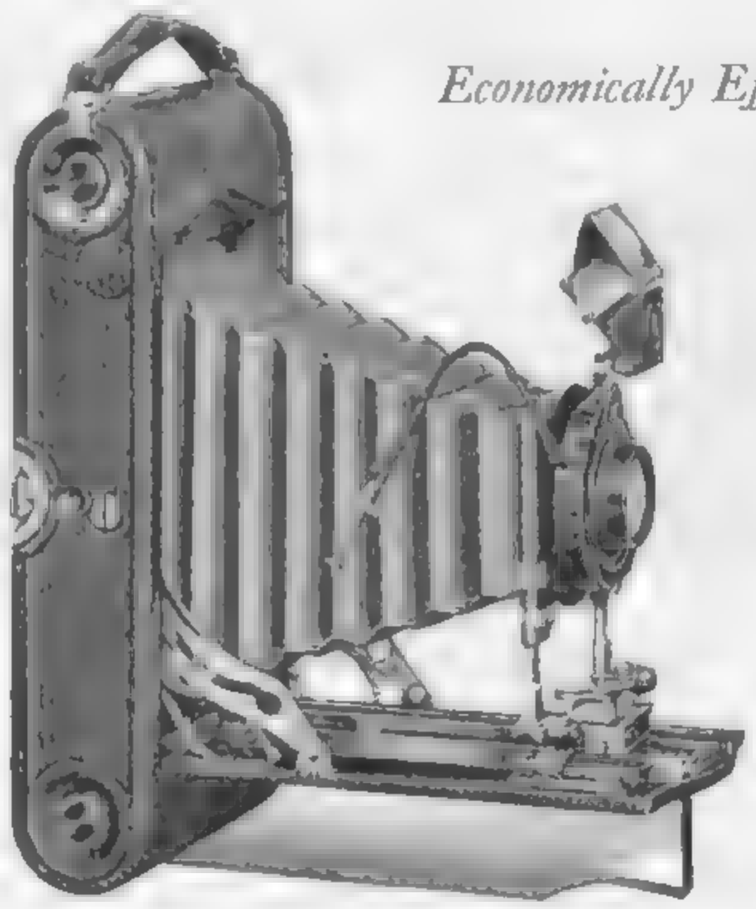
No.

Name

Street

City and State

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh



Economically Efficient

The New 3A Kodak

THE LENS. The Kodak Anastigmat *f.* 7.7 has a trifle more speed than the best of the Rapid Rectilinear lenses and in quality (depth, *sharpness* and flatness of field) is fully the equal of the best anastigmats. Other anastigmat lenses are made to fulfill a dual purpose; they cover a certain size at their largest opening and cover a larger size as wide angle lenses, when used with a smaller stop. They are, therefore, corrected with a view to this double purpose.

The Kodak Anastigmat does not pretend to cover a larger area than that for which it is listed. But for its specific work, covering with minute sharpness the area which it is supposed to cover, none is better. This also means a saving in manufacturing. Which explains why we can sell it at a lower price than the other high-grade anastigmats.

THE SHUTTER. The Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter is large enough to give the full value of the lens. It has speeds of 1/25, 1/50 and 1/100 of a second, the usual "time" action, and "bulb" action for short time-exposures—opening when the release is pressed and remaining open until the pressure ceases. It is simple, reliable, and efficient.

THE AUTOGRAPHIC FEATURE. You can *make sure*, can date and title the film, permanently, at the time you make the exposure. After the last exposure you can similarly write your name on the film—an identifying mark that is valuable when you send your work to the finisher. This "Autographing" the film is a matter of seconds only.

THE SIZE. The Kodak itself will go in the average coat pocket. The picture is post-card size, 3¼ x 5½ inches. We have used no short focus lenses and under size shutters, for the sake of mere "littleness." But there is no waste space. It is economically and compactly efficient.

Price with Kodak Anastigmat lens *f.* 7.7, $27.50

All Dealers'.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

realized. I've known every move you intended to make. I heard the first thing this morning that you were planning to ship all the stock in your warehouse out of the state. You expected to leave me the shell to-morrow when my note comes due, didn't you? Well," Browar cackled, "I'm a little too quick for you!" He reverted to the deputy sheriff. "Come with me. I know right where the goods are. I was here yesterday on purpose to find out about them."

Norval had to fight for mastery of his temper. He had an almost irresistible craving to drive his fist into the sneering face. But he stood aside without a word. It was imperative that he get away from the invaders long enough to tell Brant what to do.

"Yes, officer," he barked, "Browar knows where the warehouse is. I'll be back in a minute. I want to see if my partner got our attorney on the wire."

He opened the door of his private office, strode in, closed it and turned the key in the lock. Brant was just hanging up the telephone receiver.

"Harwich'll be right over!" he exclaimed.

"Good! But I only sent you to phone so you wouldn't say anything out there in the hall. Grab your valise and get away through the street door before Browar learns the goods are shipped. You must catch that train East without his suspecting where you've gone. I'll wire you and Reed any developments. I don't know what legal effect this attachment has, but I do know you have those bills of lading and the sight draft in your pocket. There's a chance Saranoff may not hear about these proceedings. If Reed succeeds in getting the contract signed to-night or to-morrow morning, you tell him to present our draft the same as we planned. Call me on long distance if there's any hitch."

"But won't Browar seize the shipment anyhow as soon as he learns the railroad has it?" Brant worried as he snatched his satchel. "Aren't we liable to be arrested for contempt of court or something criminal if we collect the money after there's a lawsuit started?"

Norval pushed his chubby partner toward the street door.

"Wouldn't you as soon go to jail as let Browar bust us?" he demanded. "You get that eighty-five thousand. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Brant pelted away as if the hounds of the law already snapped at his heels.

Norval knew that by this time Browar and the deputy sheriff had discovered the warehouse was empty. He hurried out now to intercept them. Strategy might be required to detain the pair until Brant could take the elevated and escape with the bills of lading. The law must not be permitted to lay its hand on those precious papers. Norval was entirely in the dark regarding his legal status, but he determined to maintain an attitude of boldness and to demand that the deputy sheriff show his specific authority for any further action he might declare he purposed to take.

The senior partner found the banker and the officer talking excitedly on the runway beside the packing room. Before them the door of the warehouse stood open. Browar obviously was in a rage. The deputy sheriff seemed to search the air for the missing goods on which he was authorized to levy his attachment writ. He scowled his perplexity.

"Where's all that stuff?" he bellowed when he caught sight of Norval. "I warn you not to try any shenanigan tricks with the law!"

"It was here yesterday evening!" sputtered Browar. "They've shipped it already, I tell you! The railroad's got it now. We must seize the cars before they're rushed out of the state."

Norval demanded of the sheriff: "Does your writ give you the right to levy on any property not in our hands? Won't you have to get your papers amended before you can do that?"

The senior partner was guessing, but his surmise was shrewd. The officer turned to the fuming banker and growled like a baffled bulldog:

"He's c'rect there, Mr. Browar. You must amend your writ if this firm ain't got the stuff no more."

Norval laughed at the discomfiture of the irate old man.

"That's the way I understood the law," he chortled. "It seems we were a little too quick for you, Mr. Browar. Now you've warned us, we'll have a chance to appear before the judge before you can take any more snap action. Our attorney will be here in a few minutes, and he'll look after our rights. You haven't pulled the wool over our eyes by pretending you are afraid we're going to defraud you. You know exactly where those goods were shipped. You don't want us to sell them to our customer because you schemed to get hold of them for your own purposes. You're a cunning competitor for the same business.

"It won't be so easy to do your dirty work as you expected. We have been watching you too. We were ready for your tricks, and we've beaten you," Norval bluffed. He hoped by a showing of complete confidence to intimidate Browar and to make him afraid to take further measures against the firm. "We shall pay your note to-morrow when it is due. We told you Wednesday we had made arrangements about that. My partners and I didn't expect you to renew. We only were testing you to make sure of your attitude and motives. To-day we know absolutely what your scheme was." Norval clenched his fists and stepped menacingly closer. "Now you get off our premises—quick! Both of you!"

He felt sure Brant was safely away from the vicinity by this time.

The erstwhile ferocious deputy sheriff was tamed. Evidently he was chary of overstepping his authority in the presence of the shrewd man that had outwitted his principal.

"Mr. Browar, you're up against the real thing," he advised, not without admiration for Norval. "This guy here is wise to his legal rights. You'd better go see your lawyer again. You've slipped a cog. There ain't nothin' we can do without you get your papers changed. Come on."

Stolidly the officer tramped toward the gate of the factory yard. The banker waited to spit defiance, like a treed, angry cat at an alert dog.

"You're slick, but I'll get you yet!"

"Look out that we don't catch you first," mocked Norval.

Five minutes after Browar and the deputy sheriff retreated Harwich arrived. The senior partner turned over to the attorney the papers that had been served on him, and related what had happened.

"You took the best course possible," commended the lawyer. "We'll be ready for Browar if he tries to intercept the shipment in the hands of the railroad. I don't think, however, he will attempt to follow up the attachment now that you're warned. He knows we could defeat him before the court with an injunction. We need only to produce the Saranoff letter and to file your affidavit. I'll hurry back to my office and prepare the necessary papers. I will send one of my clerks out with them for you to sign as soon as they are ready. Meanwhile you stay here on guard and notify me at once if anything new turns up."

"How about making demand on Saranoff for the eighty-five thousand dollars immediately after we get the bills of lading to New York? I must telegraph instructions to my partners."

"Go ahead just as you planned," the lawyer approved. "You are within your legal rights. It will be time enough to take up the New York end, though, when we get the Chicago situation in hand. The important thing now is to forestall any possible further action by Browar. There is no question of law involved in New York anyhow until after the contract actually shall be executed. That is impossible, of course, until to-night; Mr. Reed will not arrive in New York until five-thirty—that's half-past four, Chicago time. Wire him at once a summary of the situation here, and direct him to get the agreement signed at the earliest opportunity after his arrival in New York.

"The first hitch there is likely to come when Reed meets Saranoff. I anticipate that Browar, as his next move, may try to scare the Russian. He probably will give up his attempt to use the law as his weapon, since we are warned. I expect him to resort to business strategy. He'll do his best to convince Saranoff it is not safe to contract with you because of legal complications that might ensue. If Browar can bluff the Russian off until after your note falls due to-morrow you'll be in a bad fix."

"We'll have two mighty good men on the ground in New York, Mr. Harwich—one this afternoon and the other the first thing to-morrow morning," Norval retorted doggedly. "I'm willing to match my partners against Browar. And I have a few

(Continued on Page 45)

Protection Against Fire

That's often the clincher argument for Neponset Twin Shingles. It follows close after durability and good looks—two real essentials.

Besides, these shingles won't leak or curl, split or chip, rust or decay, swell or shrink. They are handsome, spark-proof, economical. Their double width cuts the cost of laying and reduces cracks and nail holes.

As to durability—they are made of the same standard water-proofing and fire-resisting materials that have been thoroughly tested in our famous **Paroid Roofing.** Hundreds of single-layer Paroid roofs laid 18 years ago (when this roof was introduced) are still in perfect condition. *Several layers* of these same materials are what you get in Neponset Twin Shingles when laid. They are saturated through and through with high-grade asphalt—the best water-proofing known.

Dotted all over the United States you will find these roofs—as attractive as the best slate at about half the cost. Made in Gray, Dark Green and Dull Red.

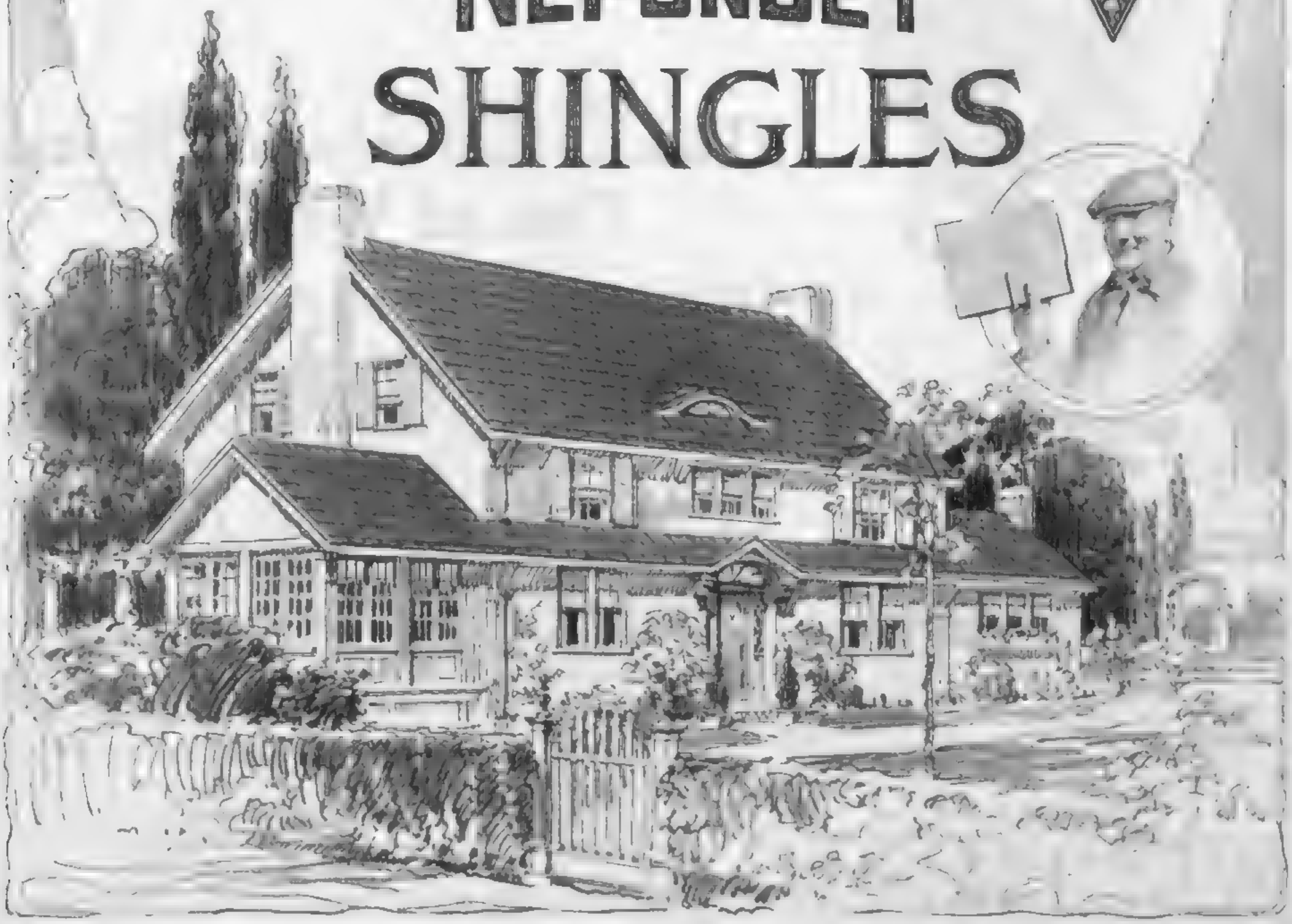
Send for FREE Booklet—

"Repairing and Building"—for full information concerning Neponset Shingles; Proslate Shingles (Red or Green); also Neponset Wall Board, Parod Roofing, Neponset Building Papers and Neponset Floor Covering

BIRD & SON *(Established 1795)* **250 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.**

Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ont — **Chicago: 1434 Monadnock Bldg.** — **New York** — **Washington**

NEPONSET SHINGLES



Take the Hard Work Out of Walking

WALKING because the doctor says so, makes walking a duty and a drudgery.

Exercise loses half its health-giving value when it degenerates into hard work.

And that's where Goodyear "Wingfoot" Air Heels step in and alter the whole situation.

"Come with us," they say, "and we'll make walking a pleasure every step of the way."

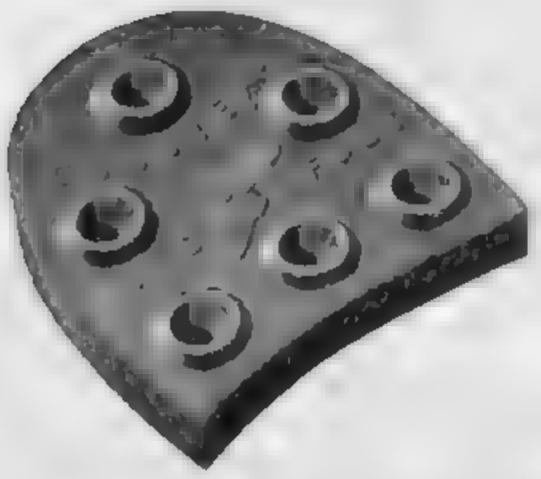
The "Wingfoot" Air Cushions have a great deal to do with this.

Like many another important invention, the idea seems ridiculously simple.

But what're the odds how simple it is, if it gives walking just the added zest you're looking for?

"Wingfoot" Heels put a sugar coating on the doctor's prescription—they transform duty into pleasure, and exercise into exhilaration.

If you doubt the difference between Goodyear "Wingfoot" Air Heels and the ordinary sort—pay the same price any other make would cost you, and try just one pair.



GOOD YEAR
AKRON
WING FOOT
AIR HEELS

Cobbler shops and shoe stores by the thousand are selling thousands of pairs everywhere—all sizes, black or chocolate, for men, women and children. 50c a pair put on.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

(Continued from Page 42)

ideas of my own to test if this fight gets down to business strategy. The law is all I'm worried about, it's so cussed bull-headed! You keep the deputy sheriffs out of the scrap, and we'll lick Browar within an inch of his life."

"I hope so," the attorney responded non-committally. "Don't feel concerned about the legal end. I'll see you have a free hand to try your scheme. Now I must hurry. Good-by!"

The lawyer bustled away importantly.

Norval immediately dispatched the book-keeper in a taxicab, with a reassuring message to be delivered to Brant at the railroad station before the leaving time of the Twentieth Century Limited. The senior partner reported to the plump junior what the attorney had said, and emphasized the firm's legal right to present its draft on Saranoff as soon as the contract should be executed. Then Norval sent to his other business associate a long telegram addressed in care of the conductor of the train aboard which Reed now presumably was nearing New York. At half past twelve the senior partner leaned back in his chair to think out the final details of the strategy he had in mind as a checkmate for Browar.

His mental concentration soon was interrupted, however. The office boy brought in the business card of the treasurer of the firm's largest merchandise creditor. The representative of the brass-and-copper mill bluntly stated the object of his call. He told the senior partner he had just received a special commercial-agency report that a fifty-thousand-dollar attachment suit had been filed against Norval, Reed & Brant by the Consolidated National Bank. He demanded the facts in self-protection.

The treasurer hardly had finished declaring his business when the telephone rang. Another creditor put anxious inquiries to Norval. The senior partner realized he would have his hands full defending the firm's credit from assaults. He told the man at the other end of the wire to call personally at the office for information. Then Norval faced the financial representative of the brass-and-copper mill. It was necessary to tell so much of the facts as would fend off additional lawsuits. Yet it was essential, too, that the plan to outgeneral Browar in his evident design to ruin the firm should not be revealed at present.

"This is a malicious attempt to put us out of business in the interest of an unscrupulous competitor," the senior partner explained. "We are perfectly solvent. We have made arrangements to pay our indebtedness at the Consolidated National when it is due to-morrow. Browar knows that. His attack on us is vindictive because we received a certain large order his concern wanted. Within twenty-four hours we shall prove our ability to meet our obligation to the bank. Meanwhile I must ask you to wait for that demonstration. No action prejudicial to your rights possibly can be taken by us or anybody else. You are at liberty to do whatever you feel is necessary in your own interest, of course. But I ask you now to accept my personal assurance that we shall not default.

"Our previous relations with your company warrant me in requesting you to take my word on this matter. I do not feel at liberty in the circumstances to tell anybody our plans. We cannot risk their reaching Browar's ears. He would defeat them at the last moment if he could; his action in attachment shows the lengths to which he will go. It is a question now of your believing his version or ours. I put it to you squarely—is his reputation for credibility when he has a personal ax to grind so good as ours?"

The treasurer of the brass-and-copper mill held out his hand on the instant.

"You understand, Mr. Norval," he apologized, "that it is natural we should feel some concern. We have your firm on our books for over seventeen thousand dollars in notes and open account. I believe now it is as good as money in the bank. You may depend on our coöperation. Keep me posted in case anybody else gets ugly."

Norval promised, and expressed his appreciation.

The afternoon proved there were other creditors that were not satisfied to accept unexplained assurances. The senior partner was harassed until after six o'clock by men with claims of various amounts against the firm. He succeeded, however, in staving them all off. Harwich and his clerks, meanwhile, kept vigil in the courts and in the sheriff's office. No new proceedings at law or in equity were instituted by Browar. The smaller creditors had been prevented from stampeding; so that the situation was not complicated by other legal actions. But at the end of his strenuous afternoon the senior partner was so nerve-racked that he felt limp as a rag.

At ten minutes past six he jumped in his office chair as the telephone rang. It was a long-distance call from New York.

"Hello, this is Reed!" the big junior partner announced himself. "I've just signed up with Saranoff."

"Already? Great!" Norval shouted his delight into the transmitter. "Was there any hitch?"

"No. We closed the contract within fifteen minutes on one of our standard forms. Saranoff met me at the Grand Central in response to my wire from the train."

"Did he say anything that indicated he had heard what Browar is up to?"

"Not a word. My telegram reached him at his house, he said. He'd been out of town until late this afternoon. I don't think he was at his office to-day at all. If Browar sent him a message, it probably went there. Saranoff certainly has no idea there is any likelihood of trouble. He is delighted by our promptness. How do things look now at your end?" Reed inquired anxiously.

Norval explained, and also told his partner precisely what to do next morning when Brant should arrive in New York with the draft and bills of lading.

"It's a fight to a finish," he warned in conclusion. "Browar has tried personally to incite various creditors to file suits against us to-day. I've learned he told the commercial agencies that he began his attachment because we're insolvent. He assumes boldly that we'll be unable to pay our note to-morrow. Either he has no inkling of our plan to get the money on the draft by hurrying the bills of lading to New York, or he has some scheme up his sleeve to defeat ours."

"Have you any idea what it might be?" Reed queried anxiously.

"No, but he has a lot of political wires to pull. I found out positively to-day that Browar has been the prime mover in a syndicate of speculators in war orders. They expected to secure the Russian Government's exclusive contract for railroad supplies at an inflated price. They had powerful friends close to the Imperial Fiscal Agent. But it appears Saranoff wasn't in on the deal. He's straight. He made a quiet investigation of quotations on his own account. The result was that the big order was shunted to us and away from the clique. Of course that's why Browar is furious and malicious."

"I'll bet the old wolf has been frothing at the mouth all day," Reed commented.

"Yes, and you can bet too he's still on our trail."

The partners talked a minute or two longer about details of their plans for the next day; then they rang off. Norval settled back comfortably in his office chair and smiled his satisfaction. The first day's fight had been won all along the line. He felt entirely confident now that the quick moves his associates and he had made were unsuspected. Browar doubtless still was in the dark regarding their campaign. He naturally might assume that they would try to discount their draft at some Chicago bank. His suit was such a staggering blow to their credit it was unlikely any other financial institution would extend them discount privileges for fifty thousand dollars on a few hours' notice.

Though he was hopeful of the success of his plan, now the contract actually was signed, that night was sleepless for John Norval. He was haggard next morning when he went to his office. The suspense was a terrific strain, for there was nothing he could do until he should hear from New York. It was after half past ten when the call came. This time it was from the Russian agent.

"Hello, Mr. Norval?"

"Yes!"

"I am Sergius Saranoff. Your partner, Mr. Reed, has just presented your firm's draft with bills of lading attached, covering shipment of all the goods included in the contract I executed yesterday. I was astounded to learn that the consignment had been dispatched already. I am informed from another source, moreover, that certain court proceedings have been instituted against you by your bank. It is claimed that you are largely indebted to your depositary. Your partner's presentation of

Why You Are Not Completely Successful

I KNOW that I can easily, quickly and positively prove to you that you are only half as alive as you must be to realize the joys and benefits of living in full; and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorous as you can be, half as ambitious as you may be, and only half as well developed as you ought to be.

Pupils are men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 92.

The fact is that no matter who you are, whether you are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, I can prove to you readily by demonstration that you are leading an inferior life, and I want the opportunity to show you the way in which you may completely and easily, without inconvenience or loss of time, come in possession of new life, vigor, energy, development and a higher realization of life and success.

Become Superior to Other Men. The Swoboda System can make a better human being of you, physically, mentally and in every way. The Swoboda System can do more for you than you can imagine. It can so vitalize every organ, tissue and cell of your body as to make the mere act of living a joy. It can give you an intense, thrilling and pulsating nature. It can increase your very life. I not only promise it, I guarantee it. My guarantee is unusual, startling, specific, positive and absolutely fraud proof.

Swoboda

Originator of Conscious Evolution

Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best — thoroughly well, virile, energetic? Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

Your Earning Power, your success, depend entirely upon your energy, health, vitality, memory and will power. Without these, all knowledge becomes of small value, for it cannot be put into active use. The Swoboda System can make you tireless, improve your memory, intensify your will power, and make you physically just as you ought to be. I promise it.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact personally or otherwise."

"Your diagnosis and explanation of my brain trouble was a revelation to me. I have had the best physicians of my State, but your grasp of the human body exceeds anything I have ever heard or known. I have read your letters to many people, also to my physicians, who marvel at them."

Age is no bar to the benefits to be derived from the Swoboda personal mail instructions

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate, and enlighten you.

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

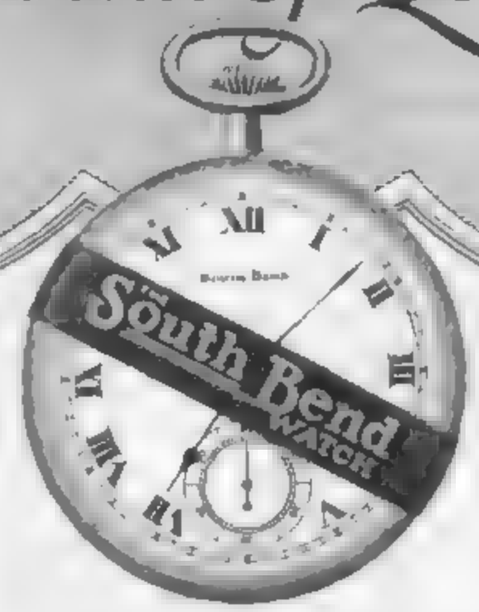
My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1374 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

The Purple Ribbon —Emblem of Quality



THE Purple Ribbon on a South Bend Watch says to everyone: Here is a watch of the highest quality which you can be proud to own or give.

South Bend Watches

are built to give a lifetime of accurate service and to conform to the most modern ideas in design and finish.

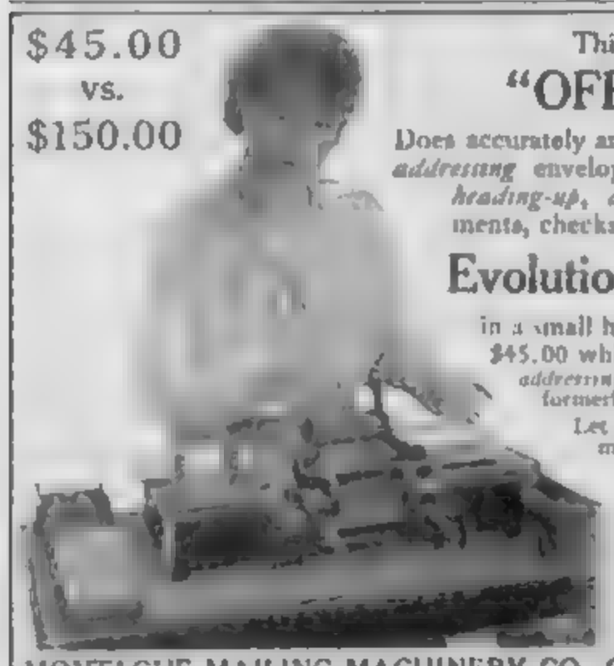
The prices of these watches range from $100 to $16. A new 19 Jewel Model at $27.50 offers features never before combined in any watch of its price.

South Bend Watch Company
12 Studebaker Street, South Bend, Ind.

We invite your inquiry for latest Catalog.

WOULD YOU show this standard high grade 42 key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it excels any other $100 typewriter if by doing this and rendering other small assistance, you could easily have one GIVEN YOU to keep as your own? Then by post card or letter to us simply say "Mail Particulars"
WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. F 204, Chicago, Ill.

Jamalade Lily Cross Creamed Chicken
A secret old home recipe of superfruits brought with hearts of sweet corn, peas and orange blossom honey. Its delicacy of flavor from any [illegible] A delicious [illegible] 15¢ 16 oz 25¢
Get it at your grocer's and [illegible] 25¢ 40¢
In remittance forward at your best grocer's or [illegible] and $1.00 or $2.00 stating your [illegible]
SALLY CROSS, Inc., Route 2 B, Providence, R. I.



$45.00 vs. $150.00

This MOST EFFICIENT Little
"OFFICE ASSISTANT"

Does accurately and neatly the work of ten typists or clerks *addressing* envelopes, cards, tags, labels and wrappers or *heading-up, dating and filling-in* notices, bills, statements, checks, receipts or circulars and marks an

Evolution of Addressing Machines

in a small hand operated automatic office addressor for $45.00 which serves more efficiently every purpose of *addressing* on lists of *ten thousand* names or less, which formerly required a $150.00 motor power machine.

Let us send you a description of this superior little money-maker, or catalog of

Montague Addressors

which include Hand, Foot and Motor Power machines for every known kind of addressing imprinting and listing for any list of one hundred to one million names.

MONTAGUE MAILING MACHINERY CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, U. S. A.
Pioneers in hand and motor print addressing machines. Branches in principal cities
NEW YORK OFFICE 279 BROADWAY

the draft this morning, whereas the agreement was signed only last evening, your shipment of the goods before the contract was completed, seem to me most irregular.

"Mr. Norval, I have no wish to question the validity of these bills of lading, nor to evade my legal obligation under my contract, but I regret that I must feel obliged to delay your payment. I appreciate the extraordinary promptness with which you have made the shipment. I shall be very glad to receive at once the equipment I ordered from you for my government. But I am apprehensive that I may become involved in a litigation that does not concern me. I even have been warned that proceedings at law will be instituted here to sequester the amount your bank alleges you owe. I must decline, therefore, to make payment of your draft now. My legal counsel advises me in the circumstances to withhold acceptance until I can learn my status. Meanwhile, may I ask you to give me your version of the dispute which unfortunately seems to involve me?"

"Certainly," Norval responded. "But first I want to ask if you are in touch with your attorney now, and with Mr. Reed." The senior partner was sparring for time to think his way out of the new complication.

"Yes, sir," the Russian assured him. "They both are in my office here."

"Good! I assume, Mr. Saranoff, that my partner has told you what he knows about the situation?"

"He has been so kind."

Norval's mind had been working very fast. Suddenly it caught a daring idea. The senior partner stiffened under the galvanic shock. Now he knew what to say.

"Very well," Norval remarked coolly. "There's no need then of my repeating what Mr. Reed has explained. Furthermore, you and I can't try a lawsuit over the long-distance telephone. But you can put a question or two to your lawyer. Please ask him, first, if any warning you have received thus far is a legal bar to your making payment of our draft."

"He already has advised me that I may use my discretion; that I am not yet estopped if I choose to pay. But I feel, as does my counsel, that in prudence we should know more regarding the equities of the whole matter before we make any decision. I have no interest in your controversy with your bank."

"Yes, you have," Norval brusquely contradicted. The time had come to play his only remaining card, which until a moment ago he had not realized he held. He flung it before Saranoff with the boldness of desperation. "That is, you are concerned in our fight against Browar if you want to get the railroad supplies you contracted for. Hasn't it occurred to you these actions of his look like part of a German maneuver to prevent the goods from reaching Russia at all? The attack on us undoubtedly is the result of a plot to circumvent your plans. Probably your contemplated arrangements to buy from us became known to your enemies. Things like that do leak out sometimes. A scheme was concocted to seize those supplies you want.

"Now do you mean to let yourself be tricked out of your shipment already made? I warn you that if you do not pay our draft immediately, before any trumped-up papers can be served on you, that railway equipment may be tangled so badly in legal red tape it will be lost to Russia for months, if not altogether. We knew your government required those supplies urgently. That's why we hurried the shipment. Our firm was too quick for the plotters.

"If you do not feel safe in paying us the money, because of the warning sent to you, telegraph directly to the Consol dated National Bank the full amount of their claim against us. Then you will know that is discharged. You may hold the balance above the fifty thousand, if you wish, until to-morrow. But you should not risk the complications your delay now may involve."

"Mr. Norval, you astound me!" came a nervous exclamation of dismay from Saranoff. "Hold the wire, please, until I repeat to my lawyer what you have told me."

"All right, but hurry," the senior partner warned. "We've done some tall hustling for your benefit and have beaten Browar so far. But his New York representative is likely to pop in on you at any moment. Remember it will be too late if you let a writ snarl the situation. Pay Mr. Reed for those goods right now, and they're yours. The railroad will be responsible for delivery to you without delay. Ask your attorney if that isn't the law. But don't let him tangle you with red tape. This is no time to quibble. You've got to act as an American business man would do in such a case, not like a lawyer. I'll hold the wire."

Norval was on the rack of suspense for nearly five minutes. He frantically kept Central from cutting his connection twice. Finally the response from New York came. It was Reed's voice that spoke.

"John?" the big junior partner called.

"Yes!"

"This is Frank. Mr. Saranoff's lawyer tells him he's safe in paying our draft. He counsels his client not to mix in the dispute at all. Since no legal papers have yet been served here, the attorney advises that our draft be paid in full to us and that we be left to adjust our troubles with the Consolidated National Bank. So I have just delivered the bills of lading and have received Saranoff's check. Everything's settled."

"Hallelujah!" Norval ejaculated fervently. "Now hustle over to his bank and get the actual money. Take the lawyer along to identify you. Then wire me the fifty thousand as quick as greased lightning. There's nothing more to say, is there?"

"No, we're all done here. I'll phone Brant at the hotel to meet me; then I'll clear out."

"Good-by, then!"

"Good-by!"

The strain was over. Norval felt buoyant as a youth. He leaped springily to his feet.

"That bluff worked!" he cried his exultation. He laughed aloud. "And old Browar's real name is Browarski! He's a Russian even to the whiskers, but I scared Saranoff stiff by hinting he was a German!"

The fifty thousand dollars Reed telegraphed was delivered to Norval an hour and a half afterward. He took the certified check at once to the Consolidated National Bank. Harwich, the attorney, accompanied him. They walked into the president's private office unceremoniously, not stopping to parley with the doorkeeper.

"Browar, there's a certified check for our paper due to-day," Norval bit off the curt announcement of his errand. "Cancel the note and give it back to me."

The old banker stared at the check as if he were dazed.

"You—you're making payment?" he mumbled stupidly.

"Yes; we told you we'd made other arrangements to take care of our note, since you wouldn't renew it. Now send for it. I'm in a hurry."

Browar tremblingly pushed a button on his desk. A messenger answered.

"Go get that paper of Norval, Reed & Brant's," the president ordered huskily. He drooped in his chair when the man went out. He avoided meeting the senior partner's eyes.

The clerk returned promptly. Browar stamped the note "Paid." Silently he shoved it across his desk. Norval picked up the slip of paper and handed it to the lawyer.

"There, Mr. Harwich," he remarked, "is the last piece of evidence you need for your damage case." He turned to the old man slumped in the chair. "Browar, you're the defendant this time—you and your bank. We are going from here to file a suit against you for a hundred thousand dollars. We intend to make you pay for your dirty work."

Shrilly the banker squealed for mercy, like a trapped rat.

"Don't file that suit! We must settle this out of court." His head fell wabblingly on his chest. "The bank can't stand it. I—I've become pretty heavily involved. There might be a run. Innocent depositors are likely to suffer. Please don't take action publicly. I'll pay you reasonable damages to hush this thing up."

"And I thought you were a millionaire!" said Norval. "Why, you've been bluffing too! I know just how you feel, Mr. Browar. When a man is up against it hard, he gets desperate. I'm almost sorry for you. We're out of the woods now, but you aren't. I'll be generous and let you off easy. Write us your check for ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand!" gasped the banker. "That's too much!"

"It's less than fifteen, which I'll ask in one minute," retorted Norval as he reached for his watch.

Browar jerked open a drawer of his desk. He snatched out a checkbook. "All right!" he quavered. "All right, Mr. Norval!"

Cadillac
Standard of the World

"Cadillac—Standard of the World"

—a phrase or a fact?

IS THE Cadillac, in fact, the Standard of the World?
Is it the one car which is accepted as a pattern of excellence and efficiency?

Look back over the past twelve years and ask yourself what other car has wielded so wide an influence over the industry.

Ask yourself if motor cars, as a whole, are not better cars today because of Cadillac progressiveness and Cadillac initiative.

You recall that the first Cadillac was also the first practical, enduring motor car.

You remember the period in which the Cadillac inaugurated the thorough standardization of parts.

You remember that the Cadillac accomplished also the first production in large quantities of a really high-grade car at a moderate price.

The introduction by the Cadillac of electric starting and lighting is still fresh in your memory.

And you know, finally, that the Cadillac, as a climax to its other constructive contributions to the industry, brought forth the high-speed, high-efficiency V-type engine.

Around the world that V-type multi-cylinder engine is admittedly at the zenith of design and of efficiency.

And the Cadillac has pushed the process of perfecting the V-type engine to the highest point yet attained.

Upon its first appearance, the Cadillac Eight received the unique tribute of a larger purchase on the part of other makers than any other car has probably ever known.

Its scientific design and superb workmanship compelled their most intense admiration—its performance was pronounced nothing short of marvelous.

If the Cadillac had not been the standard of the world before, the V-type multi-cylinder Cadillac would have made it so.

It has become the standard of the world in smoothness and in swift acceleration, in flexibility and in hill-climbing power.

It is the world's standard in its incomparable roadability, its luxury, its ease of operation and control, and in absence of fatigue after long journeys.

These characteristics, added to its world-wide reputation for dependable and enduring service, have furnished for the industry ***new inspirations—new incentives—new goals for ambitions.***

Is not the Cadillac deserving of the title it has so long and so honorably held?

Is not the Cadillac, in fact, the Standard of the World?

Styles and Prices

Standard seven passenger car, five passenger Salon and Roadster, $2080. Three passenger Victoria, $2400. Four passenger Coupé, $2800. Five passenger Brougham, $2950. Seven passenger Limousine, $3450. Berlin, $3600. Prices include standard equipment, F. O. B. Detroit.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

Own a Car You Can Use Now

WHEN next you are wading through the slush to board a trolley and your neighbors pass in a comfortable ALL-YEAR Car—just register a vow that your next automobile will be a Kissel—the original convertible car—*the only ALL-YEAR Car.*

What's the use of being without a car at the time when you most need one—NOW? For it really serves a more useful purpose in winter than in summer.

And if it's a Kissel ALL-YEAR Car it won't cost you much more than an open car alone.

No expense to make the change in spring—no expert help needed—it can be done in your own garage.

KISSELKAR
Every Inch a Car

Kissel ALL-YEAR Cars—both Coupé—Roadster and Touring—Sedan are mounted on the 32-Four chassis at $1450 and on the 42-Six chassis at $1950, $2000 and $2100. Without the winter tops these models are $1050 to $1750. Write for literature.

Kissel Motor Car Co., 400 Kissel Ave., Hartford, Wis.

Agencies at leading points

"I wear Buster Brown's Stockings."

"That's nothin'—

ALL MY FOLKS

wear them. We have four pairs each."

BUSTER BROWN'S Dareless Guaranteed Hosiery

$1.50 3 pair pure thread silk Hose $1.00 4 pair Men's silk face
$1.00 1 pair Ladies' Paradox Silk $1.00 4 pair, Lisle
$1.00 1 pair Ladies' Gauntlet Silk
Buster Brown Classics free with each order. Dept C. Price List to Dealers on request. Dept D.
Buster Brown Hosiery Mills
Chattanooga Tenn.

ALL ABOUT BUNGALOWS

Bungalow Book, 1916 De Luxe Edition

$1.00 Post-Paid

Send coin, money order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory.

Ideal Value, The Bungalow Craftsman, 771 Bungalow Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

"Old Town Canoes"

Send for Catalog
Get Ready for Summer

You can get an "Old Town Canoe" at small cost and share the fun of canoeing. Every summer thousands take up this popular sport and become enthusiasts. Canoeing in an "Old Town" is their preference. Women enjoy it as well as men.

Read our Catalog and learn more about canoeing and "Old Town Canoes" they are [illegible]

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 552 Middle St. Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

WILD ORANGES

(Continued from Page 5)

John Woolfolk thought, as he presented himself, that he had never before seen such an immaterial living figure. Lichfield Stope was like the shadow of a man draped with unsubstantial, dusty linen. Into his waxen face beat a pale infusion of blood, as if a diluted wine had been poured into a semi-opaque goblet; his sunken lips puffed out and collapsed; his fingers, dust-colored like his garb, opened and shut with a rapid, mechanical rigidity.

"Father," Millie Stope remonstrated, "you must manage yourself better. You know I wouldn't bring anyone to the house who would hurt us. And see—we are fetching you a splendid rockfish."

The older man made a convulsive effort to regain his composure.

"Ah, yes," he muttered; "just so."

The flush receded from his indeterminate countenance. Woolfolk saw that he had a goatee laid like a wasted yellow finger on his chin, and that his hands hung on wrists like twisted copper wires from circular cuffs fastened with large, mosaic buttons.

"We are alone here," he proceeded in a fluctuating voice, the voice of a shadow; "the man is away. My daughter—I——" He grew inaudible, although his lips maintained a faint movement.

The fear that lurked illusively in the daughter was in the parent magnified to an appalling panic, an instinctive, acute agony that had crushed everything but a thin, tormented spark of life. He passed his hand over a brow as dry as the spongy limbs of the cypress, brushing a scant lock like dead, bleached moss.

"The fish," he pronounced; "yes . . . acceptable."

"If you will carry it back for me," Millie Stope requested; "we have no ice. I must put it into water." He followed her about a bay window with ornamental fretting that bore the shreds of old, variegated paint. He could see, amid an incongruous wreckage within, a dismantled billiard table, its torn cloth faintly green beneath a film of dust. They turned and arrived at the kitchen door. "There, please." She indicated a bench on the outside wall, and he deposited his burden.

"You have been very nice," she told him, rendering her phrase less commonplace by a glance of her wide, appealing eyes. "Now, I suppose, you will go on across the world?"

"Not to-night," he replied distantly.

"Perhaps, then, you will come ashore again. We see so few people. My father would benefit. It was only at first—so suddenly; he was startled."

"There is a great deal to do on the ketch," he replied indirectly, maintaining his retreat from the slightest advance of life. "I came ashore to discover if you had a large water supply and if I might fill my casks."

"Rain water," she informed him; "the cistern is full."

"Then I'll send Halvard to you." He withdrew a step, but paused at the incivility of his leaving.

A sudden weariness had settled upon the shoulders of Millie Stope; she appeared young and very white. Woolfolk was suddenly conscious of her utter isolation with the shivering figure on the porch, the unmaterialized Nicholas. She had delicate hands.

"Good-by," he said, bowing formally. "And thank you for the fishing."

He whistled sharply for the tender.

THROUGHOUT the afternoon, with a triangular scraping iron, he assisted Halvard in removing the whitened varnish from the yacht's mahogany. They worked silently, with only the shrill note of the edges drawing across the wood, while the westering sun plunged its diagonal rays far into the transparent depths of the bay. The Gar floated motionless on water like a pale evening over purple and silver flowers threaded by fish painted vermilion and green like parrakeets. Inshore the pallid cypresses seemed, as John Woolfolk watched them, to twist in febrile pain. With the waning of day the land took on its air of unhealthy mystery; the mingled, heavy scents floated out in a sickly tide; the ruined façade glimmered in the half light.

Woolfolk's thoughts turned back to the woman living in the miasma of perfume and secret fear. He heard again her wistful voice pronounce the names of far places, of Tarragona and Seriphos, investing them with the accent of an intense, hopeless desire. He thought of the inexplicable place of her birth and of the riven, unsubstantial figure of the man with the blood pulsing into his ocherous face. Some old, profound error or calamity had laid its blight upon the latter, he was certain; but the most lamentable inheritance was not sufficient to account for the acute apprehension in his daughter's tones. This was different in kind from the spiritual collapse of the aging man. It was actual, he sensed that, proceeding—in part at least—from without.

He wondered, scraping with difficulty the underturning of a cathead, if whatever dark tide was centered above her would, perhaps, descend through the oleander-scented night and stifle her in the stagnant dwelling. He had a swift, vividly complete vision of the old man face down upon the floor in a flickering, reddish light.

He smiled in self-contempt at this neurotic fancy; and, straightening his cramped muscles, rolled a cigarette. It might be that the years he had spent virtually alone on the silence of various waters had affected his brain. Halvard's broad, concentrated countenance, the steady, grave gaze and determined mouth, cleared Woolfolk's mind of its phantoms. He moved to the cockpit and from there said:

"That will do for to-day."

Halvard followed, and commenced once more the familiar, ordered preparations for supper. John Woolfolk, smoking while the sky turned to malachite, became sharply aware of the unthinkable monotony of the universal course, of the centuries wheeling in dull succession into infinity. Life seemed to him no more varied than the wire drum in which squirrels raced nowhere. His own lot, he told himself grimly, was no worse than another. Existence was all of the same drab piece. It had seemed gay enough when he had been young, worked with gold and crimson threads, and then——

His thoughts were broken by Halvard's appearance in the companionway, and he descended to his solitary supper in the contracted, still cabin.

Again on deck his sense of the monotony of life trebled. He had been cruising now about the edges of continents for twelve years. For twelve years he had taken no part in the existence of the cities he had passed—as often as possible without stopping—and of the villages gathered invitingly under their canopies of trees. He was—yes, he must be—forty-six. Life was passing away; well, let it—worthless.

The growing radiance of the moon glimmered across the water and folded the land in a gossamer veil. The same uneasiness, the inchoate desire to go ashore that had seized upon him the night before, reasserted its influence. The face of Millie Stope floated before him like a magical gardenia in the night of the matted trees. He resisted the pressure longer than before; but in the end he was seated in the tender, pulling toward the beach.

He entered the orange grove and slowly approached the house beyond. Millie Stope advanced with a quick, eager welcome.

"I'm glad," she said simply. "Nicholas is back. The fish weighed ——"

"I think I'd better not know," he interrupted. "I might be tempted to mention it in the future, when it would take on the historic suspicion of the fish story."

"But it was imposing," she protested. "Let's cross over to the sea; it's so limitless in the moonlight."

He followed her over the path to where the remains of the wharf projected into a sea as black, and as solid apparently, as ebony, and across which the moon flung a narrow way like a chalk mark. Millie Stope seated herself on the boarding and he found a place near by. She leaned forward, with her arms propped up and her chin couched on her palms. Her potency increased rather than diminished with association; her skin had a rare texture; her movements, the turn of the wrists, were distinguished. He wondered again at the strangeness of her situation.

She looked about suddenly and surprised his palpable questioning.

"You are puzzled," she pronounced. "Perhaps you are setting me in the middle of romance. Please don't! Nothing you might guess ——" She broke off abruptly, returned to her former pose. "And yet," she

added presently, "I have a perverse desire to talk about myself. It's perverse because, although you are a little curious, you have no real interest in what I might say. There is something about you like—yes, like the cast-iron dog that used to stand in our lawn. It rusted away, cold to the last and indifferent, although I talked to it by the hour. But I did get a little comfort from its stolid, painted eye. Perhaps you'd act in the same way.

"And then," she went on when Woolfolk had somberly failed to comment, "you are going away, you will forget, it can't possibly matter. I must talk, now that I have urged myself this far. After all, you needn't have come back. But where shall I begin? You should know something of the very first. That happened in Virginia. . . . My father didn't go to war," she said, sudden and clear. She turned her face toward him, and he saw that it had lost its flower-like quality, it looked as if it had been carved in stone.

"He lived in a small, intensely loyal town," she continued; "and when Virginia seceded it burned with a single high flame of sacrifice. My father had been always a diffident man; he collected mezzotints and avoided people. So, when the enlistment began, he shrank away from the crowds and hot speeches, and the men went off without him. He lived in complete retirement then, with his prints, in a town of women. It wasn't impossible at first; he discussed the situation with the few old tradesmen that remained, and exchanged bows with the wives and daughters of his friends. But when the dead commenced to be brought in from the front it got worse. Belle Semple—he had always thought her unusually nice and pretty—hissed at him on the street. Then one morning he found an apron tied to the knob of the front door.

"After that he went out only at night. His servants had deserted him, and he lived alone in a biggish, solemn house. Sometimes the news of losses and deaths would be shouted through his windows; once stones were thrown in; but mostly he was let alone. It must have been frightful in his empty rooms when the South went from bad to worse." She paused, and John Woolfolk could see, even in the obscurity, the slow shudder that passed over her.

"When the war was over and what men were left returned—one with hands gone at the wrists, another without legs in a shabby wheelchair—the life of the town started once more, but my father was forever outside of it. Little subscriptions for burials were made up, small schemes for getting the necessities, but he was never asked. Men spoke to him again, even some of the women. That was all.

"I think it was then that a curious, perpetual dread fastened on his mind—a fear of the wind in the night, of breaking twigs or sudden voices. He ordered things to be left on the steps, and he would peer out from under the blind to make sure that the walk was empty before he would open the door.

"You must realize," she said in a sharper voice, "that my father was not a pure coward at first. He was an extremely sensitive man who hated the rude stir of living and who simply asked to be let alone with his portfolios. But life's not like that. The war hunted him out and ruined him; it destroyed his being, just as it destroyed the fortunes of others.

"Then he began to think—it was absolute fancy—that there was a conspiracy in the town to kill him. He sent some of his things away, got together what money he had, and one night left his home secretly on foot. He tramped for weeks, south, living for a while in small place after place, until he reached Georgia, and then a town about fifty miles from here ——"

She broke off, sitting rigidly erect, looking out over the level black sea with its shifting, chalky line of light, and a long silence followed. The antiphonal crying of the owls sounded over the bubbling swamp, the mephitic perfume hung like a vapor upon the shore. John Woolfolk shifted his position.

"My mother told me this," his companion said suddenly. "Father repeated it over and over through the nights after they were married. He slept only in snatches, and would wake with a gasp and his heart almost bursting. I know almost nothing about her, except that she had a brave heart—or she would have gone mad. She was English and had been a governess. They met in the little hotel where they were married. Then father bought this place, and they came here to live."

Woolfolk had a vision of the tenuous figure of Lichfield Stope; he was surprised that such acute agony had left the slightest trace of humanity; yet the other, after forty years of torment, still survived to shudder at a chance footfall, the advent of a casual and harmless stranger.

This, then, was by implication the history of the woman at his side; it disposed of the mystery that had veiled her situation here. It was surprisingly clear, even to the subtle influence that, inherited from her father, had set the shadow of his own obsession upon her voice and eyes. Yet, in the moment that she had been made explicable, he recalled the conviction that the knowledge of an actual menace lurked in her mind; he had seen it in the tension of her body, in the anxiety of fleet, backward glances.

The latter, he told himself, might be merely a symptom of mental sickness, a condition natural to the influences under which she had been formed. He tested and rejected that possibility—there could be no doubt of her absolute sanity. It was patent in a hundred details of her carriage, in her mentality as it had been revealed in her restrained, balanced narrative.

There was, too, the element of her mother to be considered. Millie Stope had known very little about her, principally the self-evident fact of the latter's "brave heart." It would have needed that to remain steadfast through the racking recitals of the long, waking darks; to accompany to this desolate and lonely refuge the man who had had an apron tied to his doorknob. In the degree that the daughter had been a prey to the man's fear would she have benefited from the stiffer qualities of the English governess. Life once more assumed its enigmatic mask.

His companion said:

"All that—and I haven't said a word about myself, the real end of the soliloquy. I'm permanently discouraged; I have qualms about boring you. No, I shall never find another listener as satisfactory as the iron dog."

A light glimmered far at sea. "I sit here a great deal," she informed him, "and watch the ships, a thumbprint of blue smoke at day and a spark at night, going up and down their water roads. You are enviable—getting up your anchor, sailing where you like, safe and free." Her voice took on a passionate intensity that surprised him; it was sick with weariness and longing, with sudden revolt from the pervasive apprehension.

"Safe and free," he repeated thinly, as if satirizing the condition implied by those commonplace, assuaging words. He had, in his flight from society, sought simply peace. John Woolfolk now questioned if he had been successful. He had found the elemental hush of the sea, the iron aloofness of rocky and uninhabited coasts, but he had never been able to still the dull rebellion within that was the legacy of the past. A feeling of complete failure settled over him. His safety and freedom amounted to this—that life had broken him and cast him aside.

A long, hollow wail rose from the land, and Millie Stope moved sharply.

"There's Nicholas," she exclaimed, "blowing on the conch! They don't know where I am; I'd better go in."

A small, evident panic took possession of her; the shiver in her voice swelled.

"No, don't come," she added. "I'll be quicker without you." She made her way over the wharf to the shore, but there paused. "I suppose you'll be going soon?"

"To-morrow probably," he answered.

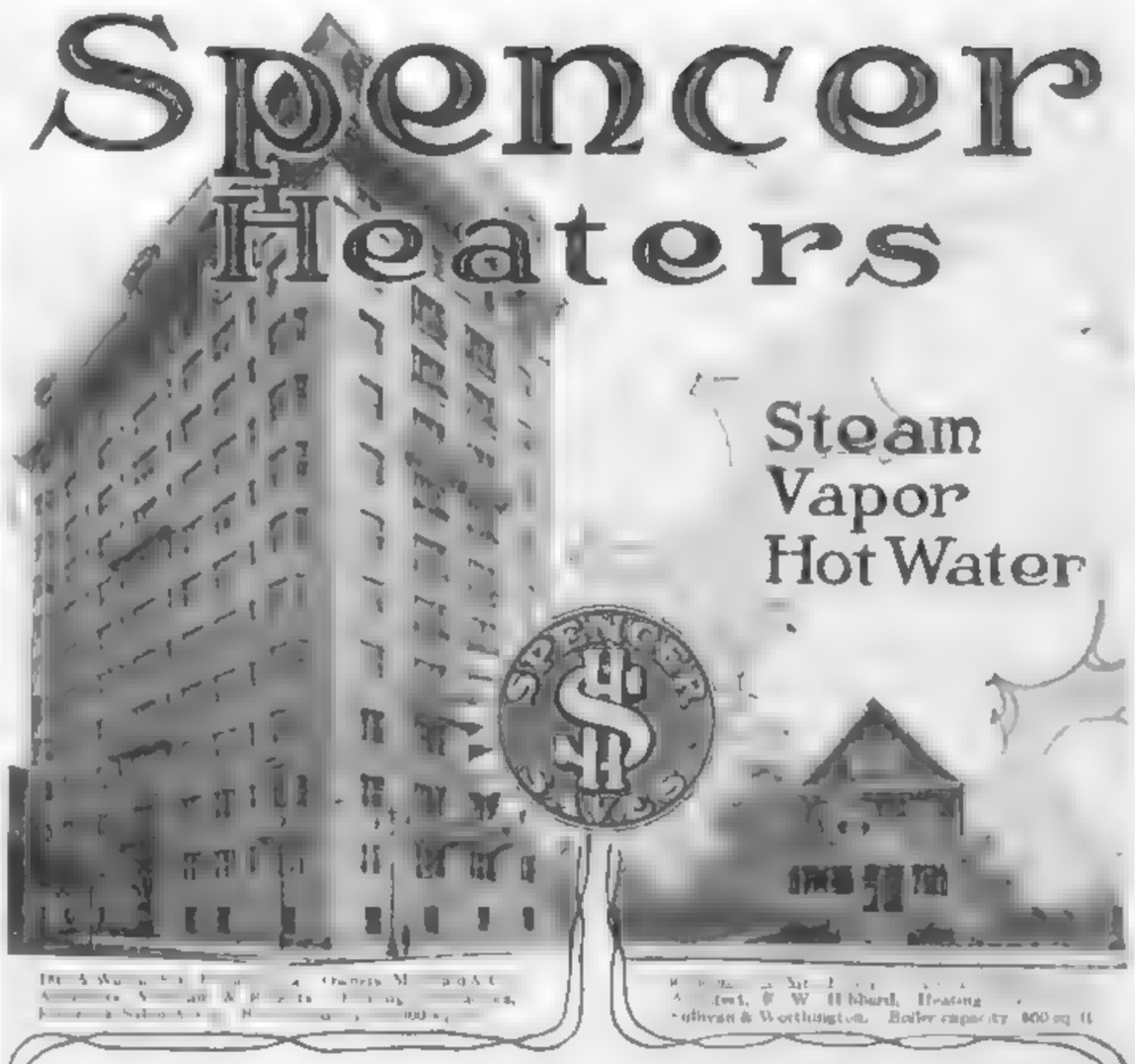
On the ketch Halvard had gone below for the night. The yacht swayed slightly to an unseen swell; the riding light moved backward and forward, flickering its reflection over the glassy water. John Woolfolk brought his bedding from the cabin, and, disposing it on deck, lay with his wakeful dark face set against the far, multitudinous worlds.

VI

BUT in the morning Halvard proposed a repainting of the engine.

"The Florida air," he said, "eats metal overnight." And the ketch remained anchored.

Later in the day Woolfolk sounded the water casks cradled in the cockpit, and, when they answered hollow, directed his man with regard to their refilling. They drained a cask, Halvard put it on the tender and pulled in to the beach. There Woolfolk saw him shoulder the empty container and disappear among the trees.



25 years' usage by thousands of owners attest these facts of "Spencer" superiority:

1—30% to 50% lower coal bills;
2—Coaling but once a day;
3—Heat 10 to 12 hours without attention.

Smaller Coal Bills The "Spencer" burns the cheaper grades of hard coal, using no more No. 1 Buckwheat or Pea than ordinary heaters do of large, expensive sizes. It will also burn non-coking soft coals, semi-anthracite, lignite, etc., with much less fuel consumption. Thus averaging ⅓ to ½ reductions in yearly coal bills.

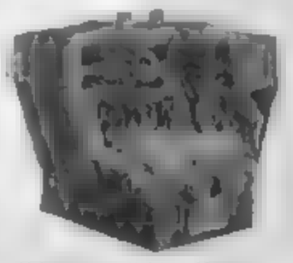
"Spencer" Steam

Less Coal Shoveling As the "Spencer" holds a 24-hour coal supply in ordinary winter weather, it is sufficient to coal it but once in this period—never more than twice in severe spells. Its even heat for 10 to 12 hours without any attention relieves the housewife of those frequent trips down-stairs to the heater, and saves janitor service and night labor in apartments, greenhouses, garages, etc. For mild Spring or Fall weather but half the capacity of the "Spencer" may be utilized, by using only one side of the heater.

"Spencer" Owners Say

"My coal bill has been reduced by more than $125." "In my store, I've made a saving of from $200 to $250." "The old boiler cost us $453 for coal, the 'Spencer' but $243." "The cost of coal in one building using a cast-iron boiler is $1336, and in a bigger one with a 'Spencer' only $766.30." "Our coal bills under our Spencer Heaters show a saving of $951.96."

A "Long-Term" Investment The Spencer Heater is an investment that pays dividends not only in fuel and labor saving, but in good rentals from satisfied tenants and in profitable sales and liberal loans on property. Investigation will substantiate these statements. **Ask your architect. Ask your fitter**—he can install the "Spencer" on any steam, vapor or hot-water heating system in any building.


"Spencer" Hot Water

Send For Two Valuable Books

Catalog and booklet of owners' experiences that may be a revelation.

SPENCER HEATER COMPANY
800 People's National Bank Building, Scranton, Pa.

Branches: N. Y. City, 101 Park Ave., Cor. 40th St.; Chicago, Railway Exchange; Philadelphia, Morris Bldg.; Boston, 147 Federal St.; St. Louis, Chemical Bldg.; Detroit, 816 Ford Bldg.; Buffalo, 1377 Main St.; Minneapolis, Plymouth Bldg.; Denver, 211 Sixteenth St.; Des Moines, Observatory Bldg.

Canadian Sales Representatives: Winnipeg, The Weadon Co., Cor. Main and Portage Ave.; Toronto, The Weadon Co., Lonsdale Bldg.

TO REDUCE COAL BILLS

Spencer Heater
800 People's Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Scranton, Pa.
I am interested in reducing heating costs. Please mail your books free.
Name
Address
My heating contractor

DODGE BROTHERS
WINTER CAR

Thoroughness of construction, which you have come to associate with Dodge Brothers manufacturing methods, is apparent in these Winter Cars

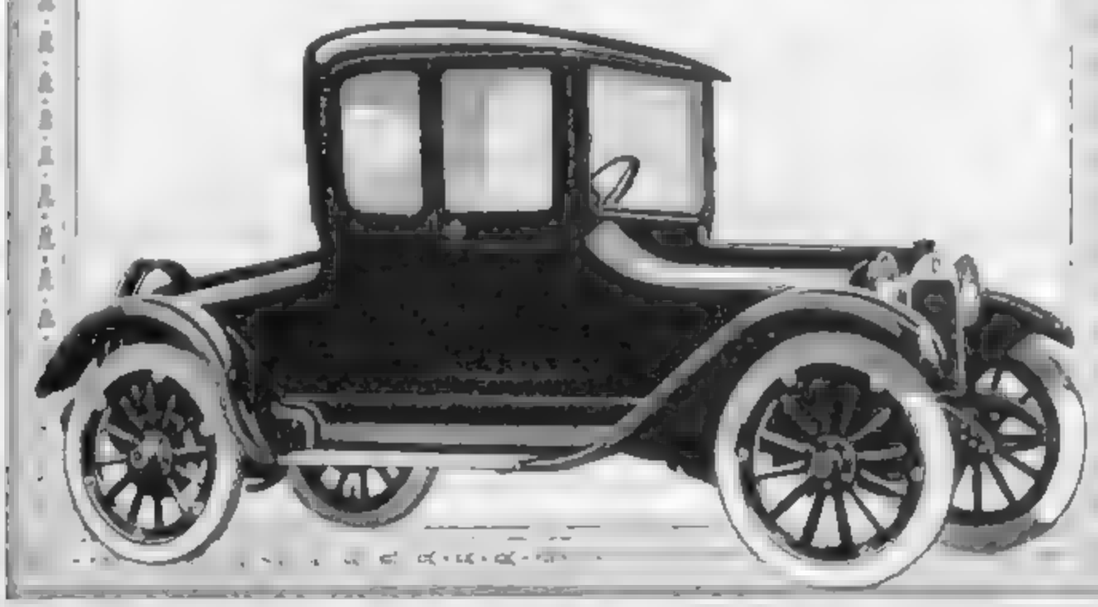
They afford not only protection, but the further advantages of wide-opening doors of standard coupé height, windows adjustable for ventilation, electric lighting, clear vision, etc., which properly come under the head of comfort.

The tire mileage is unusually high.

The price of the Winter Touring Car or Roadster, complete, including regular mohair top, is $950 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1335 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



MARRIED? THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE By Dr. Cowan, M.D. 400 pages. Illustrated. Special Edition. This is the most valuable book on the marriage relation ever issued. Circular giving full information sent free.
J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY
90 Rose St., New York

PATENTS Write for How To Obtain a Patent. List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free.
VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Patent Attys., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

A Lesson in Home Tinkering by Mr. Punch
GOODELL PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS
Never drive a screw without first drilling a hole. Drill the hole with Mr. Punch, the Automatic Drill. You push—he twists. Bites into solid oak as you would push a pin into putty. 8 tool-steel drills in handle seen through numbered holes. Sells for $1.50.
Send for Booklet, "The House that Jack Fixed"
Goodell-Pratt Company
Toolsmiths
Greenfield, Mass.

He was forward, preparing a chain hawser for coral anchorages, when he saw Halvard tramping shortly back over the sand. He entered the tender, and, with a vicious shove, rowed with a powerful, vindictive sweep toward the ketch. The cask evidently had been left behind. He made the tender fast and swung aboard with his notable agility.

"There's a damn idiot in that house," he declared, in a surprising departure from his customary detached manner.

"Explain yourself," Woolfolk demanded shortly.

"But I'm going back after him," the sailor stubbornly proceeded. "I'll turn any knife out of his hand."

It was evident that he was laboring under an intense growing excitement and anger.

"The only idiot's not on shore," Woolfolk told him. "Where's the water cask you took ashore?"

"Broken."

"How?"

"I'll tell you fast enough. There was nobody about when I went up to the house, although there was a chair rocking on the porch as if a person had just left. I knocked at the door; it was open, and I was certain that I heard someone inside, but nobody answered. Then after a bit I went around back. The kitchen was open, too, and no one in sight. I saw the water cistern and thought I'd fill up, when you could say something afterward. I did, and was rolling the cask about the house when this—this loggerhead came out of the bushes. He wanted to know what I was getting away with, and I explained, but it didn't suit him. He said I might be telling facts and again I mightn't. I saw there was no use talking, and started rolling the cask again; but he put his foot on it; and I pushed one way and he the other ——"

"And, between you, you stove in the cask," Woolfolk interrupted.

"That's it," Poul Halvard answered concisely. "Then I got mad, and offered to beat in his face, but he had a knife. I could have broken it out of his grip—I've done it before in a place or two—but I thought I'd better come aboard and report before anything general began."

John Woolfolk was momentarily at a loss to establish the identity of Halvard's assailant.

Then he realized that it must be Nicholas, whom he had never seen, and who had blown such an imperative summons on the conch the night before. Halvard's temper was communicated to him; he moved abruptly to where the tender was fastened.

"Put me ashore," he directed. He would make it clear that his man was not to be interrupted in the execution of his orders, and that his property could not be arbitrarily destroyed.

When the tender ran upon the beach and had been secured, Halvard started to follow him, but Woolfolk waved him back. There was a stir on the portico as he approached, the flitting of an unsubstantial form; but, hastening, John Woolfolk arrested Lichfield Stope in the doorway.

"Morning," he nodded abruptly. "I came to speak to you about a water cask of mine."

The other swayed like a thin, gray column of smoke.

"Ah, yes," he pronounced with difficulty. "Water cask ——"

"It was broken here a little while back."

At the suggestion of violence such a pitiable panic fell upon the older man that Woolfolk halted. Lichfield Stope raised his hands as if to ward off the mere impact of the words themselves; his face was stained with the thin red tide of congestion.

"You have a man named Nicholas," Woolfolk proceeded. "I should like to see him."

The other made a gesture as tremulous and indeterminate as his speech and appeared to dissolve into the hall.

John Woolfolk stood for a moment undecided and then moved about the house toward the kitchen. There, he thought, he might obtain an explanation of the breaking of the cask. A man was moving about within and came to the door as Woolfolk approached.

The latter told himself that he had never seen a blanker countenance. In profile it showed a narrow brow, a huge, drooping nose, a pinched mouth and insignificant chin. From the front the face of the man in the doorway held the round, unscored cheeks of a fat and sleepy boy. The eyes were mere long glimmers of vision in thick folds of flesh; the mouth, upturned at the corners, lent a fixed, mechanical smile to the whole. It was a countenance on which the passage of time and thoughts had left no mark; its stolidity had been moved by no feeling. His body was heavy and sagging. It possessed, Woolfolk recognized, a considerable, unwieldy strength, and was completely covered by a variously spotted and streaked apron.

"Are you Nicholas?" John Woolfolk demanded.

The other nodded.

"Then, I take it, you are the man who broke my water cask."

"It was full of our water," Nicholas replied in a thick voice.

"That," said Woolfolk, "I am not going to argue with you. I came ashore to instruct you to let my man and my property alone."

"Then leave our water be."

John Woolfolk's temper, the instinctive arrogance of men living apart from the necessary submissions of communal life, in positions—however small—of supreme command, flared through his body.

"I told you," he repeated shortly, "that I would not discuss the question of the water. I have no intention of justifying myself to you. Remember—your hands off."

The other said surprisingly: "Don't get me started!" A spasm of emotion made a faint, passing shade on his sodden countenance, his voice held almost a note of appeal.

"Whether you 'start' or not is without the slightest significance," Woolfolk coldly responded.

"Mind," the man went on, "I spoke first."

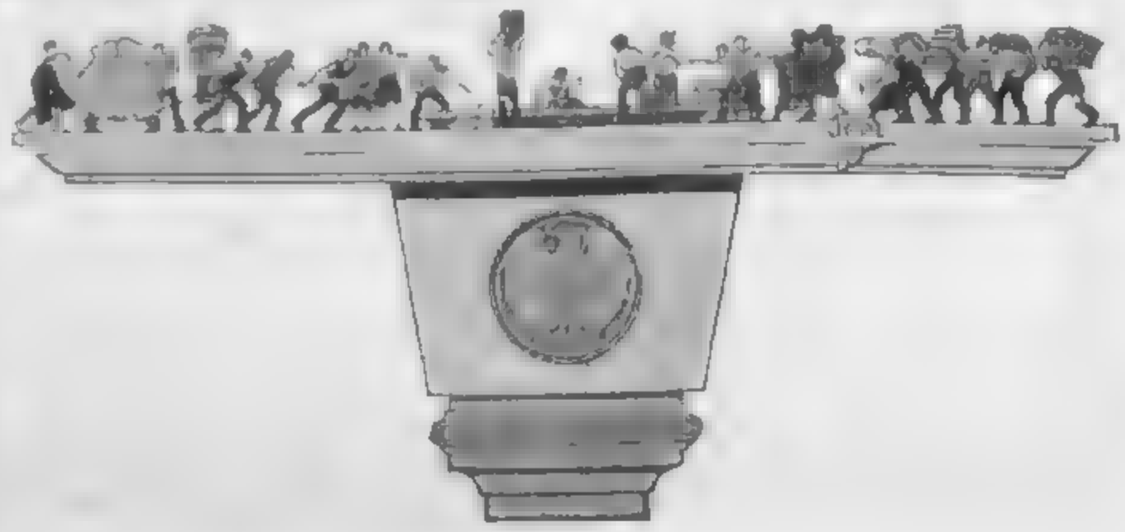
A steady twitching commenced in a muscle at the flange of his nose. Woolfolk was aware of an increasing tension in the other that gained a peculiar oppressiveness from the lack of any corresponding outward expression. His heavy, blunt hand fumbled under the maculate apron; his chest heaved with a sudden, tempestuous breathing. "Don't start me," he repeated in a voice so blurred that the words were hardly recognizable. He swallowed convulsively, his emotion mounting to an inchoate passion, when suddenly a change was evident. He made a short, violent effort to regain his self-control, his gaze fastened on a point behind Woolfolk.

The latter turned and saw Millie Stope approaching, her countenance haggard with fear.

"What has happened?" she cried breathlessly while yet a little distance away. "Tell me at once ——"

"Nothing," Woolfolk promptly replied, appalled by the agony in her voice. "Nicholas and I had a small misunderstanding. A triviality," he added, thinking of the other's hand groping beneath the apron.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



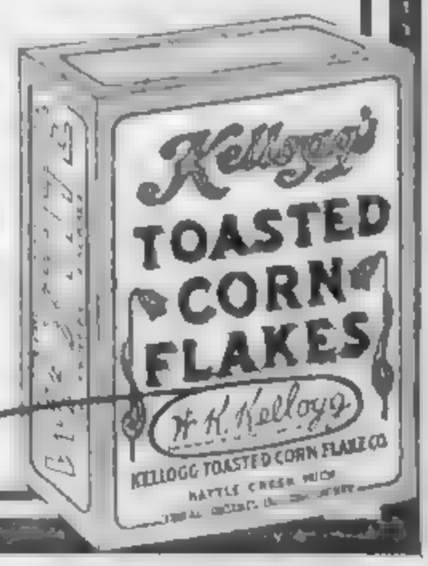
Copyright, 1916, Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co

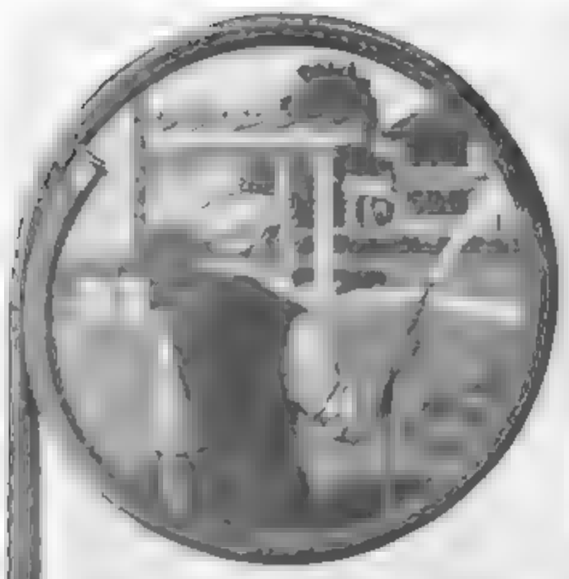
YOUNG folks with their fresh, unspoiled palates are the real judges of *flavor*. They enjoy the crispness, the wonderful good taste of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—and they are the ones who keep the imitations away from the table.

The crispness and flavor of Kellogg's are *there*—five million breakfasts a morning—and no telling how many times between meals.

It is a remarkable fact that there is no storage space at Kellogg's. Each day's production is shipped crisp from the ovens in the Kellogg *WAXTITE* package—that keeps the fresh, good flavor in and all other flavors out.

W. K. Kellogg





This Hose Can't Kink

WE mean this literally. Unless you stand on Goodyear-Akron Lawn Hose and tie it in a knot, it will not kink.

This extra strength is due to the six heavy rubber ribs that run the full length of the hose.

But even more important than this is the fact that it does not crack and it does not leak.

This is perhaps contrary to your experience with unknown brands of hose.

Nevertheless, it is true of Goodyear-Akron Hose—and it is due to the five alternate layers of active rubber and seamless braided cotton, cured into one inseparable unit.

When you buy hose, be sure you ask for the Goodyear-Akron brand. On one side you will find the same trade mark shown below; on the other, the name of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Lawn Hose

Does your boy swim?
Does he play baseball?
Does he like to go camping in the summer?
Does he enjoy gymnastics?

Of course. He's a live boy.

We have a plan for giving live boys all these live-boy advantages.

In addition, we pay boys handsomely for the privilege of doing for them.

A string attached? No more than a string that any live boy takes pleasure in pulling.

And the harder he pulls, the better becomes his ball of business sense. He'll knock home-runs out of that ball some day.

Want to hear about the plan?

USE THE COUPON

Vocational Director
The Curtis Publishing Company
Box 256, Philadelphia, Penna.

Dear Sir:

Please tell me how my boy can join the local Y. M. C. A. entirely at your expense.

Name

Address

THE YEAR IN SPORT

THE year 1915 was in some ways an interesting one in American sport—not so much in what was done as in what was undertaken and in the changes of conditions that were brought to the attention of American sportsmen. It was a year of rather pronounced decrease in game supply, yet one of considerable advancement in the methods intended to conserve the game supply.

Twenty years ago, if there had been passed a law prohibiting the sale of wild game in the city of Chicago, the first or second game market of the United States, it would have started a riot and would have cost the political head of the party in power. Yet in the summer of 1915 the Illinois Legislature, with no ensuing disturbance whatever, did pass a law prohibiting the sale of game in that state or the importation into the state of any game for the purpose of sale, with the exception of deer legally killed.

Perhaps for the reason that Illinois has not a great deal of game left to trouble over, the law itself has been well received. It is hoped that it really will stop the sale of birds legally or illegally killed in other states and imported into the city of Chicago to feed the insatiable game market there.

This was a great step forward, but the Legislature of Illinois must needs qualify such progress in some fashion. Accordingly the same session passed a law removing all restrictions whatsoever from hook-and-line fishing. In Illinois you may angle when and where you like and keep everything you catch, no matter of what size. At first blush this does not seem a very deadly law. As a matter of fact it is one of the loophole laws. It admits destructive fishing on the spawning beds. Moreover, when you see a boatload of bass, how can you tell whether they were caught with a net illegally or with hook and line legally, when the season was not open for netting? This is a very deplorable measure.

There was throughout all the Middle West in the fall of 1915 a great and widely observed scarcity of upland game birds. Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana—all these report an appalling lack of grouse, quail and partridges. Last spring was very wet in much of this country. Last fall in Wisconsin prairie chickens were scarcer than they have been for very many years. In Wisconsin and Michigan partridges also were scarce, although 1914 was a good partridge year in both of those states. Quail in Wisconsin are still under the close term of years. They suffered, but not to the extent of the grouse. In Illinois, however, and in parts of Indiana, especially in the bottom lands where there were serious and repeated overflows, the quail crop was almost wiped out.

Shortsighted Sportsmen

There ought to be, in the belief of many sportsmen, a close season on quail in this part of the Middle West for at least two years. A great many sportsmen are alarmed lest the elements and the guns combined shall have left us with a very poor head of breeding stock for 1916.

There has never been a time in the history of sport in the Middle West when game was anything like so scarce as it was in the fall of 1915. Some shooters now almost despair. Yet others say there is no use in establishing a close term of years as was done on quail in Wisconsin, because, as they say, a bad year may come along and kill them all anyway—a very poor argument, but one heard not infrequently.

Much in attunement with this shooting attitude is that of certain shooters of the Mississippi Valley, who declare that we must shoot wild fowl in the spring or not at all, and who think they certainly ought to be allowed to shoot wild fowl in the spring for that reason. Apparently it is of no use to point out to these that the game law is made, not to protect shooters but to protect game. It is astonishing what a large number of shortsighted men there are in this world and how little thought and wisdom they apply to these interesting affairs; for certainly the question of game supply is the affair of sportsmen and of other thinking men as well.

The year 1915 was of extraordinary interest to all sportsmen in America, because of the long wait for the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the test case involving the constitutionality of the Weeks-McLean Law protecting migratory wild fowl by means of reduced shooting seasons and the abolishment of spring shooting. The decision of the court was announced as certain to be handed down on October twelfth. On January first the decision had not been announced; and, as the court was still in vacation nearly up to that date, it remained uncertain when the shooters of America would know their fate and the fate of the wild fowl of America as well.

Though one would far more gladly write definitely in regard to this decision, at this time it can only be said that if this law should be held unconstitutional the result will be ruin for the wild fowl of America.

It is pointed out that, should the decision be adverse—that is to say, should the law be declared unconstitutional and the old doctrine of state rights be held to override the idea of a new national law for a new national benefit—there are but two ways in which the matter can be remedied: there may be an amendment passed to the Constitution of the United States—a slow and practically impossible matter—or the law itself may be amended later and taken up again for passage in a form that shall withstand charges as to its unconstitutionality.

The sovereign remedy suggested is that of a treaty with Canada, which should place this law entirely above the courts. In these grievous times of war it is considered an unkindness to attempt consideration of a measure of this nature when others of so far greater importance engross the attention of that country's law-making and treaty-making powers. Therefore, we may mark off the slate the possible Canadian treaty as the saving means.

Game Refuges vs. Game Laws

There remains, otherwise, in regard to the terms of this law only what seems to be the hopeless and futile attempt to pass state laws that shall agree in their terms with the national law. To my own mind, this seems simply begging the question. We have tried state laws and have seen our game disappear. We have tried this national law. If we do not tear it down, and if we do uphold it, our wildfowl will not yet disappear.

To most of the serious thinkers of the country—and one cannot properly thus classify all the men who clamor for the abolishment of this wise measure—it seems certain that only the Government at Washington, and not the governments of the different states, can extend any safety to the decreasing game supply of the country. We are at the proof of the pudding now.

In the great interest the deferred decision of the Supreme Court has created many of the larger and better sportsmen's associations of the country, such as the Hunters' Fraternity, of Chicago and New York, the Camp-Fire Club, of New York, the Boone and Crockett Club, of New York, the Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh, and so on, stood beside the men who favored the Weeks-McLean Law. Some of these organizations offered the free services of attorneys who were members of these sporting bodies, to the extent of preparing briefs to be submitted with that of the Attorney-General of the United States before the Supreme Court. The Attorney-General in the late summer of 1915 deprecated all such assistance to any further extent, and said that he was of the belief that such efforts might be regarded as officious and might result in harm to the cause of game protection. Wherefore, all the sportsmen can do is to bite their thumbs and wait.

Meantime there has taken place in the country a very rapid increase in the game-refuge idea as against the game-law idea. One instance of this is to be seen in the Minnetonka Game Refuge, of Minnesota, a reserve set apart in a region no longer well supplied with game and directly in the heart of a thickly settled country. It is the hope of the local sportsmen that song birds, at least in some numbers, and perhaps a few game birds, will learn this place of safety.

Sporting organizations now are turning their attention to the control of large tracts of land to be used as game refuges. For instance, one of the special committees of the Hunters' Fraternity, of Chicago, will at their next meeting report a recommendation for the purchase of a large body of waste or wild land in one or other of the adjoining states, this to be stocked by contributions from the organization in question. The state is not asked to do anything except to fence the land, all other charges to be assumed by the sportsmen themselves.

The great grist of game laws—all more or less attempts to lock the door of the stable—went merrily forward in 1915. There were two hundred and forty new game laws passed in the United States, only three states—Georgia, Arizona and Nebraska—failing to do some tinkering in these matters. North Carolina suddenly came to life and passed sixty-one new game laws, some of them a trifle weird. Some states altered laws to conform with the terms of the Weeks-McLean Law. Ohio and Rhode Island changed their statutes so that they conform less now than heretofore with that law.

The growth of the long close season, covering a term of years, became very definite in 1915. Thus, antelope and sheep are protected indefinitely in New Mexico and Montana. Oklahoma protects prairie chickens for a term of years—this in a country where once we did not think prairie chickens were sufficiently big game to shoot. Illinois, as has been said, prohibits all importation of game except deer legally killed. Pennsylvania prohibits shipment of game by parcel post.

No state declared a permanent close season on quail, in spite of agitation to this effect. Daily bag limits were established for the first time in Arkansas. In several states the daily bag limit was cut almost in half. Wyoming made legal the killing of fifty moose a year and Montana lengthened the elk season by two weeks. Meantime it is understood that the Government at Washington is seriously considering the legal slaughter of a part of the Yellowstone elk herd—in order to save it from starvation! Let us hope that this ill-advised and deplorable attitude will not long be entertained by those who have the disposition of life and death for this, the greatest of all our American game herds.

What we ought to do is, not to kill off any of these elk but to care for the permanence of the herd and a steady increase of its numbers. We need more range and more food for the elk, not more rifle bullets for them. This legal lessening of the numbers of the herd simply means the old, old story of the loophole—everybody will shoot at elk at all times of the year. In a little while there will be only a remnant of the great herd left; and that herd to-day is, or ought to be, one of the prides of the American people.

The Future of Sport

The Biological Survey in Washington has had in its power the enforcement of the national game laws; and in the opinion of this writer we owe the test case on the Weeks-McLean Law to the vacillating policy of the Biological Survey and its failure to enforce the law rigidly from the start.

On the other hand, the Biological Survey itself, through its chief, Doctor Henshaw, has put out the most useful, the most thorough and the most conclusive article on game protection that has ever appeared in this country—this having appeared in the National Geographic Magazine.

Doctor Henshaw in his article agrees practically with the figures printed in these columns as to the sporting industry in America. He thinks there are about five million shooters in this country who go afield annually. These numbers increase steadily from year to year. The effectiveness and number of cheap firearms steadily increase also. He calls attention, too, to the increased use of the automobile, mention of which for the first time appears in the game laws of certain Western States in the statutes of 1915. In very calm and convincing fashion he points out the probability that before very long the privileges of sport will be open only to the wealthy classes.

The year 1915 was, for very many reasons, a period when it best beseemed a man to look at all the world and its problems frankly and seriously. It has been a year of change. Then why not recognize that times have changed? And why not adjust ourselves to the new world that seems henceforth offered to us?

YOU CAN ALWAYS BLUFF 'EM

(Continued from Page 18)

Well, Proctor reflected, this was as easy a way as any. Evidently Madeline did not mean that they had to part. He wanted his life to go on precisely as it had been going on, with no necessity for reflection.

"Madeline," he said, "we will not think of ourselves—at least no more than we must."

"I suppose we are only human," sighed Madeline. "We proved that yesterday. But at least we can begin over to-day—a new, sane chapter in our sweet, wholesome friendship."

They began their new chapter—or, rather, Madeline did—with a series of Do you remembers? which had brought them to a pleasantly romantic frame of mind by the time Nina reached the other side of the studio door. Nina listened till her breath came steadily and her heart ceased to try to beat its way out. The fact that the murmur of their voices went on unbrokenly gave her courage; long pauses between speeches would have been more than she could have endured. She took three deep breaths and then pushed her way in. The two were not holding hands, but they looked as though they had been on the point of it.

"I knocked three times," Nina said gayly, "and then I couldn't wait any longer. 'Lo, Proctor dear! And is this your wonderful Madeline Brown, of whom you have told me so much?"

She captured Madeline's hand much as she had captured the situation. For all her social experience, Madeline was distinctly at a loss. All her life she had been lessoned as to the conduct of "people in your position"; but she had never been told how a person in her position should behave when caught philandering with a married man by his wife. Even her infallible doctrine of putting other people in the wrong deserted her. All she could do was murmur incoherently and push a chair toward the intruder.

"Thanks so much!" said Nina, with a brilliant smile. "What a wonderful hearth fire! Of course we expect one in Massachusetts, but not in New York."

Proctor had not lived with Nina for seven years without learning all the shades of her manners. Her present manner he recognized as the superior one she assumed toward people who had simply met her and given her the casual recognition due any pretty woman; the manner was intended to make them realize that she was Mrs. Bruce, rich in her own right and the wife of a popular author.

Proctor fumed. How dared Nina come there in any such fashion—and without knocking, too, as though she didn't trust him! Yes; and where had she got the address, by George! Reading his private letters! As though that wasn't enough to make a man untrustworthy—to be suspected and spied on and followed! Well, he wouldn't stand it; she'd be sorry!

At the moment Nina appeared anything but sorry. She chatted amiably, with the least air of patronizing New York and perhaps Madeline Brown. Her air said to Madeline that she was a devoted wife and mother, who preferred fresh air for her children, and who trusted her husband absolutely—oh, yes, absolutely! And who was so thoroughly in that husband's confidence that she could drop in upon him at any time and in any place and be thoroughly welcome. Added to this was a magnanimous air of giving him full freedom—further, of not wanting a man who would abuse freedom; he would not be quite good enough, really.

So she talked, waiting for Madeline's replies and yet never permitting Madeline's talk to go far enough to give Madeline the whip hand. And all the time Nina was watching the girl, her intellect and her instincts hard at work. For she had swept away the mists engendered by seven years of safe marriage; every ounce of her was alert to see, to understand. She judged Madeline by what she said, by what she did not say, by all she had read of her in the papers, and by her own knowledge of girls of Madeline's class; and in half an hour she had gauged her more accurately than Proctor had in all their days of communion. But then, Proctor had been after inspiration, which does not have to rise from truth; and Nina was after security, which has to be founded on a knowledge of facts.

"Pooh!" said Nina scornfully to herself. "She's just sick and tired of her own set; she wanted a new sensation, so she came to Proctor's world to get it. She is going to marry one of her set, but in the meantime she wanted a real man to play with, and she chose Proctor. She couldn't flirt with a married man of her own crowd without being gossiped about; so she came here, where she can do as she pleases. She wanted a taste of freedom; but as to giving up her world for Proctor—pooh! She'd like to have the world plus Proctor, perhaps, but she wouldn't exchange one for the other."

Thus Nina, her serene, composed chat glancing from one to the other. When she had quite made up her mind she rose.

"Almost dinnertime," she said. "I've made an extraordinarily long call."

Proctor rose too. Nina did not look in his direction. She did not intend to convey the impression that she was dragging him off. If he cared to show Madeline Brown that he was going away with his wife, that was another matter.

At the foot of the stairs Nina turned to him and mentioned briskly the restaurant where she was going to dine. It was a solid, practical beefsteak-and-turnips sort of place—just the spot for the mother and father of a family to consort. In the taxicab Nina kept up an even chatter about what had befallen the children since she had seen Proctor, checking all his attempted interruptions with the remark that they could talk in the restaurant. Seated over their food, it was she who began the talk.

"What I am wondering," she said in a thoughtful tone, "is how to arrange about the children. Of course you will want to see them sometimes—after all, you're their father and you must feel some natural affection for them. But at the same time I don't intend to have them come under Madeline Brown's influence. Not that I've the least thing against her—I hope I'm above that; but the children are mine. I haven't done anything to separate myself from them, and I don't propose to let any other woman take the least shred of my influence with them."

Proctor did not feel as though he had not heard aright. He had never had any reason to distrust his ears and he knew just what she had said; but he did feel as though his little solid universe had taken wings unto itself and was wildly whirling round him in separate pieces. He laid down his knife and fork with hands not quite steady.

"Will you kindly tell me what you are driving at?" he inquired.

Nina looked at him fully.

"But it's obvious, isn't it, dear?" she said gently. "You don't need to break anything to me by degrees. I understand. We might omit all preliminaries, all explanations, and face the facts. Madeline Brown is quite as pretty as I ever was, and younger. She has all possible worldly advantages. I don't know what the quality of her talent is, and, of course, I don't know what talent I might have developed if I had not been bearing and rearing four children; but that's neither here nor there ——"

"Are you mad?" Proctor asked harshly. "If you are speaking of divorce I've never given you any cause ——"

"Dear, isn't that one of the preliminaries we may omit?" she said softly. "I hope I am not so unsophisticated as to bother about causes. It's results! The results are that your work, your children and myself are not enough for you. You will keep your work; I—and, of course, the children—will withdraw, and you shall be as free as you were. We've never talked of such things; but, of course, I never meant to cling to you when you ceased to need me."

And this cool creature was she who just a few weeks before had been making him promise that he would never love anyone but her! He could not believe she was in earnest, and he said so.

"Why?" she inquired. "Because I'm not making a scene? Dear Proctor, I want to make it as easy as I can for you."

He gritted his teeth at her maddening magnanimity, and, looking with solemnity at him, she reflected that it was indeed easy to deceive them!

"A separation won't do," went on Nina calmly, "because, of course, I want to be free too. I don't think children should be brought up without a man's influence. All things considered, I think I'll marry Archie Somers ——"

"Somers!" spluttered Proctor.

ONLY a few years ago the nickelodeon ran riot, flaunting its blatant and sensational posters before the public eye.

The pictures shown at these places were manufactured on the "get-the-money-while-it-lasts" plan.

Conditions in the motion picture industry have been changed for the better, due chiefly to the intelligently organized efforts of the group of producers and distributors responsible for

Paramount Pictures

Today Paramount Pictures featuring the best known stars of stage and screen can be shown in any theatre from the largest metropolitan house to the smallest two-nights-a-week hall.

The Paramount organization is responsible for the immeasurable improvement in photoplay productions accomplished chiefly in the past two years.

By showing pictures of unusual merit and featuring players of international fame, it has established a quality standard which others must measure up to or fail in the attempt.

If Paramount Pictures are not shown in your neighborhood, ask your favorite theatre to get them.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
485 FIFTH AVENUE AT 42nd STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

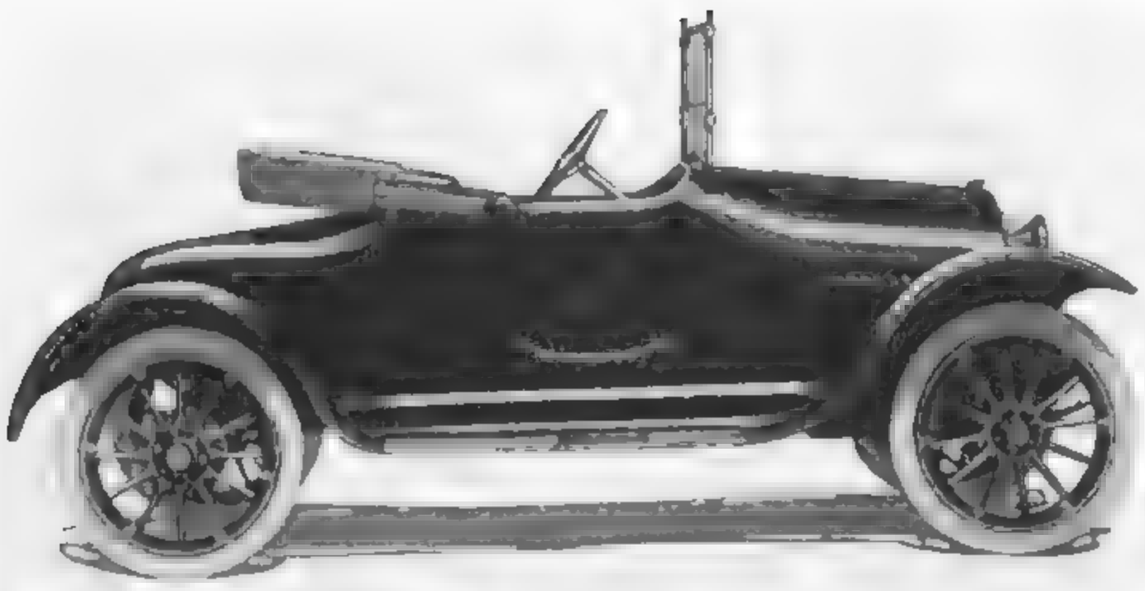
Paramount Pictures

Send for this Motion Picture Magazine

Send 10 cents for a three months' trial offer of *Picture Progress*, a magazine filled with stories, photos, questions and answers and articles by and about your favorite Motion Picture players. Address your letter to Dept. A-13.

Send me your trial offer of *Picture Progress*. Enclosed find 10 cents.

A-13



40 horse-power

HOLLIER EIGHT

"A real Eight"

$985

F. O. B. Chelsea

You get a real Eight Cylinder Motor in the $985 Hollier Eight Roadster. It is built in our own factory—we guarantee it.

We know how to build a motor that will perform and stay right, because for years we have been building successful motors and chassis for different makes of cars.

Request our booklet, "The Eight Among Eights"—it tells the whole story in a mighty interesting way.

And when you decide on your Hollier Eight, it will be delivered to you on the date you specify, no excuses will be offered.

DEALERS—you want a popular priced, good looking Eight to complete your line for 1916. Get our Special Proposition.

THE LEWIS SPRING & AXLE CO.
Dept. 11, Chelsea, Mich.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufac- [illegible] Owen Patents. Send [illegible] for [illegible] patents wanted, etc. I help you market your [illegible] without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg. Washington, D. C.

SPRAYERS FOR EVERY NEED
Whether you have [illegible] Thousand [illegible] you must spray, or rot wormy, scabby fruit. Directions free.
FIELD FORCE PUMP CO., Dept. E, Elmira, N. Y.

Latest Book Profitable Poultry Finest [illegible] issued (160 pages, 210 pictures and [illegible] Tells how to succeed with poultry, [illegible] your possible harvest in [illegible] eggs, incubators, sprouters, etc. [illegible] great book only 5 cents.
Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 69, Clarinda, Iowa

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
Prices $15.00 up. SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ½ to ¼ MANUFACTURERS' PRICES, allowing RENTAL TO APPLY ON PRICE. Free Trial. Installment payments if desired. Write for catalog D.
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago

Take your time in the selection of
Ditzler Automobile Colors
Sixty handsome colors—many new shades—mounted on [illegible] with transparent celluloid [illegible] of [illegible] Touring and Runabout [illegible] can [illegible] before choosing. Ditzler Colors are [illegible] of [illegible] check, draft, currency or money order
Ditzler Color Co., 20 West Baltimore Ave., Detroit, Michigan

25 Times World's Champion
402,000 in Use
Get all facts, proofs, particulars — low prices, money back guarantee. 100 views of high percentage hatches — all come with my big illustrated Free Book "Hatching Facts," in colors. Write me today. Jim Rohan, Pres.

Belle City Incubators and Brooders
Belle City Incubator Co., Box 77, Racine, Wis.

PATENTS
procured for [illegible] chemical, automobile, engineering and [illegible] inventions. Booklet free. Best references.
MASON FENWICK & LAWRENCE
Established 1891. Washington, D. C., New York and Chicago

"Hoosier Roses" FREE
An exquisite Rose Book, printed in natural colors. Explains [illegible] and flowers successful and how to get Rose Bush, [illegible] or Rose Bush, without charge. Write for this book.
HOOSIER ROSE CO., Box 919 New Castle, Ind.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE
of pure bred poultry; 70 breeds illustrated [illegible] Perfect poultry [illegible] Low prices on stock and [illegible] You need this book [illegible] Order [illegible]
R. H. GREIDER, Box 12, Rheems, Pa.

SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY
Book and Almanac for 1916
Has 90 pages with many colored plates of [illegible] about [illegible] kinds [illegible] Money back if not satisfied
C. C. SHOEMAKER Box 912, Freeport, Ill.

ROSES of NEW CASTLE
[illegible] name of our famous [illegible] rose culture. May [illegible] the best for home planting in America—and [illegible] Book and [illegible] most [illegible] of a kind published. [illegible]
HELLER BROS. CO. Box 210, New Castle, Ind.

"Fairies in Roseland"
[illegible] of view [illegible] for framing [illegible] in [illegible] Free. 216 [illegible] now [illegible] for only 6c. the set. [illegible] guaranteed to bloom. Send [illegible]
The CONARD & JONES Co. WEST GROVE Box 90 PA.

"The children are used to him," Nina said; "indeed, of late they have seen more of him than they have of you."

So far, all she had said had only made him angry; but this was a thrust that hurt. Nina really felt sorry she had delivered it; but before she could soften it Proctor had become angry again.

"You don't mean it, of course!" he stormed. "But even in a joke to speak of a tame cat like Somers ——"

"Dear Proctor," said Nina reasonably, "after a few years it isn't the man that counts in matrimony at all—or the wife; it's merely the state of being settled. Of course you don't believe that or you'd not have gone after Madeline Brown ——"

"I—I —— Oh, hell!" raged Proctor.

"Women know these things," pursued Nina sweetly. "Some man has to be the head of the household; but, as long as he's decent, nothing else matters. Dear me, Proctor, you can't say it has escaped you that you and I never really talk! Archie and I do; I fancy you and Madeline do—or did in the first stages ——"

"If you dare to associate my name with Madeline Brown again ——" he cried.

Nina's heart swelled with triumph. She understood that at the moment Proctor felt that he hated both her and Madeline. That, for her, was a gain.

"I'm not saying I haven't been at fault," she said. "Another time I'd pick out a suburban home on Long Island and let you commute."

"Another time! Nina, you have passed all my bounds of patience. You may have ceased to love me, but if you think I'll let you be free for that nincompoop Somers ——"

"Proctor," said Nina dangerously, "I have just as much right to go after him as you had to go after Madeline Brown!"

"The cases are different—and I didn't go after her."

"Don't you want to marry her? Or is there someone else already?"

He could have shaken her. She felt that she had pushed him rather far.

"Now that the baby is on his feet," she said sadly, "I had hoped that perhaps we could be companions again as we were in that first year, when we went around together getting ideas for stories. Oh, Proctor, do you remember ——"

And for the second time that day Proctor was beguiled by a series of tender reminiscences—only this series blotted out every memory of the first lot, for the first lot was not deeply rooted, while Nina touched on experiences which bind a man and woman together by the deepest and best that lies in them. Proctor could have wept. Then he had an inspiration. He would tell her the exact truth; this was no moment for bluffing.

He did—all about how she had made him wonder whether he was worldly enough to let money really matter; and how, when he had liked this beautiful rich girl without knowing she was rich, he'd just been carried away by the proof of his disinterestedness and had made a strong friendship; just a friendship, mind you, and not so strong, either, that it could not be broken off at once without cost—to him.

The reward that frequently comes to the truth-teller was his: Nina did not believe him. If she had she would have had to admit that there was a possibility that she was not loved for herself alone; and, now that she felt herself mistress of the situation, her old illusions and her belief in herself had come back. She failed to see that she was as much a petitioner in love as she had ever been; that nothing had really changed or happened, except that for a time she had wondered whether she had lost Proctor, and then had seen that she had not.

No; she put it to herself that dear Proctor believed, like so many men, that women could be bluffed, and he was trying it on. Of course Madeline was somewhat of her type in appearance—there was a compliment in that if you like; but what ailed dear Proctor was that he had not had enough of home influence.

"It is too bad!" she sighed. "I was going to propose that we get a place on Long Island and build a separate tower for you, where you could write, undisturbed by the children. Then, when your work was over, you could have the companionship of our boys; they're getting big enough. Just an idle dream. Oh, Proctor, I am so sorry!"

Proctor could have cursed at her dense obstinacy. And—for the spell of their reminiscence was on him—he could have wept too. His mind conjured up a picture of wonderful suburban life, with New York when he wanted it, and Nina and the children and an isolated tower when he did not want New York.

Then Proctor bluffed—knowing that you always can. He fixed her with a fierce eye, concentrated upon her all the masterfulness that was in him, and said harshly:

"Well, here's the truth! For a long time I've been considering a change. I don't want to be married to you."

Nina gasped.

"No; I'm not going to be a dog on a chain—the young author rich Mrs. Bruce is kind enough to let live with her, instead of Archie Somers or some other figurehead. I'm not satisfied with my home and I never have been."

Big tears rose in Nina's eyes, but Proctor went on sternly:

"So I am going to try and get another wife on another basis. I'm going to have a home on Long Island; it will be supported by my money and no one else's. There's a young grass widow, with four children, whom I shall invite to share it. She and the children have got to live within my means. Of course if she cares to buy a child a pony out of her own money, she may; but she's got to dress out of my money. I adore that woman—always have and always shall."

Nina was smiling shyly and their hands were clasped across the table.

"Mind! You've got to dress out of my money."

"Of course, darling," Nina said, knowing how easy it would be to deceive him as to the cost of clothes.

"And the servants are to be paid out of my money."

"Yes, dear," she agreed, thinking that she could also deceive him there.

"You may leave the money to the children," Proctor said fiercely, "but I refuse to have a penny of it."

"Yes, dear," she replied humbly; "when I give you an idea for a story you can pay me for it and I'll buy your presents out of that. As for Madeline Brown ——"

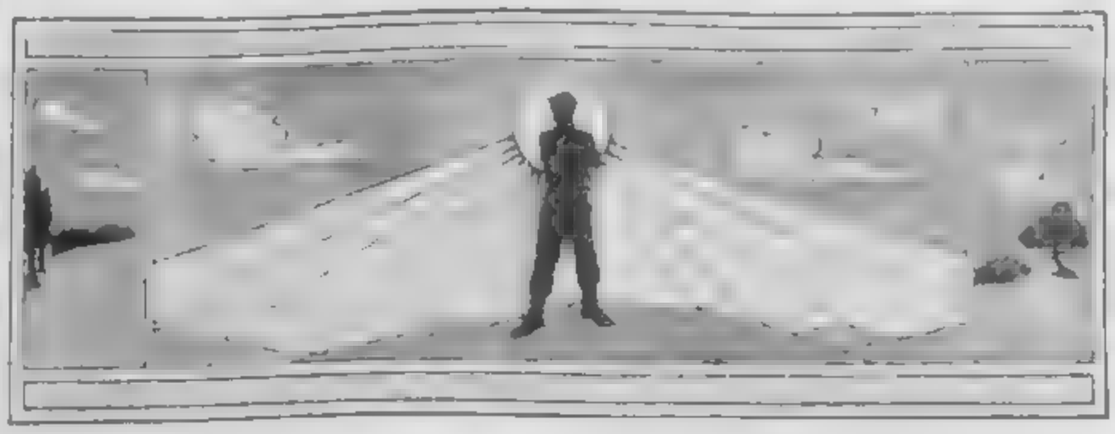
"Well?"

"Let's have her out for week-ends. I don't want to interfere with your friendships."

"You'd better not," he said, still masterful; "but I guess I've exhausted all she ever had for me. Come, darling, shall we drive under the stars? And in the morning shall we go and look up places on Long Island?"

They walked out arm in arm, and strolled along the street looking for a taxicab. Nina was triumphant, because she had made Proctor forget Madeline and prove that he loved her well enough to condemn her, as he thought, to comparative poverty. Fortunately men do not know what the real cost of living is if anyone will take the trouble to conceal it from them.

Proctor was strutting because of his clever idea. Brought her to time, that had! Independence, masterfulness—always worked, they did, by George! You can always bluff 'em! Oh, yes, indeed!



His Favorite Remedy—

These days physicians prescribe Home Billiards to keep the whole family *rolling in health!* All that the doctor calls for now is to take his own medicine on the Brunswick "Baby Grand." This famous home table brings 33 carom and pocket billiard games. Year-round sport that banishes brain fag, aids digestion, and *puts new blood into folks who work all day!*

Send for our catalog at once, and join this movement for "home preparedness."

SUPERB BRUNSWICK
Home Billiard Tables

Now $27 Up Pay 10c a Day

Whether mansion or cottage—there's a grown man's Brunswick to fit your home.

Brunswick "Grand" and "Baby Grand" are made of genuine San Domingo mahogany richly inlaid.

Our "Quick Demountable" can be set up in a jiffy anywhere, and taken down quickly when not in use.

"Convertible" Brunswicks serve as perfect dining and library tables when not in play for carom or pocket billiards.

Scientific Qualities

Every Brunswick is a scientific table with ever-level billiard bed, celebrated Monarch cushions—life! speed! and accuracy! Why be content with a toy billiard table *when 10c a day buys a genuine Brunswick!*

"Convertible" Library-Billiard Table

Balls, Cues, Etc., FREE!

Complete High Class Playing Outfit included without extra cost—Rack, Markers, Balls, Cues, Cue-Clamps, Tips, Chalk, expert book of 33 games, etc.

30-Day Home Trial

Accept our trial offer and let the Brunswick win every member of the family. Factory prices, easy payment plan and all Brunswick Home Tables shown in our handsome color-book—"Billiards—The Home Magnet." *It's FREE.* Write or mail the coupon today.

Brunswick "Quick Demountable" Table With Removable or Folding Legs

Brunswick "BABY GRAND" Combination Carom and Pocket Table

This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (315)
Dept. 28 F, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Send free, postpaid, your color-book—
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and tell about your free trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

This Year We Are Making Twice as Many
1916
Fourteen Million
Champion
TOLEDO MADE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD'S TRADE
Dependable Spark Plugs
Seven Million
1915
What Our Big Production Means to You
Year after year for many years, we have made more spark plugs than all the others combined.
Year after year we have greatly enlarged our output.
This year we will double last year's production.
Year after year we have made Champions more and more dependable.
As our production has grown we have been able to adopt extreme and still more extreme measures to insure dependability—
Because—as our production increases we can distribute the expense of these extremes of engineering, of testing and of processing over a vastly larger number of spark plugs.
That's why Champions are so much more dependable.
Your dealer will supply you with the Champion designed to serve your car more dependably than any other. Look on the porcelain [not merely on the box] for the name Champion.
Champion Spark Plug Company
106 Avondale Ave. Toledo, Ohio

Spare Time Turned Into Dollars

ANY man or woman who has some spare hours can turn them into dollars.

More than a million and a half mail subscriptions for The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman will expire this year and must be renewed. Hundreds of thousands of new subscriptions will be ordered.

We will pay you liberally in salary and commission if you will look after this business for us locally.

A few hours' work each week will bring you an extra five dollars. If you have more time than that, you can earn correspondingly more.

Let us tell you about it. There will be no expense to you.

Agency Division, Box 252
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

Vaudeville Sketches, Monologs, Dialogs, Recitations, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material. Make up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO. Dept. 20 Chicago

PLAYS Entertainments, Parlor Games, Tableaux, Drills

WRITE Your Name on a Postal
and get our 1916 Incubator Book FREE and postpaid. Shows why Prairie State Incubators "hatch most chicks that live." Contains chapter on Poultry Diseases also one on hatching and rearing.
Leaders for 35 Years
PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO
115 Main Street, Homer City, Pa.

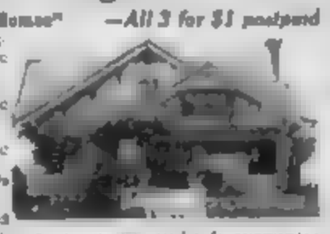
POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
THE STANDARD IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

Stillwell CALIFORNIA HOME Plans

—prove satisfactory in every climate and insure the erection of homes that are distinctive, artistic and comfortable. One and two stories. Inexpensive to build. Easy to run. Stillwell built-in conveniences save furnishings and woman's work.

Send for these Bungalow Books

"Representative California Homes" —All 3 for $1 postpaid
50 splendid plans of homes costing $2000 to $6000—Price 50c
"West Coast Bungalows"
50—$1000 to $2200—Price 50c
"Little Bungalows"
51—$300 to $1700—Price 25c



E. W. Stillwell & Co.
Architects
406 Home Bldg., Los Angeles
We sell books and blue prints on a money-back guarantee

GRIPPIN'S
Floor Crack Filler and Finishes
Makes floors look like new. Use it on hard floors, soft floors, any old floor. Write for FREE booklet.
Grippin Mfg. Co., Newark, New York
BEFORE AFTER
GRIPPIN'S

THE DAY OF THE DOG

(Continued from Page 11)

As he walked through the gate into the Exchange, however, he was accosted by a heavy, florid-faced man carrying a thick woolen watch coat over his arm. This individual was Captain Aaron Porter, one of the San Francisco bar pilots, and he greeted Cappy with a respectful query after the old gentleman's health.

"I don't feel very well," Cappy replied wearily. "I'm getting old, captain—getting old."

Then he noted the watch coat the pilot was carrying and decided subconsciously that there could be no connection between it and the sultry August weather prevailing at that moment; consequently it informed the observant Cappy, as plainly as if it had a tongue and had spoken, that Captain Aaron Porter expected shortly to be exposed to the chill northwest winds outside as he piloted a vessel to sea. In the manufacture of sheer inane conversation, therefore, Cappy tugged the coat and said:

"Going to take a ship out this afternoon, captain?"

"Yes, sir. I'll be responsible for the Moana until we cross the Potato Patch ——"

"The Moana!" Cappy cried, and pulled out his watch. "You'd better be stepping lively, then. She sails at one, and you have twenty minutes to get to Greenwich Street Pier."

"Oh, there's no hurry, Mr. Ricks. She'll be delayed from half to three-quarters of an hour waiting for the Australian mail. The mail train from the East is late, and of course the Moana cannot sail till ——"

"You will pardon me, captain," Cappy Ricks interrupted politely, "but I've just thought of a very important matter. I must run and telephone."

And he did! It is probable that, despite Cappy's down-east antecedents, his genealogical tree had once on a time been grafted to a shamrock, for in one respect, at least, he resembled an Irishman, in that he fought best when he was on his back, with the other fellow feeling for his windpipe.

As J. Augustus Redell had just pointed out, twenty minutes was scarcely ample time in which to decide on the right emissary to send to Papeete, get into communication with the said individual and induce him to go. In addition, such a person would have to have time to pack some clothing; also, to procure a letter of credit at the bank and purchase a ticket, not to mention the time requisite to receive his instructions and get to the steamer's dock. But with almost an hour—well, a wide-awake man can accomplish much in an hour, and Cappy Ricks was a natural leader of forlorn hopes. In the brief interval required to accomplish the journey from the door of the Merchants' Exchange to a telephone booth a flock of bright ideas capered through Cappy's ingenious head like goats on a tin roof.

"Main 2000!" he barked, and in five seconds he had the connection. "Put Skinner on the line!"

Cappy's own private exchange operator had the temerity to inform him that Mr. Skinner was out to luncheon.

"The in-fer-nal scoundrel—just when I need him! Put Captain Matt Peasley on the line, and be quick about it. Matt! Matt, listen! This is the old man speaking. Get an earful of what I'm going to tell you now, and don't ask me to repeat or I'll go loony. And don't ask any questions—just obey! Do you remember that big German freighter—the Valkyrie—sunk in Papeete Harbor?"

"Yes, sir."

"She's a prize, Matt. I've just been given the low-down on her condition. Gus Redell is leaving on the Moana to bid her in at the government sale—the young scoundrel told me all about it and twitted me because we were asleep on the job and let the good thing get away from us. The Moana's supposed to sail at one o'clock, but the Eastern mail is late—she won't get away from the dock until about one-thirty; but when she does ——"

"When she does we'll have a man aboard her to beat Redell to that German steamer," Matt Peasley interrupted. "I've got the message. Where are you, father-in-law?"

"At the Merchants' Exchange."

"You attend to the funds and I'll do the rest."

"Confound you!" rasped Cappy Ricks. "You're so headstrong, you'll jim things up yet if you don't listen to me."

"But you'll have to send somebody Redell doesn't know."

"That doesn't matter at all. Now, son, will you listen to me? I'll attend to the money and I'll also frame this entire deal. Is Miss Keenan in the office—you know—Skinner's stenographer?"

"Yes, sir."

"She's been wanting to go on a vacation. When I heard about it I asked her how she'd like a cruise to Alaska—remember we have the Tillicum leaving at six to-night for St. Michael's. She said that would be fine; so I gave her a pass and the owner's suite on the Tillicum."

"So I hear. Her trunk was sent to the Tillicum's dock this morning and she has her suit case in the office. She planned to work to-day and go aboard the Tillicum after office hours."

"Good! Then she's all ready for a voyage to Tahiti. Have a private exchange operator phone our wharf office instantly and tell them to load Miss Keenan's trunk on the first wagon handy and rush it over to the Moana. Give Miss Keenan fifteen hundred dollars and tell her she's to go to Papeete. If she kicks about clothes tell her to get along with what she has and buy what she needs on arrival."

He waited while Matt Peasley gave the necessary instructions to the exchange operator. Then:

"It's all right, sir. Miss Keenan will go. She'll be on her way in five minutes. I've told her to go aboard and buy her ticket from the purser or from the ticket agent at the gang plank."

"Fine business! Now who else have we in our employ that I can send? I want a man—and a rattling smart one."

"Mike Murphy, the skipper of the Narcissus," Matt suggested.

"The very man! He's discharging at Union Street Wharf. Phone the wharfinger's office and tell him he'll not regret taking a message down to the dock to Captain Murphy. Murphy will probably be at lunch aboard. Tell the wharfinger to tell him to throw a few clothes into a suit case—that he's to go to Papeete on mighty important business—and to meet me at the head of Greenwich Street Dock at one-twenty, without fail, for his orders and his money. Having phoned these orders, Matt, take the office automobile and scorch to the water front to see that they're carried out. Take Miss Keenan with you. Good-by."

And Cappy Ricks dashed out of the Merchants' Exchange as though the devil was at his heels walloping him at every jump. It was four blocks to the Marine National Bank, but the California Street cable car took him there in four minutes. Gasping and perspiring Cappy trotted into the cashier's office, where for ten precious seconds he stood, open-mouthed, unable to say a word.

"Well, Mr. Ricks," the cashier greeted him, "if you can't talk make signs."

Cappy flapped his hands and made three rapid strokes with his index finger, like a motion-picture actor writing a twelve-line letter; then the words came in a veritable cascade.

"Letters of credit," he croaked—"two." The cashier picked up a pencil and a scratch pad. "One, twenty-five thousand, favor Michael J. Murphy; one, favor—oh, what in blue blazes is that girl's first name? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I never heard her first name—she's just Miss Keenan. Oh, the devil! Call her Matilda—that's it—Matilda Keenan—fifty thousand dollars for her; and ——"

"You appear to be in a terrific hurry for them, Mr. Ricks, so I'll get them started immediately," the cashier interrupted, and turned his memorandum over to an underling, with instructions to give Mr. Ricks' letters of credit precedence over all other business.

"Now write—check—your favor—seventy thousand. I'll sign it—hope Skinner has enough cash on deposit; if he hasn't—my personal note, you know."

"A mere trifle, Mr. Ricks. We will not worry over that." The cashier filled in the check and Cappy signed it with a trembling hand. "And now," the cashier continued, "we will have to have Miss Keenan and Mr. Murphy come to the bank to register their respective signatures ——"

"Nothing doing!" Cappy piped. "Give me the dope sheet and I'll have 'em write

their signatures on it aboard the steamer and send it ashore by the pilot. None o' your efficiency monkey business, my son! I guarantee everything."

He dashed to the telephone and yelled into the receiver: "Taxicab! Taxicab!"

"One of the cars belonging to the bank is at the curb, Mr. Ricks. The chauffeur will take you wherever you desire to go," the cashier suggested.

"Bully for you!" Again Cappy commenced to flap his hands. "Stenographer—where's the stenographer? Oh, Judas Priest, nobody helps me! Bless your sweet heart, my dear, here you are, aren't you? Yes, and I'll not forget you for it either. No, no, no! No notes. Just stick piece of paper in typewriter—now then! Ready! Dictation direct to machine. Er—ahem! Harumph-h-h! Oh, suffering sailor! What's the name of the French bank in Papeete? I don't know. I'm a director and vice president of this infernal bank—and I don't know I'm alive! Man, man, I want it a thing—a what-you-may-call-'em—a—— Oh, the devil! Why do I deposit in this dratted bank? Eureka! I have it! I want a notice."

"You mean an advice, Mr. Ricks."

"Bully boy! An advice. That's it. Holy mackerel, how I love a man that's fast on his feet! A notice to the bank in Papeete, Island of Tahiti, that you've given Captain Michael J. Murphy a letter of credit for twenty-five thousand dollars—only one notice for one letter of credit. I'm up to skullduggery. Man, man, why don't you dictate? Usual courtesies—good customer of your bank—you know; usual flubdub. No advice regarding Miss Keenan's letter of credit—just Murphy's."

The cashier good-naturedly shouldered Cappy Ricks aside and dictated to the bank's correspondent in Papeete a brief note to the effect that the Marine National had that day issued to Captain Michael J. Murphy a letter of credit in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars; that it understood Captain Murphy was proceeding to Papeete on some matter of business and took this occasion to commend him to their kindly offices.

"Stick that in an envelope address envelope, seal it, and write outside: 'Kindness purser S. S. Moana.' The mail to Papeete is closed, but I'll see that the Moana's purser delivers it to the bank," Cappy ordered.

Ten minutes later Cappy dashed up to the entrance to Greenwich Street Pier and found Matt Peasley waiting for him, with Captain Murphy—Miss Keenan had already gone aboard the Moana, the huge funnel of which, as Cappy noted with a thrill, was still sticking up over the roof of the dock. He crooked his finger and Michael J. Murphy leaped up on the running board of his car.

"Mike," said Cappy solemnly, "listen to me! Here's a letter of credit in your name for twenty-five thousand dollars, and an advice to the bank in Papeete from our bank here stating that the letter of credit has been issued. Give this letter to the purser, together with a good-sized bill, and ask him to deliver it to the Papeete bank when the Moana arrives there. Here, also, is a letter of credit for Miss Keenan in the sum of fifty thousand—and the bank in Papeete has no notice of it! Remember that! It's important. Keep it to yourself. Miss Keenan has the expense money for both of you; tell her to split the roll with you. Tell her, also, that her name from now until she gets back is Matilda Keenan, and to sign her drafts that way.

"Here are the signature cards. You sign yours and have her sign here; then you give both to Captain Porter, the pilot, when he leaves the ship, and ask him to deliver them to me. I, in turn, will deliver them to the bank. Tell Miss Keenan she is absolutely under your orders; that she's to forget she ever heard of the lumber and shipping business. Both of you are to keep away from a man by the name of J. Augustus Redell. He's aboard and he's our enemy, captain. He's going to bid forty thousand dollars on the German steamer Valkyrie; so you bid forty thousand and five dollars—and take her away from him. At the very last minute have Miss Keenan put in a bid for thirty thousand—in case—you know, Mike—we might catch it going and coming. It might pay to have you fall down on your bid—you know, Mike! She's the dark horse—the reserve capital.

"Papeete—one-horse town, Mike. Everybody knows the other fellow's business—principal competitor for the steamer is an Australian steamship company. Considering condition world politics to-day, and no French bidders, naturally Frenchmen will pull for the Britisher. Expect bank will leak and tell 'em you only arrived with twenty-five thousand you know, Mike! Can't be too careful. Trust nobody—and remember this man Redell is the smartest young man in the world and the trickiest scoundrel under heaven. Don't hold him cheap. He's a holy terror! He'd pinch the gold out of your wisdom teeth while you'd be laughing at him."

"How high am I to go—if it becomes necessary to bid more than ——"

"Shoot the piece!" Cappy ordered—it is to be regretted that the Bilgewater Club, cut off from the house rules in a private dining room, had a habit of shooting craps occasionally after luncheon, and Cappy Ricks had picked up the patois of the game. "Seventy-five thousand is the limit; but satisfy yourself she's worth the limit before you go to it."

"And Redell is going to bid forty thousand, sir?"

"That's his limit. He told me so in confidence when he felt certain I couldn't possibly be a competitor—told it to me, and kidded me for a dead one at twenty minutes of one, when he knew I couldn't possibly have time to act. But he forgot the mail it was delayed ——"

"I get you, sir. There's more to this job than merely acquiring the ship," retorted the astute Murphy.

"There's a million dollars' worth of satisfaction in it for me if I can beat Gus Redell to that steamer. He says I've lost my punch."

But Captain Murphy was off down the dock, suit case in hand, while Cappy dismissed his borrowed car and climbed into the office car with Matt Peasley. Five minutes they waited at the head of the dock—and then four huge motor trucks, laden with mail, lumbered through the dock gate. Cappy beamed into Captain Matt Peasley's face.

"I guess this is a rotten day's work for the president emeritus, eh?" he chuckled. "President emeritus! By the Holy Pink-toed Prophet, if I waited for you and Skinner to get hep to all the good things that are lying round loose, the Blue Star Navigation Company would be in the hands of a receiver within the year. Matt, if you expect to manage the Blue Star you'll have to wake up. You're slow, boy—slo-w-w! For heaven's sake, don't force me back into the harness! You know I've been waiting to retire."

"Well, our messengers are aboard, so let's get out of here. I'm hungry; I haven't had any lunch," Matt replied.

"Come to think of it," Cappy answered cheerfully, "I believe I could eat a little something myself. However, I still have one small duty to perform, Matthew. I've got to send a wireless."

"To whom?"

"That scoundrel Redell, of course. Think I'm going to swat him and leave him in ignorance of the fact?"

Immediately upon arrival at the Commercial Club, Cappy sent the following message:

"J. AUGUSTUS REDELL,
"Aboard S. S. Moana.

"Augustus, my dear young friend, I have known men who grew rich by keeping their mouths closed!
CAPPY."

"There!" said Cappy as he dispatched this simple declarative sentence. "I'll wager one small five-cent bag of smoking tobacco our friend Gus Redell will not sleep to-night. He'll just lie awake wondering what in Sam Hill I meant by that."

When he got back to his office he found an aërogram, which read as follows:

"ALDEN P. RICKS,
"258 California Street,
"San Francisco.

"Everything lovely; goose hangs high! After getting aboard decided to bluff; went to Redell, told him I was your representative. He went green clear back of the ears; said he had observed delay in sailing. Told him he'd better quit and go ashore with pilot; that I had bank roll choke hippopotamus. Your wireless handed him that moment! Would hesitate repeat his language. His clothes just fit me, so have agreed pay him for his first-class ticket. All first cabins sold out; had to have it for Matilda. Steerage an awful place for a skipper, but will have to make the best of it.
MURPHY."

Pathé

$300 PATHEPHONE
(Others $15 to $300)

PATHÉ SUCCESS!

The Pathé Frères Phonograph Company invites comparison of its products with any others. The best phonograph of a year or two ago is no longer this year's best purchase. The Pathephone is being improved constantly in certain details of construction or operation and is already so far in advance of all other phonograph achievements that it is easily the pacemaker in the field for all time. Dealers should take advantage of the rapidly growing Pathé popularity, and write us without further delay.

PATHEPHONE FEATURES

—It uses a genuine, round, highly-polished Sapphire Ball instead of the usual metal needle, or point.

—This Pathé Sapphire never wears out and does not injure the surface of the Pathé Discs. It gathers the sound waves from 40 points of constant contact and releases the tones in a manner absolutely natural and true to the original performance of the artist.

—It is made with an All-Wood Sound Chamber, amplifying the music in the fullest manner.

—It has a perfect tone-control device for expression and volume.

—It is equipped to play perfectly Disc records of every make.

—In playing the Pathé Discs there are

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

—It has superior tone quality.

—It has the clearest expression.

—It has decidedly the most artistic effect.

PATHÉ-DISC FEATURES

—They are all double-faced, including the operatic selections—music on both sides.

—They are the largest made—10½, 11½ and 14 inches.

—They retail from 65c to $2.50.

—The music is recorded on the bottom of the record grooves and is reproduced by the Pathé Sapphire Ball in an up-and-down, easy, wave-like motion.

—They cannot be injured in any way by the Pathé Sapphire Ball. Pathé Discs played on the Pathephone eliminate the danger of the needle and therefore the Pathephone *is the instrument that children can play* with safety and delight.

—They are recorded in every musical center of the world by artists of international reputation as well as local.

—They bring to the American public for the first time the opportunity of hearing many artists, musical organizations, bands, story tellers, etc., never before heard in this country—owing to engagements that keep them abroad.

—All in all, they comprise a repertory superior to any other disc repertory in the world.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OFFERED TO DEALERS IN DISTRICTS WHERE WE ARE NOT REPRESENTED

PATHÉ FRÈRES
PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
New York, U. S. A.

COLT
THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER
ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE
The Paymaster's Story
"I jumped out of the doorway when he grabbed the bag, drew my Colt and had the drop on him before he saw me Just six thousand dollars in that bag Have made this trip to the bank every week for years-never had any trouble before-but believe me, Officer, I'm glad I was ready for it when it did come."
Write for free booklet How to Shoot and Catalog No 85
"You can't forget to make a Colt safe"
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

$1 Felt Crusher

In Black, Steel-gray, Brown, Navy-blue Myrtle green Tan, White ... Worth $2.00. Mailed on receipt of $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.

PANAMA HAT CO Dept. A, 303 Mercer Street, New York City

How to Reduce the High Cost of Living

J. J. H. Gregory & Son
344 Elm Street, Marblehead, Mass

ASK FOR and GET
HORLICK'S
THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK
Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.

Deaf?

Write today for our 15-day trial offer of the New 1916 Thin Receiver model, Mears Euphone. It marvelously covers eight adjustments of twelve sounds in each.

96 Degrees of Sound

The complete range of tone of the human ear is ... hearing. Instruments visible

Write for Free Book ... for valuable ... sent free. It explains our new ... 15 days free trial. If ... a deal to ... fail to write ... investment to New York ...

MEARS EARPHONE CO Inc
Dept. 2112 45 West 34th St. New York N. Y.

Big $2 Offer—KEITH'S

The magazine for ... decorating Artistic Homes.

KEITH'S BOOKS for the HOME BUILDER

... $300. ...

Any one of these $1 Plan Books Free with a year's subscription $2

KEITH'S, 876 McKnight Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

FACTORY to RIDER

1916 Model

Saves you big money. Buy direct—get a ... RANGER BICYCLES ... sales, ... WE DELIVER FREE ... our big FREE catalog ... TIRES ... at ... Do not buy a ... or in any part until you ... and learn our ... offer ...

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. O-66 CHICAGO

Learn Music At Home!

New Method—Learn to Play By Note—Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Mandolin, Cornet, Harp, 'Cello or Voice. Special Limited Offer of free weekly lessons. You pay only for music and postage which is small. No extras. Beginners or advanced pupils. Our simple, systematic, print-and-picture plan, explained fully, makes each course as easy as A-B-C. Over 16 years' success. Start at once. Write for Free Booklet Today. Now.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC Box 226
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Mr. Skinner, alarmed at the shrill screams emanating from Cappy Ricks' office, rushed in and found the president emeritus rolling round in his swivel chair, beating the air and stamping on the floor.

"Good gracious, Mr. Ricks!" Skinner cried. "What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

"Hurt!" Cappy shrilled. "Hurt? Well, I should say so! Skinner, my boy, if you ever lose your punch you'll know just how much I'm suffering. As Live Wire Luiz would say: 'I die weeth dee-light!'"

Three months later Cappy Ricks sat alone in his office, his feet on his desk, his old head bowed on his breast. Apparently he was having a gentle snooze. Suddenly he sat up with the suddenness of a jack-in-the-box and stepped to the door leading to Mr. Skinner's office.

"Skinner, my dear boy," he said, "do you remember that stinking Humboldt spruce I sawed off on Live Wire Luiz one day when you were out to lunch?"

Mr. Skinner nodded.

"They claimed a rebate of six dollars a thousand on it," he declared; "and we declined to allow the claim."

"Well, I've decided to allow it, Skinner. Tell Hankins to draw a check for the rebate in full and bring it in to me. Send in a stenographer."

Cappy clawed his whiskers as the stenographer took her seat at his desk.

"Ahem! Hum! Harumph-h-h!" he began. "Take letter."

"MR. J. AUGUSTUS REDELL,
"President West Coast Trading Co.
"Merchants' Exchange Building, City.

"*My dear Gus:* Having waited for several weeks in the hope of meeting you at the Bilgewater Club, to which, due to some mysterious reason, you appear to have been excessively disloyal of late, I despair of the delight of a personal interview and am accordingly writing you.

"You will recall that jag of odoriferous spruce your excitable partner was chump enough to buy from the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company. On the receipt this morning of a communication from my exceedingly capable representative in Papeete I came to the conclusion that I could afford to allow the rebate claimed by the excessively sour-balled Señor Almeida, and accordingly I am inclosing herewith, to the order of your company, the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company's check for $536.12.

"I also beg to tender you my assurance that if I have seemed in the past to cherish an unchristian resentment of that little deal in grape stakes, the memory of the outrage no longer rankles in my bosom. For you, my dear young friend, I entertain the kindliest, the most paternal of feelings. I have not only forgiven but I have also forgotten; for my honor is clear again and I figure I can pretty blame' well afford myself the luxury.

"Regarding that steamer Valkyrie, please be advised that the next steamer to Australia, via Papeete and Raratonga, will carry a Blue Star flag and my instructions to our representative to have it tacked to the main truck of the Valkyrie as she lies submerged in the harbor. Since I assume you will be interested in learning the details of our acquisition of the steamer in question, and since, further, I cannot see that I have anything to lose by withholding this interesting information, please be advised that we bought her in for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

"I fear you will be inclined to doubt this and accuse me of romancing for the purpose of dropping more salt in a wound still fresh and bleeding; but I assure you such a suspicion would be a grave injustice to an old man whose portion from you should be pity, not opprobrium.

"To begin, it was very easy—after we had you out of the way. Like a sensible man, you knew you were licked and threw up the sponge to save yourself unnecessary punishment. It has been my experience that only a very wise man has sense enough to do that; consequently, despite your youth and impetuosity, I seem to see the glimmer of a very brilliant commercial future for the West Coast Trading Company.

"However, to the story: When Mike Murphy got down to Papeete he found a couple of broken-down junk dealers hanging round—the kind of fellows who would have been glad to bid in the vessel at a couple of thousand dollars for the privilege of breaking her up for junk and gutting her of her cargo. A little reflection convinced Captain Murphy that he could eliminate these small fry and center his attention on the Australian steamship company; and he was aided in arriving at this conclusion by your Mr. Jinks, whom he found glooming at the dock on the arrival of the Moana minus your handsome self. By the way, Mr. Jinks' action in aiding and abetting Murphy, after discovering that his own company was out of the running, was so sportsmanlike that, if you will kindly advise me of the expense to which you were put in sending him to Papeete, we will gladly send you our check to cover.

"It took the capable Murphy about an hour and a half to get the lay of the land—and then he started to play his little game. In the rather restricted society of Papeete Murphy played the fool. Every little while he would apparently acquire a small jag and get very confidential. He told everybody his business—in confidence—and everybody in Papeete knew just how much he was going to bid on the wreck. Finally, the day before the bids were to be opened—Murphy was waiting till the last minute before filing his—the captain of the port got a wireless from some adventurer down in Nouméa, asking him to withhold the opening of the bids till he could get up to Papeete and make a bid. Murphy had already fooled away three weeks in Papeete and if the captain of the port hearkened to the request of the man from Nouméa it would mean a wait of another three weeks. Consequently he awaited the next move with interest.

"Well, Augustus, the captain of the port had the temerity to delay the opening of the bids, and Murphy noticed that his competitor hired an attorney and made a bitter and formal protest against the delay. However, it looked to Murphy like they made just a little bit too much noise—so he hired an attorney and made a lot of noise himself. The captain of the port overruled both protests, however; and about that time Murphy decided to put over a dirty Irish trick. He announced he could see very clearly there was a move on to double-cross the legitimate bidders and that he wasn't going to hang round any longer. The Timaru was due next day, so he and Jinks engaged passage to San Francisco on her; and, just before he left, Murphy went up to the bank and drew eighteen thousand dollars on his letter of credit.

"He got a certificate of deposit in his own name, and that same afternoon his attorney filed a sealed bid with the captain of the port.

"Now I had suspected there might be a leak from that French bank in favor of the Australian; so I had taken care to have it advised by the Marine National here that the latter bank had issued a letter of credit for twenty-five thousand dollars to Captain Murphy. Therefore, the Papeete bank very naturally concluded that twenty-five thousand dollars was all the money Murphy had with him! And when he drew eighteen thousand dollars on it they thought they knew the exact amount of his bid; they thought, also, he had made a bid, in view of the fact that his attorney filed one the same afternoon. At any rate, the news reached the Australian and he withdrew his bid and substituted another. Since he was the possessor of straight inside information as to the amount of his single competitor's bid, he saw no reason why he should waste money; so he bid four thousand pounds, or approximately nineteen thousand five hundred dollars. They say he felt pretty sore when the bids were opened and the Valkyrie went to Miss Matilda Keenan for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

"Miss Keenan, by the way, is Skinner's stenographer. Murphy was only the decoy. She carried the real bank roll and nobody suspected her; in fact, Murphy was so certain of his prey he didn't even bid! He tells me the Valkyrie is really a gift, and that, at the widest possible estimate of salvage cost, the Blue Star Navigation Company has purchased, for two hundred thousand dollars, a four-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar ship—thanks to you!

"With kindest regards, and again assuring you of the pleasure I have always taken in our friendship—a friendship which, I trust, nothing will ever disrupt—I am,

"Cordially and sincerely ——"

Cappy paused and gazed at the stenographer appraisingly.

"Read that over again, my dear young lady," he commanded.

(Concluded on Page 60)

The Guarantee

Equip opposite wheels —at the same time— one with a Goodyear S-V, one with any other standard truck tire of like rated size, bought in the open market.

If the Goodyear S-V fails to cost less per mile than the other, we will refund you its full purchase price—making the Goodyear S-V free.

Until April 1st An S-V Free

If It Fails This Test

THE motor truck is a Juggernaut which will grind the life out of tires if they are not all they ought to be.

It is a monster with an insatiable appetite, which feeds on poor tires or tires which are only passably good.

No demonstration a whit less definite than the S-V Goodyear demonstration should satisfy any business man who buys truck tires.

And he himself, or some trusted lieutenant, should do the buying; and know every detail of the S-V demonstration.

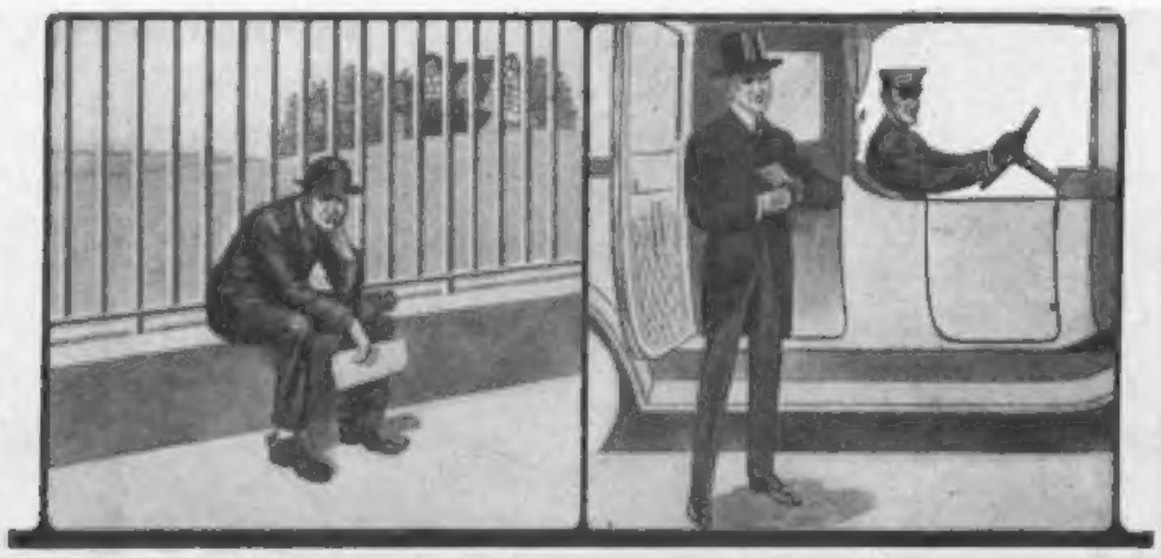
In the face of such conclusive proof as the S-V has given, over and over again, of a lower cost per mile, no one should choose a tire with a record less positive.

Some weeks still remain of the six months' extension of our offer set forth in the box above—which will be given you in writing upon application to the nearest Goodyear Branch.

Any Branch will gladly give you the details of a demonstration, which invariably results in removing the last lingering doubt which any business man may hold on the subject of motor truck tires.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

GOODYEAR
AKRON
TRUCK TIRES



7 Years a Failure—Then Sudden Success!

"Culture of Courage," a Work That Is Performing Miracles. Let Me Send You a Copy.

"For seven years I worked unsuccessfully on a project and had about given it up until I got a copy of 'Culture of Courage.' By applying the principles set forth in this great book, I was able to put the proposition over in less than two months, and it wasn't so hard after all."

These are the words of a man who recently became an owner of "Culture of Courage," and they reflect the experience of thousands of other men and women in all walks of life who are following the fear-destroying, success-achieving secrets laid bare for the first time in this great course—secrets which show how to win life's battles by cultivating the courage to succeed.

Fear is Man's Greatest Enemy

The poisonous dragon of fear does more to hinder the world's progress each year than all the European war's ravages since the struggle began. Fear of things, fear of people, lack of self-confidence and worry are the dragon's claws which pin millions of good men down when they could and should be successful in all that they undertake.

460 pp. Half Leather Gold Top Leaves

Courage Wins

Courage is the indispensable weapon in man's fight for success. The courageous man wins because he doesn't know the failure slogans "I dare not," "I haven't the ability." Instead, he is sure of himself—he succeeds because he never contemplates failure and thus he often accomplishes the "impossible."

"Culture of Courage"

is by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D.—the famous author of "Power of Will"—a scientist whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce. It is not an inspirational book which merely admonishes you to "destroy your fears" and "be courageous." Instead, it is a practical course in how to overcome each particular kind of human fear, physical as well as mental, to which we are all subjected. It contains actual principles, rules, methods and exercises which anyone can easily follow and become ten times bigger—ten times more successful—ten times happier than you have ever dared hope.

Will Help YOU

Never, we believe, has a book of more practical help been written. One man tells us how he had been out of a position for months and had absolutely lost confidence in himself until after reading "Culture of Courage" he went out and secured an excellent position the very same day.

That is only one example. Some say that it has made them self-confident and able to demand what they want, instead of whining for it hat in hand. Others say that for the first time are they able to talk to men they had always held in awe—others, that it has given them courage to take risks they dared not and they have won out—others, that they have banished superstition and fear of things formerly beyond their control—some say that they now have courage to say "no," the hardest word in the English language—and hundreds say it has given them a new grip on life.

What "Culture of Courage" has done for thousands of users, among them many prominent in all fields of endeavor, it will do for you by forever eliminating fear in all its diabolical disguises and putting in its place a brand of courage that will make you well nigh invincible.

Partial Contents

How to overcome Timidity.
How to conquer Bashfulness.
How to have "nerve."
How to demand "your own."
How to face people you have always felt inferior to.
How to develop Self-Confidence.
How to deal with people on their own level.
How to successfully face embarrassing situations.
How to "rise to the occasion."
How to be Forceful and Dominant.
How to eliminate Nervousness in dealing with big men.
How to act calmly and naturally on occasions that usually excited you.
How to banish Fear, physical as well as mental.
How to stop Worry.
How to become a Man among men.
How to get rid of Superstition.
How to face old age calmly.
How to maintain poise in public.
How to assert yourself in Business as well as in the Home.
How to develop courage to swing big deals.
How to dominate Circumstances.

A complete List of Contents would almost fill this page.

No Money in Advance

So confident are we that, once you examine this great book in your own home, you would never give it up, that we offer to send it on five days' free trial without a cent in advance. Keep it five days—look it over carefully—then if you feel you can afford to be without it, mail it back and you owe us nothing; otherwise remit $5.00, the small price of this big 460-page leather bound book. Remember, no money in advance. Merely mail the coupon, enclosing business card or giving a reference, today.

A. L. PELTON
PELTON PUB. CO.
80-B Wilcox Block
Meriden, Conn.

A. L. PELTON
PELTON PUB. CO.
80-B Wilcox Block
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Culture of Courage" on approval. I agree to remit $5.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name _____

Address _____

(Concluded from Page 58)

The girl complied and Cappy nodded his satisfaction.

"You and Mr. Skinner get along all right?" he queried.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"I'm very glad to hear that. You've been substituting for Miss Keenan, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can have the job for keeps if you want it. You suit me. Take letter: 'Miss M. Keenan—' I called her Matilda, but her name's Mary; so let it go at that.

"*My dear Miss Keenan:* Captain Murphy arrived on the Timaru, with the information that he had taken a chance and left our affairs in the laps of the gods and the capable hands of his understudy. It has been pretty tough sledding waiting for the next Australian steamer, but, thank God! she made port yesterday and your report of the success of your mission is before me. I thank you. You're a good girl, and I am very happy to learn of your engagement to Captain Murphy. He is a splendid fellow and I am sending him back to Papeete in command of our Amelia Ricks, which has been fitted up as a wrecker, to raise the Valkyrie. You had better wait in Papeete and marry him there, as I am opposed to long engagements among my employees; and Michael will do better and faster work if he settles all his personal worries before tackling those of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

"On his return with the Valkyrie I shall make him port captain of the Blue Star fleet, which job will keep him home nights. And since, by his ingenuity, he succeeded in purchasing for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars a piece of property for which I was prepared to pay as high as seventy-five thousand dollars, for your wedding present I shall allot you and Captain Murphy a ten-thousand-dollar piece of the Valkyrie. It should earn you thirty per cent and make you independent in your old age. Very sincerely ——"

Cappy Ricks ceased dictating and clawed his whiskers reflectively.

"Yes," he murmured irrelevantly; "I guess that's considerable of a knock-out from an old fogy who's lost his punch!"

Then, to the stenographer:

"That will be all, my dear. As you pass through the general office tell those fellows out there that I've gone into executive session with myself and am not to be disturbed unless it's something very important. I've got to decide which one of our skippers to promote into the Valkyrie when we get her up and I must think up a new name for her. I think I'll call her the J. H. Skinner. Skinner's a little slow on his feet, but he means well and he's old enough to have a ship named after him."

Helpful Hughes

WHEN Senator William Hughes, of New Jersey, was a judge in Paterson he was presiding at a trial in which a woman who kept a boarding house was trying to establish an alibi for a boarder. The man was accused of a crime committed at two o'clock in the morning, and she swore he was at home at one o'clock on that morning.

"How do you know?" asked the cross-examiner.

"Why, he always comes in at one o'clock. He doesn't vary five minutes in a year."

"And you heard him that morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are sure it was one o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; it was one o'clock exactly."

"Did you look at the clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"But," persisted the lawyer, "if he always comes in at one o'clock in the morning, why did you look at the clock on this particular morning?"

"Perhaps," said Judge Hughes, "she wanted to see whether the clock was right!"

ACME
RAPID FIRE
BATTERIES
"First-because they last"
ACME
CAL SUPPLIES
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
For all dry battery uses, choose Nungesser cells.
They are made with special care of the most highly refined materials, and are handled by leading dealers everywhere.
The ACME Rapid Fire Battery is made especially for ignition.
The 1900 Battery is excellent for general service, including ignition.
It is the favorite battery for telephone service.
Write for our booklet, "Sparks of Genius."
The Nungesser Carbon & Battery Co.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Don't Forget Your Valentine

Send a SMITH Candy Filled HEART

Mail $2 bill today for the ideal valentine remembrance. Heart shaped box, covered with Nature Red Satin. Tied with a generous sized beautiful red silk bow and—best of all—filled with a full pound of the famous

Chocolate Dreams

the country's original dollar candies—known everywhere as "the universal sweets."

Mail us a $2 bill and we will send by parcel post, insured delivery, to any reachable address in the world, one of these delicious valentines—each piece cupped and all packed in double corrugated shipping boxes. Your card in if you wish.

Address other Stores

J. George Smith
On Sixth St., St. Paul, Minn., or Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
When in Twin Cities visit among other "sights" our unique candy and soda palaces in the heart of the shopping district in each city.
Write for folder "Smith's Sweets for all Seasons."

600 Shaves From One Blade

Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves. Old blades made sharper than new—in 10 seconds. Quick, velvety shaves for life with the wonderful, new

Rotastrop

Just drop blade in, turn handle. Nothing to get out of order. Machine gives "heel and toe action," just like a barber strops a razor.

10 Days' Free Trial—write for booklet. Send name of nearest dealer and state make of razor.

Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. 2352, Dayton, O.

LAW Offers YOU Success

in business as well as politics today. Law-trained men earn $1,000 to $10,000 yearly. Opportunities Open. Big firms now put lawyers on their regular payrolls at large salaries. You can learn at home by mail in spare time by our simplified method. Course written in plain language by university professors. BECOME AN LL. B. We guarantee to coach graduates free on all subjects required in bar examination until successful. Complete course in Public Speaking by Dr. Fred'k B. Robinson, Professor of Public Speaking, College of City of New York, and big fourteen volume law library furnished FREE if you enroll now. Write at once for remarkable offer and book on law. Everything sent free.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 271 F., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

THE one sure preventive of failure is right training, and the time to get the training that you need is now. If you wait, you may wait too long.

For twenty years The Curtis Publishing Company has been offering young men and young women the opportunity to secure college, musical conservatory and business educations without cost.

Hundreds of successful business and professional men and women owe their success to our scholarship plan.

Let us send you our booklet,
"An Education Without Cost."

Educational Division, Box 251
The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square, Philadelphia

The man who fails

can always look back along the road and see how failure could have been prevented. That is the bitterest part of failure.

Marvelous Mileage Attained On HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS

F. E. Slason and his Record-Making Car

"Last October," says Mr. Slason, "261,800 miles had been recorded with absolutely no trouble from the Hyatt Bearings. Thousands of miles more have since been added to this great record."

SUCH severe and constant service proves the worth of Hyatt Bearings. Engineering data have been re-inforced by records of every-day service obtained thru our recent investigation.
From everywhere came indisputable evidence of the marvelous performance of Hyatt Quiet Bearings.

ON no single record, however, rests the reputation of Hyatt Bearings. The faithful service of *millions* in daily use offers a mighty testimonial to their value.
Their remarkable merit is evidenced by the following records which have been carefully investigated and verified:

Representative Mileage Records of Cars on their original Hyatt Bearings

NAME	CAR	MILEAGE
F. E. Slason, Plainville, Kansas	1909-Buick	261,800
James Lewis, Shelton, Conn.	1909-Mitchell	218,734
J. W. Norman, Paint Rock, Tex.	1909-Mitchell	183,837
Sam Deck, Darlington, Ind.	1910-Mitchell	175,875
J. D. Albright, Bowie, Texas	1911-Ford	172,683
Earl G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis.	1909-Ford	171,418
S. T. & E. R. R., Stockton, Calif.	1909-Mitchell	160,100
Jacob Stark, Chicago, Ill.	1906-Logan	148,150
J. J. Moore, Philadelphia, Pa.	1911-Ford	147,751
John Fraser, Jr., Milwaukee, Wis.	1908-Buick	139,523
Geo. R. Mason, Des Moines, Ia.	1910-Maytag	135,000
J. M. Bertolet, M. D., Reading, Pennsylvania	1910-Mitchell	127,681
Jas. W. Hines, Minneapolis, Minn.	1910-Hudson	120,256
Linus Kiene, Buffalo, N. Y.	1910-Mitchell	120,000
L. N. Burnett, Dallas, Texas	1909-Flanders	116,557
F. I. Wiltse, Oneonta, N. Y.	1908-Ford	113,061

The Olive Oil Shampoo

The thorough shampooing of heavy hair is often a problem—until you make the acquaintance of PALM-OLIVE, the shampoo made from Palm and Olive oils. These great natural cleansing agents, mild and pure, combine in a profuse, creamy lather; this dissolves dirt and oil like magic, leaving the hair glossy, soft and tractable.

As scrupulous cleanliness is the essential of thriving, healthy hair; as chemicals of any sort are extremely injurious; insure the thorough, but beneficial, cleansing of your hair by frequent washing with

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO

Palmolive Shampoo is the companion of the famous Palmolive Soap.

If your dealer has not yet secured a complete stock, write us direct, enclosing price of article desired. Address

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory: 155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.